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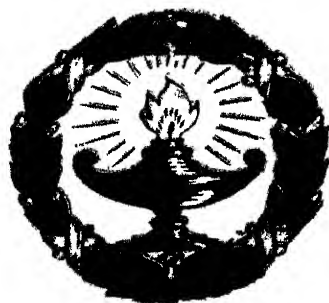
# "RETREAT FROM MOSCOW."

AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. L. E. MEISSONNIER.

Few enterprises recorded in military history ended so disastrously as did Napoleon's invasion of Russia, in 1812, with the Grand Army, 600,000 strong. The above scene shows the Emperor at the head of his retreating columns facing the long series of forced marches across Europe in the dead of winter. Cold, hunger, fatigue and the attacks of guerilla bands so decimated the army that only a mere handful survived.

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# INTRODUCTION

THIS work is meant to be something more than a mere anthology, or a collection of beautiful or striking passages from favourite authors. The main purpose the Editor has had in view has been to give representative selections from the World's Great Books, with such introductory notes, as will convey to the reader's mind something of the *content*, the significance and the quality of individual masterpieces of literature. Some great writers are represented by two or more passages, to be found in different parts of this work.

To make acquaintance with the world's best books—to read them through from first to last—is beyond the reach of any man. Yet where is the reader with a sense of culture who would not choose to bring his mind into contact with the best and finest minds of every age and race? There is one way of doing this—and one way only—and that is by the study of well selected passages from the writings of these master minds, so chosen as to throw into the clearest light their aims and message, their methods and their style. In this collection the great writers of all times and countries—poets, novelists, biographers, dramatists—will be represented.

No order of chronology or of classification has been followed; rather, every part is intended to appeal to readers of a wide diversity of tastes. For tastes differ; what will kindle one man's fancy will leave another's cold. These selections are to be regarded, apart from their own interest, in the light of finger-posts, so that the reader who finds some-

thing to his taste which he desires to study at more length, will be led to seek the book in question, and will be spared the waste of time in reading others which will not touch his heart or stir his brain. Macaulay said of books, "Plato is never sullen; Demosthenes never comes unseasonably, Dante never stays too long. . . ." but though this reveals some of his own tastes, it is by no means true for all of us. For many Demosthenes may come much out of season, and Dante stay considerably too long.

But the world of books is wide, and there are places to be found within it which are to everybody's liking, whether grave or gay. A man may find no charm in the "Inferno," and yet may delight to "laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair"; or to read in the "Arabian Nights" how the prince was turned by spells into an image of black marble, or by what strange adventures the Third Calender lost the sight of his right eye; or De Quincey may bewitch him with the "Mater Lacrymarum," Our Lady of Tears, with the diadem about her brow, calling by night and day for vanished faces. Or, if his taste be for romance, Scott may enthrall him with a tournament, or Stevenson with a duel by moonlight, or Dumas with a scene like that of Monte Cristo in the Castle d'If; or, once more, if his inclinations are for modern things, he may prefer the country scenes of Thomas Hardy—Sergeant Troy entrancing Bathsheba with his dazzling sword-play in the dingle, or the gamblers on the midnight heath tossing dice upon the glow-worm lighted stone; or, if the reader's mind

## INTRODUCTION

incline towards the scenes of history, what of Gibbon's portrait-study of Mahomet, or Carlyle's of Robespierre, or Macaulay's of the Merry Monarch, or H. G. Wells's of Napoleon—studies in which the people of the past come back to move and breathe before our eyes? Such are but a few examples out of hundreds to which our selections point the way.

Darwin observed that one of the advantages of travel was the fact that the names of places on the map were changed to pictures in the mind. Just so it is with books. The names of the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey," to one who has no knowledge of these poems, are words only, like the names of cities he has never seen. To him who knows them they are pictures—whole galleries of peerless scenes; Achilles whirling in his chariot; Hector's baby frightened at his plume; Ulysses boring out the ogre's eye; Circe turning men to monsters. What is "Paradise Lost" to one who has not opened Milton? Four vague syllables—no more. But to the reader, at the sound of them, appears the host of fallen angels, and in his ears—

Their rising all at once is the sound  
Of thunder heard remote.

Who that knows nothing of "Othello" or "The Faery Queen" has any image in his mind of—

The lovely lady married to the Moor,  
Or heavenly Una with her milk-white  
lamb?

In lighter vein, if there is anyone who has not opened "Pickwick," what is there in his fancy of Sam Weller in the box; or what signifies the title, "Martin Chuzzlewit," to one who has not read the book? What meaning is there in the names of Sarah Gamp, or of Montague Tigg? What picture is there in his mind of Sarah, half asleep before the fire, rubbing her nose along the warm bar of the fender, or of Tigg diving for his shirt collar and bringing up a string?

Just as a traveller, having wandered round the world, has stored his memory with spectacles from many lands, so will the reader of this work, a roamer round the world of letters, possess a pageant in his mind of varied, vast and many-coloured scenes.

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THE EDITOR.



# THE CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From "The Outline of History"

H. G. WELLS



Photo: L. Casvall Smith.

H. G. WELLS.

*It is generally admitted that Mr. Wells's brilliant OUTLINE is one of his most considerable achievements, and one of the outstanding books of recent years. It was first published in 1920. In his own words: "THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY is an attempt to tell, truly and clearly, in one continuous narrative, the whole story of life and mankind so far as it is known to-day." It was written to show that history as a whole is amenable to a more comprehensive handling than is the history of special nations and periods. This OUTLINE deals with ages and races and nations, whereas the ordinary history deals with reigns and pedigrees and campaigns. The work begins with a lucid summary explaining the theories of how life first began upon the earth; we*

*have the story of Evolution, the life of prehistoric man, the dawn of history and the first civilisations, followed by an outline of ancient empires, the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, and the procession and progress of the human race down through the ages to the Great War of 1914-1918. The chapter selected for reproduction here is characteristic of Mr. Wells's lucid and brilliant writing. It is also a chapter that provoked some discussion.*

## § 1.

AND now we come to one of the most illuminating figures in modern history, the figure of an adventurer and a wrecker, whose story seems to display with an extraordinary vividness the universal subtle conflict of egotism, vanity and personality with the weaker, wider claims of the common good. Against this background of confusion and stress and hope, this strained and heaving France and Europe, this stormy and tremendous dawn, appears this dark little archaic personage, hard, compact, capable, unscrupulous, imitative, and neatly vulgar. He was born (1769) in the still half-barbaric island of Corsica, the son of a rather prosaic father, a lawyer who had been first a patriotic Corsican against the French monarchy which was trying to subjugate Corsica, and who had then gone over to the side of the invader. His mother was of sturdier stuff, passionately patriotic and a strong and managing woman. (She birched her sons; on one occasion she birched Napoleon when he was sixteen.) There were numerous brothers and sisters, and the family pursued the French authorities with importunities for rewards and jobs.

Except for Napoleon it seems to have been a thoroughly commonplace, "hungry" family. He was clever, bad-tempered, and overbearing. From his mother he had acquired a romantic Corsican patriotism . . .

He fell early under the spell of Rousseau; he developed sensibility and a scorn for the corruptions of civilization. In 1786 he wrote a pamphlet against a Swiss pastor who had attacked Rousseau. It was a very ordinary adolescent production, rhetorical and imitative. He dreamt of an independent Corsica, freed from the French. With the revolution, he became an ardent republican and a supporter of the new French régime in Corsica. For some years, until the fall of Robespierre, he remained a Jacobin.

### § 2

*Mr. Wells describes how Napoleon soon gained the reputation of a useful and capable officer, and it was through Robespierre's younger brother that he got his first chance of distinction at Toulon. Napoleon was next appointed Commander of the Artillery in Italy, and later in an abortive raid upon Corsica. Then he went to Paris (1795). Madame Junot describes his lean face and slovenly appearance at this time, "his ill-combed, ill-powdered hair hanging down over his great overcoat," his gloveless hands and badly blacked boots. But his abilities had impressed Carnot, and ultimately he secured the command in Italy. Mr. Wells then proceeds:—*

#### **The Bribes of an Adventurer.**

We have no space here for the story of his brilliant campaigns in Italy (1796-97), but of the spirit in which that invasion of Italy was conducted we must say a word or two, because it illustrates so vividly the double soul of France and of Napoleon, and how revolutionary idealism was paling before practical urgencies. He proclaimed to the Italians that the French were coming to break their chains—and *they were!* He wrote to the Directory: "We will levy 20,000,000 francs in exactions in this country; it is one of the richest in the world." To his soldiers he said, "You are famished and nearly naked . . . I lead you into the most fertile plain in

the world. There you will find great towns, rich provinces, honour, glory, riches . . ."

We are all such mixed stuff as this; in all of us the intimations of a new world and a finer duty struggle to veil and control the ancient greeds and lusts of our inherited past; but these passages, written by a young man of twenty-seven, seem to show the guilt of honourable idealism rubbed off at an unusually early age. These are the bribes of an adventurer who has brought whatever impulse of devotion to a great cause once stirred within him, well under the control of his self-love.

His successes in Italy were brilliant and complete; they enormously stimulated his self-confidence and his contempt for the energy and ability of his fellow creatures. He had wanted to go into Italy because there lay the most attractive task—he had risked his position in the army by refusing to take up the irksome duties of a command against the rebels in La Vendée—and there are clear signs of a vast expansion of his vanity with his victories. He had been a great reader of Plutarch's Lives and of Roman history, and his extremely active but totally uncreative imagination was now busy with dreams of a revival of the eastern conquests of the Roman Empire. He got the republic of Venice out of his way by cutting it up between the French and Austria, securing the Ionian Islands and the Venetian fleet for France. This peace, the Peace of Campo Formio, was for both sides a thoroughly scoundrelly and ultimately a disastrous bargain. The new republic of France assisted in the murder of an ancient republic—Napoleon carried his point against a considerable outcry in France—and Austria got Venetia, in which land in 1918 she was destined to bleed to death. There were also secret clauses by which both France and Austria were later to acquire South German territory. And it was not only the Roman push eastward that was now exciting Napoleon's brain. This was the land of Cæsar—and Cæsar was a bad example for the successful general of a not very stable republic.



*Photo; Rischgitz Collection.*

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU, 1814.  
By Delaroche. (Buckingham Palace.)

*An Imitator of Cæsar.*

Cæsar had come back to Rome from Gaul a hero and conqueror. His new imitator would come back from Egypt and India—Egypt and India were to be his Gaul. There was really none of the genius about which historians write so glibly in this decision. It was a tawdry and ill-conceived imitation. The elements of failure stared him in the face. The way to Egypt and India was by sea, and the British, in spite of two recent naval mutinies, whose importance Napoleon exaggerated, were stronger than the French at sea. Moreover, Egypt was a part of the Turkish empire, by no means a contemptible power in those days. Nevertheless he persuaded the Directory, which was dazzled by his Italian exploits, to let him go. An armada started from Toulon in May, 1798, captured Malta, and had the good luck to evade the British fleet and arrive at Alexandria. He landed his troops hurriedly, and the battle of the Pyramids made him master of Egypt.

The main British fleet at that time was in the Atlantic outside Cadiz, but the admiral had detached a force of his best ships, under Vice-Admiral Nelson—a man certainly as great a genius in naval affairs as was Napoleon in things military—to chase and engage the French flotilla.\* For a time Nelson sought the French fleet in vain; finally, on the evening of the first of August, he found it at anchor in Aboukir Bay. He had caught it unawares; many of the men were ashore and a council was being held in the flagship. He had no charts, and it was a hazardous thing to sail into the shallow water in a bad light. The French admiral concluded, therefore, that he would not attack before morning, and so made no haste in recalling his men aboard until it was too late to do so. Nelson struck at once—against the advice of some of his captains. One ship only went aground. She marked the shoal for the rest of the fleet. He sailed to the attack in a double line about sundown, putting the French between two fires. Night fell as the battle was joined; the

fight thundered and crashed in the darkness, until it was lit presently by the flames of burning French ships, and then by the flare of the French flag-ship, the *Orient*, blowing up. . . . Before midnight the Battle of the Nile was over, and Napoleon's fleet was destroyed. Napoleon was cut off from France.

Says Holland Rose, quoting Thiers, this Egyptian expedition was "the rashest attempt history records." Napoleon was left in Egypt with the Turks gathering against him and his army infected with the plague. Nevertheless, with a stupid sort of persistence, he went on for a time with this Eastern scheme. He gained a victory at Jaffa, and, being short of provisions, *massacred all his prisoners*. Then he tried to take Acre, where his own siege artillery, just captured at sea by the English, was used against him. Returning baffled to Egypt, he gained a brilliant victory over a Turkish force at Aboukir, and then, deserting the army of Egypt—it held on until 1801, when it capitulated to a British force—made his escape back to France (1799), narrowly missing capture by a British cruiser off Sicily.

*The First Consul.*

Here was muddle and failure enough to discredit any general—had it been known. But the very British cruisers which came so near to catching him, helped him by preventing any real understanding of the Egyptian situation from reaching the French people. He could make a great flourish over the battle of Aboukir and conceal the shame and loss of Acre. Things were not going well with France just then. There had been military failures at several points; much of Italy had been lost, Bonaparte's Italy, and this turned men's minds to him as the natural saviour of that situation; moreover, there had been much speculation, and some of it was coming to light; France was in one of her phases of financial scandal, and Napoleon had not filched; the public was in that state of moral fatigue when a strong and honest man is called for, a wonderful, impossible healing man who will do everything for everybody. People, poor

\* See Mahan's *Life of Nelson*.

lazy souls, persuaded themselves that this specious young man with the hard face, so providentially back from Egypt, was the strong and honest man required—another Washington.

With Julius Cæsar rather than Washington at the back of his mind, Napoleon responded to the demand of his time. A conspiracy was carefully engineered to replace the Directory by three "Consuls"—everybody seems to have been reading far too much Roman history just then—of whom Napoleon was to be the chief. . . . The three consuls were installed at the Luxembourg Palace, with two commissioners, to reconstruct the constitution.

With all his confidence restored and sure of the support of the people, who supposed him to be honest, patriotic, republican, and able to bring about a good peace, Napoleon took a high hand with his colleagues and the commissioners. A constitution was produced in which the chief executive officer was to be called the First Consul, with enormous powers. . . .

So weary was France with her troubles and efforts, and so confident were men in the virtue and ability of this adventurer from Corsica, that when, at the birth of the nineteenth century, this constitution was submitted to the country, it was carried by 3,011,007 votes to 1,562. France put herself absolutely in Bonaparte's hands, and prepared to be peaceful, happy, and glorious.

### § 3

#### A Great Occasion.

Now surely here was opportunity such as never came to man before. Here was a position in which a man might well bow himself in fear of himself, and search his heart and serve God and man to the utmost. The old order of things was dead or dying; strange new forces drove through the world seeking form and direction; the promise of a world republic and an enduring world peace whispered in a multitude of startled minds. Had this man had any profundity of vision, any power of creative imagination, had he been accessible to

any disinterested ambition, he might have done work for mankind that would have made him the very sun of history. All Europe and America, stirred by the first promise of a new age, was waiting for him. Not France alone. France was in his hand, his instrument, to do with as he pleased, willing for peace, but tempered for war like an exquisite sword. There lacked nothing to this great occasion but a noble imagination. And failing that, Napoleon could do no more than strut upon the crest of this great mountain of opportunity like a cockerel on a dunghill. The figure he makes in history is one of almost incredible self-conceit, of vanity, greed, and cunning, of callous contempt and disregard of all who trusted him, and of a grandiose aping of Cæsar, Alexander, and Charlemagne which would be purely comic if it were not caked over with human blood. Until, as Victor Hugo said in his tremendous way, "God was bored by him," and he was kicked aside into a corner to end his days, explaining and explaining how very clever his worst blunders had been, prowling about his dismal hot island shooting birds and squabbling meanly with an underbred gaoler who failed to show him "proper respect." . . . . .

*Mr. Wells sketches Napoleon's career as First Consul—"perhaps the least dishonourable phase in his career"—and then proceeds as follows:—*

It was open to Napoleon to work out and consolidate the new order of things, to make a modern state that should become a beacon and inspiration to Europe and all the world.

He attempted nothing of the sort. He did not realize that there were such things as modern states in the scheme of possibility. His little imitative imagination was full of a deep cunning dream of being Cæsar over again—as if this universe would ever tolerate anything of that sort over again! He was scheming to make himself a real emperor, with a crown upon his head and all his rivals and school-fellows and friends at his feet. This could give him no fresh power that he did not already exercise,

but it would be more splendid—it would astonish his mother. What response was there in a head of that sort for the splendid creative challenge of the time? But first France must be prosperous. France hungry would certainly not endure an emperor. He set himself to carry out an old scheme of roads that Louis XV had approved; he developed canals in imitation of the English canals; he reorganised the police and made the country safe; and, preparing the scene for his personal drama, he set himself to make Paris look like Rome, with classical arches, with classical columns.

Another great achievement which marks his imaginative scope and his estimate of human nature was the institution of the Legion of Honour, a scheme for decorating Frenchmen with bits of ribbon which was admirably calculated to divert ambitious men from subversive proceedings. (Washington, when he became President of the United States, abolished the only order that has ever adorned any citizen of the American republic, the Order of Cincinnati, because he had no use for the snob in his fellow-man.)

And also Napoleon interested himself in Christian propaganda. Here is the Napoleonic view of the political uses of Christ, a view that has tainted all French missions from that time forth. "It is my wish to re-establish the institution for foreign missions; for the religious missionaries may be very useful to me in Asia, Africa, and America, as I shall make them reconnoitre all the lands they visit. The sanctity of their dress will not only protect them; but serve to conceal their political and commercial investigations. The head of the missionary establishment shall reside no longer at Rome, but in Paris."

These are the ideas of a roguish merchant rather than a statesman. His treatment of education shows the same narrow vision, the same blindness to the realities of the dawn about him. Elementary education he neglected almost completely; he left it to the conscience of the local authorities, and he provided that the teachers should be paid out of

the fees of the scholars; it is clear he did not want the common people to be educated; he had no glimmering of any understanding why they should be; but he interested himself in the provision of technical and higher schools because his state needed the services of clever, self-seeking, well-informed men. This was an astounding retrogression from the great scheme drafted by Condorcet for the Republic in 1792, for a complete system of free education for the entire nation.

During the period of the Consulate, the First Consul was very active in advancing the fortunes of his brothers and sisters. This was quite human, very clannish and Corsican, and it helps us to understand just how he valued his position and the opportunities before him. Few of us can live without an audience, and the first audience of our childhood is our family; most of us to the end of our days are swayed by the desire to impress our parents and brothers and sisters. Few "letters home" of successful men or women display the graces of modesty and self-forgetfulness. Only souls uplifted, as the soul of Jesus of Nazareth was uplifted, can say of all the world, "Behold my mother and my brethren!" A large factor in the making of Napoleon was the desire to amaze, astonish, and subdue the minds of the Bonaparte family and their neighbours. He promoted his brothers ridiculously—for they were the most ordinary of men. The hungry Bonapartes were in luck. Surely all Corsica was open-mouthed! But one person who knew him well was neither amazed nor subdued. This was his mother. He sent her money to spend and astonish the neighbours; he exhorted her to make a display, to live as became the mother of so marvellous, so world-shaking, a son. But the good lady, who had birched the Man of Destiny at the age of sixteen for grimacing at his grandmother, was neither dazzled nor deceived by him at the age of thirty-two. All France might worship him, but she had no illusions. She put by the money he sent her; she continued her customary economies. "When it is all over," she said, "you will be glad of my savings."

## § 4

*Crowned Emperor.*

We will not detail the steps by which Napoleon became Emperor. His coronation was the most extraordinary revival of stale history that it is possible to imagine. Cæsar was no longer the model; Napoleon was playing now at being Charlemagne. He was crowned emperor, not indeed at Rome, but in the

iron crown of Lombardy in the cathedral of Milan. All this mummary was to have a wonderful effect upon the imagination of western Germany, which was to remember that it too had been a part of the empire of Charlemagne.

*The four daughter republics of France became kingdoms; Napoleon set up brother Louis in Holland and brother Joseph in Naples. In 1807 he began to*



*Photo. Alinari.*

MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE IN 1810.

cathedral of Notre-Dame in Paris, the Pope (Pius VII) had been brought from Rome to perform the ceremony; and at the climax Napoleon I seized the crown, waved the Pope aside, and crowned himself. The attentive reader of this *Outline* will know that a thousand years before this would have had considerable significance; in 1804 it was just a ridiculous scene. In 1806 Napoleon revived another venerable antiquity, and, following still the footsteps of Charlemagne, crowned himself with the

bully the Pope. Having quarrelled with Great Britain, he assembled a vast army (1804) at Boulogne, which was to be smuggled across the Channel on a flotilla of rafts and boats. In 1805 Nelson destroyed the joint fleets of France and Spain at Trafalgar. "Thereafter Napoleon was left with Britain in pitiless opposition." Other campaigns followed, while "the outlines on the map of Europe waved about like garments on a clothes line on a windy day." All Europe was getting very weary of Napoleon and very indignant with him.

*"It needed only a breach with Alexander I to set this empire of bluff and stage scenery swaying towards its downfall. The quarrel came." Follows the invasion of Russia and the disastrous retreat from Moscow.*

*Mr. Wells then proceeds to describe the further course of Napoleon's career down to the closing campaign of 1814 and the abdication of the Emperor at Fontainebleau.*

## § 5

**THE HUNDRED DAYS.**

This was the natural and proper end of Napoleon's career. So this raid of an intolerable egotist across the disordered beginnings of a new time should have closed. At last he was suppressed. And had there been any real wisdom in the conduct of human affairs, we should now have to tell of the concentration of human science and will upon the task his treachery and vanity had interrupted, the task of building up a world system of justice and free effort in the place of the bankrupt ancient order. But we have to tell of nothing of the sort. Science and wisdom were conspicuously absent from the great council of the Allies. Came the vague humanitarianism and dreamy vanity of the Tsar Alexander, came the shaken Habsburgs of Austria, the resentful Hohenzollerns of Prussia, the aristocratic traditions of Britain, still badly frightened by the revolution and its conscience all awry with stolen commons and sweated factory children. No peoples came to the Congress, but only monarchs and foreign ministers; and though you bray a foreign office in the bloodiest of war mortars, yet will its diplomatic habits not depart from it. The Congress had hardly assembled before the diplomatists set to work making secret bargains and treaties behind each other's back. Nothing could exceed the pompous triviality of the Congress which gathered at Vienna after a magnificent ceremonial visit of the allied sovereigns to London. The social side of the Congress was very strong, pretty ladies abounded, there was a galaxy of stars and uniforms, endless dinners and balls, a mighty flow of bright anecdotes and sparkling wit.

Whether the two million dead men upon the battlefields laughed at the jokes, admired the assemblies, and marvelled at the diplomatists is beyond our knowledge. It is to be hoped their poor wraiths got something out of the display. The brightest spirit of the gathering was a certain Talleyrand, one of Napoleon's princes, a very brilliant man indeed, who had been a pre-revolutionary cleric who had proposed the revolutionary confiscation of the church estates, and who was now for bringing back the Bourbons.

The allies, after the fashion of Peace Congresses, frittered away precious time in more and more rapacious disputes; the Bourbons returned to France. . . . . Napoleon had been packed off to a little consolation empire of his own, upon the island of Elba. He was still to be called Emperor and keep a certain state. . . . .

*The Return from Elba.*

After eleven months at Elba Napoleon judged that France had had enough of the Bourbons; he contrived to evade the British ships that watched his island, and reappeared at Cannes in France for his last gamble against Fate. His progress to Paris was a triumphal procession; he walked on white Bourbon cockades. For a hundred days, "the Hundred Days," he was master of France again.

His return created a perplexing position for any honest Frenchman. On the one hand there was this adventurer who had betrayed the republic; on the other the dull weight of old kingship restored. The allies would not hear of any further experiments in republicanism; it was the Bourbons or Napoleon. Is it any wonder that on the whole France was with Napoleon? And he came back professing to be a changed man; there was to be no more despotism; he would respect the constitutional régime. . . .

He gathered an army, he made some attempts at peace with the allies; when he found these efforts ineffectual, he struck swiftly at the British, Dutch, and Prussians in Belgium, hoping to defeat



X Photo.

CORONATION OF NAPOLEON I. AND THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE IN NOTRE DAME, DECEMBER 2, 1804, IN THE PRESENCE OF POPE PIUS VII  
After the painting by David. Louvre

them before the Austrians and Russians could come up. He did very nearly manage this. He beat the Prussians at Ligny, but not sufficiently; and then he was hopelessly defeated by the tenacity of the British under Wellington at Waterloo (1815). . . . .

#### *St. Helena.*

He tried to get to America, but Rochefort, which he reached, was watched by British cruisers. France, now disillusioned and uncomfortably royalist again, was hot in pursuit of him. He went aboard a British frigate, the *Bellerophon*, asking to be received as a refugee, but being treated as a prisoner. He was taken to Plymouth, and from Plymouth straight to the lonely tropical island of St. Helena.

There he remained until his death from cancer in 1821, devoting himself chiefly to the preparation of his memoirs, which were designed to exhibit the chief events of his life in a misleading and attractive light and to minimise his worst blunders. . . . .

#### § 6

### THE CULT OF THE NAPOLEONIC.

#### *The Character of Napoleon.*

In the long perspectives of history the cult of Napoleon, and his peculiar effect upon certain types of mind, is of far more interest and far more importance than his actual adventures. The world has largely recovered from the mischief he did; perhaps that amount of mischief had to be done by some agency; perhaps his career, or some such career, was a necessary consequence of the world's mental unpreparedness for the crisis of the revolution. But that his peculiar personality should dominate the imaginations of great numbers of people, throws a light upon factors of enduring significance in our human problem.

It would be difficult to find a human being less likely to arouse affection. One reads in vain through the monstrous accumulations of Napoleonic literature for a single record of self-forgetfulness. Laughter is one great difference between man and the lower animals, one method

of our brotherhood, and there is no evidence that Napoleon ever laughed. Nor can we imagine another of the most beautiful of human expressions upon the face of this saturnine egotist, that expression of disinterested interest that one sees in the face of an artist or artisan "lost," as we say, in his work. Out of his portraits he looks at us with a thin scorn upon his lips, the scorn of the criminal who believes that he can certainly cheat such fools as we are, and withal with a certain uneasiness in his eyes. That uneasiness haunts all his portraits. Are we really convinced he is quite right? Are his laurels straight? He had a vast contempt for man in general and men in particular, a contempt that took him at last to St. Helena, that same contempt that fills our jails with forgers, poisoners, and the like victims of self-conceit. There is no proof that this unbrotherly, unhumorous egotist was ever sincerely loved by any human being. The Empress Josephine was unfaithful to him as he to her. His young Austrian wife would not accompany him to Elba. A certain Polish countess followed him thither, but not, it would seem, for love, but on account of the son she had borne him. She wanted settlements. She stayed only two days with him. He had never even a dog to love him. He estranged most of his colleagues and fellow-generals. He had no familiar friend. No one who knew him felt safe with him. In his intimacy, his unflinching self-concentration must have been a terrible bore. His personal habits were unpleasant; the moodiness of bad health came to him early. True it is that his soldiers, who, save for a few rare melodramatic encounters, saw nothing of him, idolized their "Little Corporal." But it was not him they idolized, but a carefully fostered legend of an incredibly clever, recklessly brave little man, a little pet of a man, who was devoted to France and them.

Why, then, is there an enormous cult of Napoleon, an endless writing of books about him, an insatiable collecting of relics and documents, a kind of worship of his memory? Marat was a far more

noble, persistent, subtle, and pathetic figure; Talleyrand a greater statesman and a much more amusing personality; Moreau and Hoche abler leaders of armies; his rival, the Tsar Alexander, as egotistical, more successful, more emotional, and with a finer imagination. Are men dazzled simply by the scale of his floundering, by the mere vastness of his notoriety?

#### *The Record Plunger.*

No doubt scale has something to do with the matter; he was a "record," the record plunger, but there is something more in it than that. There is an appeal in Napoleon to something deeper and more fundamental in human nature than mere astonishment at bigness. His very deficiencies bring out starkly certain qualities that lurk suppressed and hidden in us all. He was unhampered. He had never a gleam of religion or affection or the sense of duty. He was, as few men are or dare to be, a scoundrel, bright and complete. Most of us are constrained more or less and now and then to serve God or our fellow-men, to do things disinterestedly, to behave decently when no one is watching us. He was not so constrained. Most men do a little regret and resent their good deeds, and find a secret satisfaction in their unpunished bad ones. The early palæolithic strain is still strong in us; we are being made over, slowly and reluctantly, into social and fraternal creatures. Few of us thoroughly enjoy being good citizens. Our moral conflicts, therefore, are intricate and comic; the constant effort to explain to ourselves and others that there is a fine moral purpose in this shirking of our duty or in that self-seeking act. We are all regretfully of the race of Tsar Alexander, who destroyed the freedom of Poland, annexed Finland, and secured his imperial predominance piously, "in the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity"—when it would have been far more agreeable to have done it in the name of the most Holy and Magnificent Alexander. There was none of this robing of greed and crime about

Napoleon. His self-conceit and his instinctive and fundamental atheism made him at least magnificently direct. What we all want to do secretly, more or less, he did in the daylight.

Directness was his distinctive and immortalizing quality. He had no brains to waste in secondary considerations. He flung his armies across Europe straight at their mark, there never were such marches before; he fought to win; when he struck, he struck with all his might. And what he wanted, he wanted simply and completely, and got—if he could.

#### *The Secret Fascination.*

There lies his fascination. Since his time his name has been one of the utmost reassurance to great multitudes of doubting men; to the business man hesitating over a more than shady transaction, to the clerk fingering a carelessly written cheque that could so easily be altered, to the trustee in want of ready money, to the manufacturer meditating the pros and cons of an adulteration, to thousands of such people the word "Napoleonic" has come with an effect of decisive relief. We live in a world full of would-be Napoleons—Napoleons of commerce, Napoleons of finance, of the press, of the turf; half the cells in our jails and many in our mad-houses are St. Helenas. He was the very embodiment of that sound, clear, self-centred common sense, without sentiment or scruples or reflection, that struggles with our feeble better nature, that may ultimately destroy mankind. In all history there is no figure so completely antithetical to the figure of Jesus of Nazareth, whose pitiless and difficult doctrine of self-abandonment and self-forgetfulness we can neither disregard nor yet bring ourselves to obey. That summons to a new way of life haunts our world to-day, haunts wealth and comfort and every sort of success. It is a trouble to us all. Our uneasiness grows. Napoleon was free from it. The cultivation of the Napoleonic legend seems to offer a kind of refuge—from salvation.

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare's play "*Antony and Cleopatra*" was founded on the "*Lives*" of Plutarch, from which selections will be given in later pages of this work. "*Antony and Cleopatra*" is one of the most dramatic, impassioned and imaginative plays ever written, and no play was ever fuller of variety and romantic elements. It represents the eternal tragedy of love and ambition. The passages quoted here are considered to rank among the masterpieces of literature. The anxiety of Cleopatra with the messenger is all alive; her anger is infinitely dramatic when he reluctantly confesses bad news; her fury when she hears that Antony has married Octavia rouses her wounded vanity, and the death scenes are incomparable.

The plot is concerned with the ambition and affections of Marc Antony, the great Roman general, and Cleopatra, the gorgeous, lovely Queen of Egypt. Their loves are so intensely real that their deaths do not surprise; there is a strain of madness that explains the most incredible actions; there is an intensity, a violence, a tornado of energy almost in every line of this play. Cleopatra is the most wonderful of all Shakespeare's studies of female character, as she is perhaps the most wonderful of all women.

This is the story of Antony and Cleopatra. Antony meets Cleopatra at Cilicia (as narrated in Plutarch's "*Life of Marc Antony*"), falls in love with

her, and returns with her to Alexandria, neglecting his imperial duties. By her spell she tames the man who has conquered kingdoms. By and by, to give his love the necessary filip, she persuades him to return to Rome, but is infuriated when she hears that he has married Octavia, and sets out to win him back. In this, as ever, she succeeds, and he returns to Alexandria with her. Meanwhile an old quarrel between Antony and Augustus Cæsar is revived and Cæsar marches on Alexandria. As the Romans are on the point of winning, Antony is stung by the thought that Cleopatra has betrayed him to his enemy. Frightened lest Antony should do her some harm, she sends a messenger to tell him that she is dead. Whereupon Antony, after unsuccessfully persuading his servant to stab him, stabs himself in order that he may join Cleopatra, but after this has been done he learns that Cleopatra is alive and is carried into her presence, to die in her arms. A few days later, filled with remorse, and the chances of being led in triumph to Rome, she prepares for death. "She has lived a Queen; in all her fortunes there has been, as she conceived it, no dishonour. She will die now—she would die a thousand times—rather than live to be a mockery and a scorn in men's mouths." How she met her fate we see in the final lines of the passage we quote.

FROM ACT II. SCENE 5.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Give me some music; music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

*Attendants.*

The music, ho!

*Enter Mardian the Eunuch.*

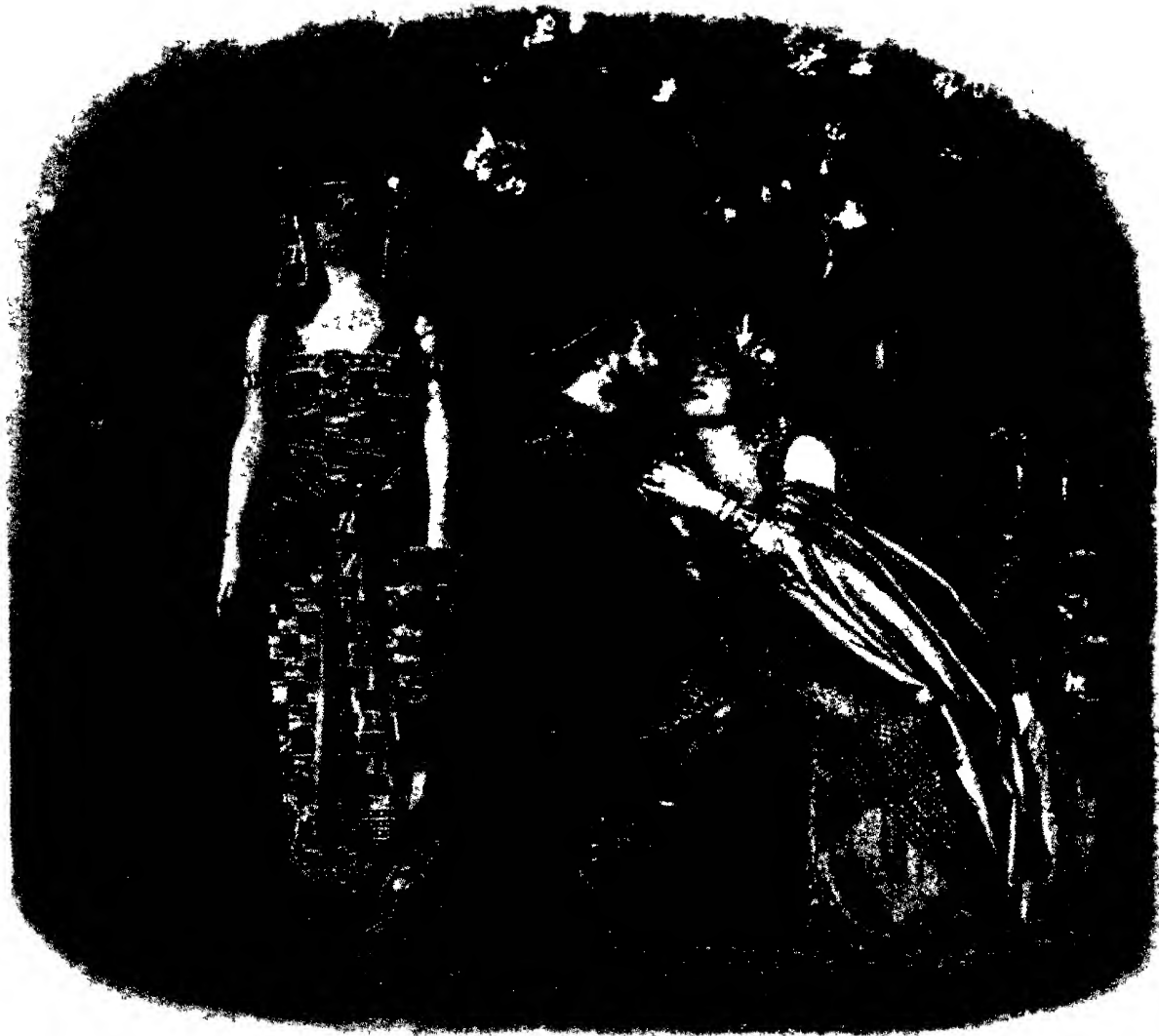
*Cleo* Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

*Cleo.* . . . Come, you'll play with me, sir?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,  
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.  
Give me mine angle ; we'll to the river : there,  
My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce



*Photo : F. Burford.*

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PHILO: The triple pillar of the world transformed  
Into a strumpet's fool.

Act I. Scene 1.

Their slimy jaws, and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say " Ah, ha ! you're caught." -

*Char.*

'Twas merry when

You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.*

That time,—O times !

I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night

I laugh'd him into patience : and next morn,  
 Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;  
 Then put my tires\* and mantles on him, whilst [ head dress  
 I wore his sword Philippan.

*Enter a Messenger.*

O, from Italy !

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
 That long time have been barren.

*Mess.*

Madam, madam,—

*Cleo.* Antony's dead !—If thou say so, villain,  
 Thou kill'st thy mistress ; but well and free,  
 If thou so yield\* him, there is gold, and here [\* report  
 My bluest veins to kiss, a hand that kings  
 Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mess.* First, madam, he is well.

*Cleo.*

Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use  
 To say the dead are well ; bring it to that,  
 The gold I give thee will I melt and pour  
 Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.*

Well, go to, I will ;

But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony  
 Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour\* [\* how sour a face !  
 To trumpet such good tidings ! if not well,  
 Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,  
 Not like a formal man.

*Mess.*

Will't please you hear me ?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st ;  
 Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,  
 Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
 I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
 Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mess.*

Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.*

Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.*

Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.*

But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like "but yet," it does allay  
 The good precedence ; fie upon "but yet !" "  
 "But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth  
 Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,  
 Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
 The good and bad together : he's friends with Cæsar ;  
 In state of health, thou say'st ; and thou say'st, free.

*Mess.* Free, madam ! no ; I made no such report :  
 He's bound unto Octavia. . . . Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee !

[*Strikes him down.*

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.*

What say you ?—Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*

Horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head.

*[She hales him up and down.]*

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in lingering pickle.

*Mess.* Gracious madam,  
I that do bring the news made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud ; . . .

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

*[Draws a knife.]*

*Mess.* Nay, then I'll run.

What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault.

*[Exit.]*

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself ;  
The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again ;

Though I am mad, I will not bite him : call.

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.*

I will not hurt him.

*[Exit Charmian.]*

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself, since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.

*Re-enter Charmian and Messenger.*

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news ; give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,  
If thou again say yes.

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee ! dost thou hold there still ?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam ?

*Cleo.* O, I would thou didst,

So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made  
A cistern for scal'd snakes ! Go, get thee hence ;

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married ? . . .

*Mess.* Take no offence that I would not offend you ;  
To punish me for what you make me do  
Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That art not what thou'rt sure of !—Get thee hence :  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome  
Are all too dear for me ; . . .

*[Exit Messenger.]*

. . . I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence ;  
 I faint. O Iras ' Charmian !—'Tis no matter.—  
 Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him  
 Report the feature\* of Octavia, her years, [\*appearance  
 Her inclination, let him not leave out  
 The colour of her hair : bring me word quickly.  
 ... Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,  
 But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber. ....  
Exeunt.

## 2.

*In Act III, Scene 3, we are again in Cleopatra's Palace at Alexandria, where a messenger arrives from Rome with news of Antony, who meanwhile has been constrained to marry Octavia, the sister of Cæsar.*

SCENE 3.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow ?

*Alex.* Half afeard to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to.

*Enter the Messenger as before.*

Come hither, sir.

*Alex.* Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you  
 But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
 I'll have ; but how, when Anthony is gone  
 Through whom I might command it ?—Come thou near.

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold Octavia ?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where ?

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome  
 I look'd her in the face, and saw her led  
 Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me ?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak ? is she shrill-tongued or low ?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak ; she is low-voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not so good ; he cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her ! O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian ; dull of tongue, and dwarfish !—  
 What majesty is in her gait ? ...

*Mess.* She creeps ;  
 Her motion and her station\* are as one : [\* mode of standing  
 She shows a body rather than a life,  
 A statue than a breather. ...

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I prithee.

*Mess.* Madam, she was a widow—

*Cleo.* Widow !—Charmian, hark.

*Mess.* And I do think she's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind ? is 't long or round ?

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.



*Photo: F. Burford.*

**CLEOPATRA'S PALACE.**

MESSSENGER: "Madam, he's married to Octavia."  
CLEOPATRA: "The most infectious pestilence upon thee."

Act II. Scene 5.

*Cleo.* For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.—  
Her hair, what colour?

*Mess.* Brown, madam; and her forehead  
As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's gold for thee.  
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.  
I will employ thee back again; I find thee  
Most fit for business. Go make thee ready;  
Our letters are prepar'd. . . . . [*Exit Messenger.*]

## 3.

*In a fight with Cæsar's army outside Alexandria things have not gone well with Antony who suspects treachery on the part of Cleopatra. She enters Antony's camp.*

*Enter Cleopatra.*

*Ant.* Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

*Ant.* Vanish, or I shall give thee they deserving,  
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians.  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown  
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts; and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*]  
... The witch shall die:  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
Under this plot; she dies for 't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*]

*Cleopatra returns to her Palace.*

## 4.

ACT IV. SCENE 13.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*

*Cleo.* Help me, my women! O, he is more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly  
Was never so emboss'd.\* [*\* foaming*]

*Char.* To the monument!  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
The soul and body rive not more in parting  
Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument!  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say that the last I spoke was "Antony,"  
And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,  
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE 14.

*In another room of the Palace enter Antony and Eros.*

*Ant.* ... I made these wars for Egypt and the queen,—  
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;  
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't

A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
 Pack'd\* cards with Cæsar, and false—play'd my glory  
 [\* shuffled unfairly]  
 Unto an enemy's triumph.  
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
 Ourselves to end ourselves.

*Enter Mardian.*

O, thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony;  
 My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
 With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch: peace!  
 She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once,  
 And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do  
 Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake  
 Was "Antony! most noble Antony!"  
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
 The name of Antony; it was divided  
 Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
 Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead, then?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,  
 And we must sleep....

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
 The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!  
 ... I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
 Weep for my pardon. ... Come, Eros, Eros!

*Eros.* What would my lord?

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died,  
 I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
 Detest my baseness.

... Thou art sworn, Eros,  
 That, when the exigent should come—which now  
 Is come indeed—when I should see behind me  
 The inevitable prosecution of  
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
 Thou then wouldst kill me. Do't; the time is come.  
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me!  
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,  
 Though enemy, lost aim and could not? ...

*Ant.* Do it at once,  
 Or thy precedent services are all  
 But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,  
 Wherein the worship of the whole world lies. [*Turning from him.*]

*Ant.* Lo thee!

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once  
 The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,  
 My captain, and my emperor, let me say,  
 Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.  
*Ant.* 'Tis said, man; and farewell.  
*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?  
*Ant.* Now, Eros.  
*Eros.* Why, there then!—Thus I do escape the sorrow  
 Of Antony's death. [*Kills himself.*]  
*Ant.* Thrice-nobler than myself!  
 Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what  
 I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros  
 Have by their brave instruction got upon me  
 A nobleness in record; but I will be  
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't  
 As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,  
 Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus  
 [*Falling on his sword.*]  
 I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—  
 The guard, ho!—O, dispatch me! . . . . .

## 5.

*Antony asks the guards to carry him to "where Cleopatra bides." She and her maids are aloft on the Monument when Antony is borne forward by the Guard.*

ACT IV. SCENE 15.—The Same. A Monument.  
*Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian and Iras.*  
*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.  
*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.  
*Cleo.* No, I will not.  
 All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
 But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,  
 Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
 As that which makes it.

*Enter, below, Diomedes.*

How, now! is he dead?  
*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.  
 Look out o' the other side your monument;  
 His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O sun,  
 Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! darkling stand  
 The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony,  
 Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;  
 Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace!  
 Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
 But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony  
 Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; only  
 I here importune death awhile, until  
 Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
 I lay upon they lips.

*Cleo.* I dare not,\* dear,—  
 [\* i.e. descend from monument]  
 Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,

Lest I be taken : not the imperious show  
 Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall  
 Be brooch'd\* with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
[\* adorned]  
 Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.  
 Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes  
 And still conclusion,\* shall acquire no honour [\* quiet judgment]  
 Demuring\* upon me. But come, come, Antony,—  
[\* looking demurely]  
 Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up.—  
 Assist, good friends. . . . . (*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*)  
*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying.—  
 Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.



Photo : F. Burford.

## DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

CÆSAR : She shall be buried by her Antony :  
 No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
 A pair so famous.

Act V Scene 2.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,  
 That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,  
 Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen ;  
 Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.—O !

*Cleo.* They do not go together. . . . .  
 Noblest of men, woo't die ?  
 Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide  
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
 No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,

[*Antony dies.*]

The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord !—

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
 The soldier's pole\* is fallen : young boys and girls [ ' standard  
 Are level now with men ; the odds is gone,  
 And there is nothing left remarkable  
 Beneath the visiting moon. . . . . (Faints.)

## 6.

*Antony dead, the distracted Cleopatra resolves to end her life.*

## ACT V. SCENE 2.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death ?  
 Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a queen  
 Worth many babes and beggars !

*Proculeius.* O, temperance, lady.

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir,  
 If idle talk will once be\* necessary, [\* be for once  
 I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,  
 Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;  
 Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye  
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up  
 And show me to the shouting varletry  
 Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
 Be gentle grave unto me ! rather on Nilus' mud  
 Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies  
 Blow me into abhorring ! rather make  
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,  
 And hang me up in chains ! . . . . .

*The last tragic scene witnesses the entrance of a clown bringing in a poisonous asp in a basket.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow  
 That will not be denied your highness' presence ;  
 He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in  
 What poor an instrument  
 May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.  
 My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing  
 Of woman in me : now from head to foot  
 I am marble-constant ; now the fleeting moon  
 No planet is of mine.

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid,\* and leave him. [\* away  
 Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
 That kills and pains not ?

*Clown.* Truly, I have him ; but I would not be the  
 party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting  
 is immortal : those that do die of it do seldom or never  
 recover.

*Cleo.* Rememberest thou any that have died on 't ?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard  
 of one of them no longer than yesterday ; a very honest  
 woman, but something given to lie,—as a woman should  
 not do, but in the way of honesty,—how she died of the biting  
 of it, what pain she felt. . . .

*Cleo.* Get thee hence, farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*[Setting down his basket.]*

*Cleo.* Farewell.

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman....

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm.

*[Exit.]*

*Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, etc.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.— Yare, yare,\* good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath.—Husband, I come! Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life.—So; have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.— Farewell, kind Charmian.—Iras, long farewell.

*[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.]*

Have I the aspic\* in my lips? Dost fall? *[asp]*  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking....

Come, thou mortal\* wretch, *[\* deadly]*

*[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.]*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate\* *[\* intricate]*  
Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and dispatch....

*Char.* O eastern star

*Cleo.*

Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.*

O, break! O, break!

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—  
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.

*[Applying another asp to her arm.]*

What should I stay—

*[Dies.]*

# WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

SIR J. M. BARRIE

*This play is Barrie at his best and finest. The first act is, especially, a gem, a masterpiece of that dramatic art in which, by the simplest methods, every line is made to tell, either by a touch of character, or by a stage effect. The reader who has never seen the piece will do well to bear in mind that in the written version, although many Scottish words and phrases are employed, it follows for the most part English spelling. But every syllable upon the stage is spoken in the richest Doric of the North, and must be so translated in the reader's mind, or he will miss the native tang of it entirely. Thus, when John Shand is asked whether he will have his whisky hot or cold, and when, turning from a look at Maggie, he answers, with the desperation of a man who is being tried beyond his strength, "Ah thenk ah'll tak' it neat"—this is quite different from the words as printed. And so with the whole dialogue throughout the act.*

*Nor must the reader take it that Maggie Wylie is a person without charm, although she so implies, when, with a long sigh, her knitting dropping on her lap, she breathes the self-accusing syllables, "But some have charm for none." That is merely how her menfolk see her, and John Shand in particular. They are blind. The fact is that Maggie, although as different from a showy woman as any human being well can be, is, as Hilda Trevelyan played her, as redolent of charm as a rose of perfume. One has only to observe her, at the moment John Shand comes within her prospect as a husband, tying his muffler double round his neck as he goes out into the night, to realize that such a girl is born to charm, and could not help it if she tried. Besides this, she has, of course, the brains of all the family, and, what is more, a capacity for loving, an intensity of hidden passion, deep and glowing as a covered fire, which*

*those about her have no faculty so much as to conceive of, much less to understand.*

*Another point that should be noted is the intense sincerity of all the characters. When David points out to John what a young man of ability could do if he were let loose upon the world with three hundred pounds:—"It's almost appalling to think of—especially if he went among the English"—the audience roars with laughter; but there is no idea among the persons of the play that there is any humour in the observation. It is spoken, and received, in deadly earnest, as a convincing argument, in which there is nothing to provoke a smile.*

*The remark of James, the simpleton of the family, as the curtain is descending: "It was very noble of Maggie to tell him she's twenty-six; but I thought she was twenty-seven"—his puzzled countenance, the revelation to the audience that Maggie is not at all above a fib about her age—such seeming trifles must be seen, either with the eye or in the mind, if they are to be enjoyed. This is in reality a master-touch of the dramatic art in its simplicity of which Barrie, and no other, seems to have the secret.*

*In the succeeding acts John Shand, of course, achieves success in his career—in the second act he is elected an M.P.—and marries Maggie. Later, he falls in love—or thinks he does—with a showy girl of fashion, who returns his flame. Maggie, although as jealous as Othello, meets the situation in a manner all her own. Instead of keeping them apart, she plans to bring the two together, with the result that they discover that they have not a thought in common, bore each other stiff, and break apart. The play ends with John's discovery that his success is mainly*

*owing to his homely little wife ; a thought so dazing that, after the convulsions of a man in agony, for the first time in his life, he laughs !*

## I.

JAMES WYLIE is about to make a move on the dambrod, and in the little Scotch room there is an awful silence befitting the occasion. James with his hand poised—for if he touches a piece he has to play it, Alick will see to that—raises his red head suddenly to read Alick's face. His father, who is Alick, is pretending to be in a panic lest James should make this move. James grins heartlessly, and his fingers are about to close on the "man" when some instinct of self-preservation makes him peep once more. This time Alick is caught: the unholy ecstasy on his face tells as plain as porridge that he has been luring James to destruction. James glares; and, too late, his opponent is a simple old father again. James mops his head, sprawls in the manner most conducive to thought in the Wylie family, and, protruding his underlip, settles down to a reconsideration of the board. Alick blows out his cheeks, and a drop of water settles on the point of his nose.

You will find them thus any Saturday night (after family worship, which sends the servant to bed); and sometimes the pauses are so long that in the end they forget whose move it is.

It is not the room you would be shown into if you were calling socially on Miss Wylie. The drawing-room for you, and Miss Wylie in a coloured merino to receive you; very likely she would exclaim, "This is a pleasant surprise!" though she has seen you coming up the avenue and has just had time to whip the dust-cloths off the chairs, and to warn Alick, David and James, that they had better not dare come in to see you before they have put on a dickey. Nor is this the room in which you would dine in solemn grandeur if invited to drop in and take pot-luck, which is how the Wylies

invite, it being a family weakness to pretend that they sit down in the dining-room daily. It is the real living-room of the house, where Alick, who will never get used to fashionable ways, can take off his collar and sit happily in his stocking soles, and James at times would do so also; but catch Maggie letting him.

There is one very fine chair, but, heavens, not for sitting on; just to give the room a social standing in an emergency. It sneers at the other chairs with an air of insolent superiority, like a haughty bride who has married into the house for money. Otherwise the furniture is homely; most of it has come from that smaller house where the Wylies began. There is the large and shiny chair which can be turned into a bed if you look the other way for a moment. James cannot sit in this chair without gradually sliding down it till he is lying luxuriously on the small of his back, his legs indicating, like the hands of a clock, that it is ten past twelve; a position



Photo: G. C. Beresford.

SIR J. M. BARRIE.

in which Maggie shudders to see him receiving company.

The other chairs are horse-hair, than which nothing is more comfortable if there be a good slit down the seat. The seats are heavily dented, because all the Wylie family sit down with a dump. The draught-board is on the edge of a large centre table, which also displays four books placed at equal distances from each other, one of them a Bible, and another the family album. If these were the only books they would not justify Maggie in calling this chamber the library, her dogged name for it; while David and James call it the west-room and Alick calls it "the room," which is to him the natural name for any apartment without a bed in it. There is a book-case of pitch pine, which contains six hundred books, with glass doors to prevent your getting at them.

No one does try to get at the books, for the Wylies are not a reading family. They like you to gasp when you see so much

literature gathered together in one prison-house, but they gasp themselves at the thought that there are persons, chiefly clergymen, who having finished one book, coolly begin another. Nevertheless it was not all vainglory that made David buy this library: it was rather a mighty respect for education, as something that he has missed. This same feeling makes him take in the *Contemporary Review* and stand up to it like a man. Alick, who also has a respect for education, tried to read the *Contemporary*, but becomes dispirited, and may be heard muttering over its pages, "No, no use, no use, no," and sometimes even "Oh hell." James has no respect for education, and Maggie is at present of an open mind.

They are Wylie and Sons of the local granite quarry, in which Alick was throughout his working days a mason. It is David who has raised them to this position; he climbed up himself step by step (and hewed the steps), and drew the others up after him. "Wylie Brothers," Alick would have had the firm called, but David said No, and James said No, and Maggie said No; first honour must be to their father; and Alick now likes it on the whole, though he often sighs at having to shave every day; and on some snell mornings he still creeps from his couch at four and even at two (thinking that his mallet and chisel are calling him), and begins to pull on his trousers, until the grandeur of them reminds him that he can go to bed again. Sometimes he cries a little, because there is no more work for him to do for ever and ever; and then Maggie gives him a spade (without telling David) or David gives him the logs to saw (without telling Maggie).

We have given James a longer time to make his move than our kind friends in front will give him, but in the meantime something has been happening. David has come in, wearing a black coat and his Sabbath boots, for he has been to a public meeting. David is nigh forty years of age, whiskered like his father and brother (Alick's whiskers being worn as a sort of cravat round the neck), and he has the too brisk manner of one who must arrive anywhere a little before any one else. The painter who did the three of them for fifteen pounds (you may observe the canvases on the walls) has caught this characteristic, perhaps accidentally, for David is almost stepping out of his frame, as if to hurry off somewhere; while Alick and James look as if they were pinned to the wall for life. All the six of them, men and pictures, however, have a family resemblance, like granite blocks from their own quarry. They are as Scotch as peat for instance, and they might exchange eyes without any neighbour noticing the difference, inquisitive little blue eyes that seem to be always totting up the price of things.

The dambrod players pay no attention to David, nor does he regard them. Dumping down on the sofa he removes his 'lastic sides, as his Sabbath boots are called, by pushing one foot against the other, gets into a pair of hand-sewn slippers, deposits the boots as according to rule in the ottoman, and crosses to the fire. There must be something on David's mind to-night, for he pays no attention to the game, neither gives advice (than which nothing is more maddening) nor exchanges a wink with Alick over the parlous condition of James's crown. You can hear the wag-at-the-wall clock in the lobby ticking. Then David lets himself go; it runs out of him like a hymn:

DAVID. Oh, let the solid ground  
Not fail beneath my feet,  
Before my life has found  
What some have found so sweet.

*(This is not a soliloquy, but is offered as a definite statement. The players emerge from their game with difficulty.)*

ALICK (with James's crown in his hand). What's that you're saying, David?

DAVID (like a public speaker explaining the situation in a few well chosen words). The thing I'm speaking about is Love.

JAMES (keeping control of himself). Do you stand there and say you're in love, David Wylie?

DAVID. Me; what would I do with the thing?

JAMES (who is by no means without pluck). I see no necessity for calling it a thing.

*(They are two bachelors who all their lives have been afraid of nothing but Woman. DAVID in his sportive days—which continue—has done roguish things with his arm when conducting a lady home under an umbrella from a soiree, and has both chuckled and been scared on thinking of it afterwards. JAMES, a commoner fellow altogether, has discussed the sex over a glass, but is too canny to be in the company of less than two young women at a time.)*

DAVID (derisively). Oho, has she got you, James?

JAMES (feeling the sting of it). Nobody has got me.

DAVID. They'll catch you yet, lad.



Photo - Stage Photo Co.

# JAMES AND ALICK WYLIE AT THE DAMBROD.

The Wylie family found play on the dambrod a pleasant way of passing the quiet of a Saturday night, "after family worship which sends the servant to bed." Here Alick, the father, is about to make a move, and James appears to have little doubt as to the final result.

JAMES. They'll never catch me. You've been nearer caught yourself.

ALICK. Yes, Kitty Menzies, David.

DAVID (*feeling himself under the umbrella*). It was a kind of a shave that.

ALICK (*who knows all that is to be known about women and can speak of them without a tremor*). It's a curious thing, but a man cannot help winking when he hears that one of his friends has been caught.

DAVID. That's so.

JAMES (*clinging to his manhood*). And fear of that wink is what has kept the two of us single men. And yet what's the glory of being single?

DAVID. There's no particular glory in it, but it's safe.

JAMES (*putting away his aspirations*). Yes, it's lonely, but it's safe. But

who did you mean the poetry for, then?

DAVID. For Maggie, of course.

(*You don't know DAVID and JAMES till you know how they love their sister MAGGIE.*)

ALICK. I thought that.

DAVID (*coming to the second point of his statement about Love*). I saw her reading poetry and saying those words over to herself.

JAMES. She has such a poetical mind.

DAVID. Love. There's no doubt as that's what Maggie has set her heart on. And not merely love, but one of those grand noble loves; for though Maggie is undersized she has a passion for romance.

JAMES (*wandering miserably about the room*). It's terrible not to be able

to give Maggie what her heart is set on.

*(The others never pay much attention to JAMES, though he is quite a smart figure in less important houses.)*

ALICK *(violently)*. Those idiots of men.

DAVID. Father, did you tell her who had got the minister of Galashiels?

ALICK *(wagging his head sadly)*. I had to tell her. And then I—I—bought her a sealskin muff, and I just slipped it into her hands and came away.

JAMES *(illustrating the sense of justice in the Wylie family)*. Of course, to be fair to the man, he never pretended he wanted her.

DAVID. None of them wants her; that's what depresses her. I was thinking, father, I would buy her that gold watch and chain in Snibby's window. She hankers after it.

JAMES *(slapping his pocket)*. You're too late, David; I've got them for her.

DAVID. It's ill done of the minister. Many a pound of steak has that man had in this house.

ALICK. You mind the slippers she worked for him?

JAMES. I mind them fine; she began them for William Cathro. She's getting on in years, too, though she looks so young.

ALICK. I never can make up my mind, David, whether her curls make her look younger or older.

DAVID *(determinedly)*. Younger. Whisht! I hear her winding the clock. Mind, not a word about the minister to her, James. Don't even mention religion this day.

JAMES. Would it be like me to do such a thing?

DAVID. It would be very like you. And there's that other matter; say not a syllable about our having a reason for sitting up late to-night. When she says it's bed-time, just all pretend we're not sleepy.

ALICK. Exactly, and when——

*(Here MAGGIE enters, and all three are suddenly engrossed in the dambrod. We could describe MAGGIE at great length. But what is the use? What you really want to know is*

*whether she was good-looking. No, she was not. Enter MAGGIE, who is not good-looking. When this is said, all is said. Enter MAGGIE, as it were, with her throat cut from ear to ear. She has a soft Scotch voice and a more resolute manner than is perhaps fitting to her plainness; and she stops short at sight of JAMES sprawling unconsciously in the company chair)*

MAGGIE. James, I wouldn't sit on the fine chair.

JAMES. I forgot again.

*(But he wishes she had spoken more sharply. Even profanation of the fine chair has not roused her. She takes up her knitting, and they all suspect that she knows what they have been talking about.)*

MAGGIE. You're late, David, it's nearly bed-time.

DAVID *(finding the subject a safe one)*. I was kept late at the public meeting.

ALICK *(glad to get so far away from Galashiels)*. Was it a good meeting?

DAVID. Fairish. *(With some heat.)* That young John Shand would make a speech.

MAGGIE. John Shand? Is that the student Shand?

DAVID. The same. It's true he's a student at Glasgow University in the winter months, but in summer he's just the railway porter here; and I think it's very presumptuous of a young lad like that to make a speech when he hasn't a penny to bless himself with.

ALICK. The Shands were always an impudent family, and jealous. I suppose that's the reason they haven't been on speaking terms with us this six years. Was it a good speech?

DAVID *(illustrating the family's generosity)*. It was very fine; but he needn't have made fun of me.

MAGGIE *(losing a stitch)*. He dared?

DAVID *(depressed)*. You see I can not get started on a speech without saying things like "In rising for to make a few remarks."

JAMES. What's wrong with it?

DAVID. He mimicked me, and said, "Will our worthy chairman come for

to go for to answer my questions ? ” and so on ; and they roared.

JAMES (*slapping his money pocket*). The sacket.

DAVID. I did feel bitterly, father, the want of education. (*Without knowing it, he has a beautiful way of pronouncing this noble word*)

MAGGIE (*holding out a kind hand to him*). David.

ALICK. I've missed it sore, David. Even now I feel the want of it in the very marrow of me. I'm shamed to think I never gave you your chance. But when you were young I was so desperate poor, how could I do it, Maggie ?

MAGGIE. It wasn't possible, father.

ALICK (*gazing at the book-shelves*). To be able to understand these books ! To up with them one at a time and scrape them as clean as though they were a bowl of brose. Lads, it's not to riches, it's to scholarship that I make my humble bow.

JAMES (*who is good at bathos*). There's ten yards of them. And they were selected by the minister of Galashiels. He said——

DAVID (*quickly*). James.

JAMES. I mean—I mean——

MAGGIE (*calmly*). I suppose you mean what you say, James. I hear, David, that the minister of Galashiels is to be married on that Miss Turnbull.

DAVID (*on guard*). So they were saying.

ALICK. All I can say is she has made a poor bargain.

MAGGIE (*the damned*). I wonder at you, father. He's a very nice gentleman. I'm sure I hope he has chosen wisely.

JAMES. Not him.

MAGGIE (*getting near her tragedy*). How can you say that when you don't know her ? I expect she is full of charm.

ALICK. Charm ? It's the very word he used.

DAVID. Havering idiot.

ALICK. What is charm, exactly, Maggie ?

MAGGIE. Oh, it's—it's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it,

you don't need to nave anything else ; and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have. Some women, the few, have charm for all ; and most have charm for one. But some have charm for none.

(*Somehow she has stopped knitting. Her men-folk are very depressed.*)

JAMES brings his fist down on the table with a bang.)

JAMES (*shouting*). I have a sister that has charm.

MAGGIE. No, James, you haven't.

JAMES (*rushing at her with the watch and chain*). Ha'e, Maggie.

(*She lets them lie in her lap.*)

DAVID. Maggie, would you like a silk ?

MAGGIE. What could I do with a silk ? (*With a gust of passion.*) You might as well dress up a little brown hen.

(*They wriggle miserably.*)

JAMES (*stamping*). Bring him here to me.

MAGGIE. Bring whom, James ?

JAMES. David, I would be obliged if you wouldn't kick me beneath the table.

MAGGIE (*rising*). Let's be practical ; let's go to our beds.

(*This reminds them that they have a job on hand in which she is not to share.*)

DAVID (*slily*). I don't feel very sleepy yet.

ALICK. Nor me either.

JAMES. You've just taken the very words out of my mouth.

DAVID (*with unusual politeness*). Good-night to you, Maggie.

MAGGIE (*fixing the three of them*). All of you unsleepy, when, as is well known, ten o'clock is your regular bed-time ?

JAMES. Yes, it's common knowledge that we go to our beds at ten. (*Chuckling.*) That's what we're counting on.

MAGGIE. Counting on ?

DAVID. You stupid whelp.

JAMES. What have I done ?

MAGGIE (*folding her arms*). There's something up. You've got to tell me, David.

DAVID (*who knows when he is beaten*). Go out and watch, James.

MAGGIE. Watch?

(JAMES takes himself off, armed, as MAGGIE notices, with a stick.)

DAVID (in his alert business way). Maggie, there are burglars about.

MAGGIE. Burglars? (She sits rigid, but she is not the kind to scream.)

DAVID. We hadn't meant for to tell you till we nabbed them; but they've been in this room twice of late. We sat up last night waiting for them, and we're to sit up again to-night.

MAGGIE. The silver plate.

DAVID. It's all safe as yet. That makes us think that they were either frightened away these other times, or that they are coming back for to make a clean sweep.

MAGGIE. How did you get to know about this?

DAVID. It was on Tuesday that the polissman called at the quarry with a very queer story. He had seen a man climbing out at this window at ten past two.

MAGGIE. Did he chase him?

DAVID. It was so dark he lost sight of him at once.

ALICK. Tell her about the window.

DAVID. We've found out that the catch of the window has been pushed back by slipping the blade of a knife between the woodwork.

MAGGIE. David.

ALICK. The polissman said he was carrying a little carpet bag.

MAGGIE. The silver plate is gone.

DAVID. No, no. We were thinking that very likely he has bunches of keys in the bag.

MAGGIE. Or weapons.

DAVID. As for that, we have some pretty stout weapons ourselves in the umbrella stand. So, if you'll go to bed, Maggie—

MAGGIE. Me? and my brothers in danger.

ALICK. There's just one of them.

MAGGIE. The polissman just saw one.

DAVID (licking his palms). I would be very pleased if there were three of them.

MAGGIE. I watch with you. I would be very pleased if there were four of them.

DAVID. And they say she has no charm!

(JAMES returns on tiptoe as if the burglars were beneath the table. He signs to every one to breathe no more, and then whispers his news.)

JAMES. He's there. I had no sooner gone out than I saw him sliding down the garden wall, close to the rhubarbs.

ALICK. What's he like?

JAMES. He's an ugly customer. That's all I could see. There was a little carpet bag in his hand.

DAVID. That's him.

JAMES. He slunk into the rhodydendrons, and he's there now, watching the window.

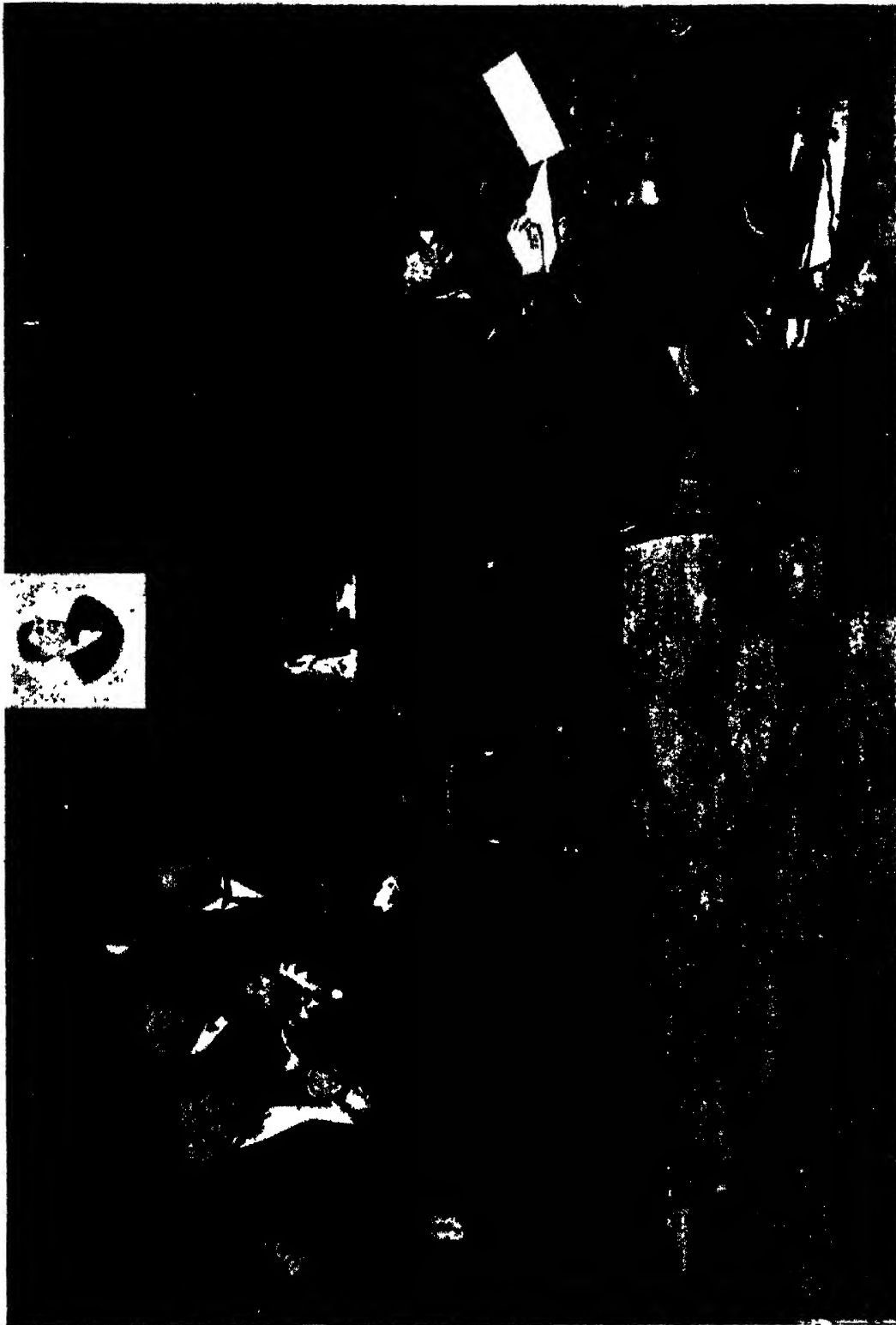
DAVID. We have him. Out with the light.

(The room is beautified by a chandelier fitted for three gas jets, but with the advance of progress one of these has been removed and the incandescent light put in its place. This alone is lit. ALICK climbs a chair, pulls a little chain, and the room is now but vaguely lit by the fire. It plays fitfully on four sparkling faces.)

MAGGIE. Do you think he saw you, James?

JAMES. I couldn't say, but in any case I was too clever for him. I looked up at the stars, and yawned loud at them as if I was tremendous sleepy.

(There is a long pause during which they are lurking in the shadows. At last they hear some movement, and they steal like ghosts from the room. We see DAVID turning out the lobby light; then the door closes and an empty room awaits the intruder with a shudder of expectancy. The window opens and shuts as softly as if this were a mother peering in to see whether her baby is asleep. Then the head of a man shows between the curtains. The remainder of him follows. He is carrying a little carpet bag. He stands irresolute; what puzzles him evidently is that the Wylies should have retired to rest without lifting that piece of coal off the fire. He opens the door and peeps into the lobby, listening



JOHN SHAND PURSUES HIS STUDIES

MAGGIE: I hope you find that chair comfortable, young man.

Photo by Sage Photo Co.

to the *wag-at-the-wall* clock. All seems serene, and he turns on the light. We see him clearly now. He is JOHN SHAND, age twenty-one, boots muddy, as an indignant carpet can testify. He wears a shabby topcoat and a cockerty bonnet; otherwise he is in the well-worn corduroys of a railway porter. His movements, at first stealthy, become almost homely as he feels that he is secure. He opens the bag and takes out a bunch of keys, a small paper parcel, and a black implement that may be a burglar's jemmy. This cool customer examines the fire and piles on more coals. With the keys he opens the door of the bookcase, selects two large volumes, and brings them to the table. He takes off his topcoat and opens his parcel, which we now see contains sheets of foolscap paper. His next action shows that the "jemmy" is really a ruler. He knows where the pen and ink are kept. He pulls the fine chair nearer to the table, sits on it, and proceeds to write, occasionally dotting the carpet with ink as he stabs the air with his pen. He is so occupied that he does not see the door opening, and the Wylie family staring at him. They are armed with sticks.)

ALICK (at last). When you're ready, John Shand.

(JOHN hints back, and then has the grace to rise, dogged and expressionless.)

JAMES (like a railway porter). Ticket, please.

DAVID. You can't think of anything clever for to go for to say now, John.

MAGGIE. I hope you find that chair comfortable, young man.

JOHN. I have no complaint to make against the chair.

ALICK (who is really distressed). A native of the town. The disgrace to your family. I feel pity for the Shands this night.

JOHN (glowering). I'll thank you, Mr. Wylie, not to pity my family.

JAMES. Canny, canny.

MAGGIE (that sense of justice again). I think you should let the young man

explain. It mayn't be so bad as we thought.

DAVID. Explain away, my billie.

JOHN. Only the uneducated would need an explanation. I'm a student (with a little passion), and I'm desperate for want of books. You have all I want here; no use to you but for display, well, I came here to study. I come twice weekly. (*Amazement of his hosts*)

DAVID (who is the first to recover). By the window.

JOHN. Do you think a Shand would so far lower himself as to enter your door? Well, is it a case for the police?

JAMES. It is.

MAGGIE (not so much out of the goodness of her heart as to patronise the Shands). It seems to me it's a case for us all to go to our beds and leave the young man to study; but not on that chair. (*And she wheels the chair away from him.*)

JOHN. Thank you, Miss Maggie, but I cou'dn't be beholden to you.

JAMES. My opinion is that he's nobody, so out with him.

JOHN. Yes, out with me. And you'll be cheered to hear I'm likely to be a nobody for a long time to come.

DAVID (who had been beginning to respect him). Are you a poor scholar?

JOHN. On the contrary, I'm a brilliant scholar.

DAVID. It's siller, then.

JOHN (glorified by experiences he has shared with many a gallant soul). My first year at college I lived on a barrel of potatoes, and we had just a sofa-bed between two of us; when the one lay down the other had to get up. Do you think it was hardship? It was sublime. But this year I can't afford it. I'll have to stay on here, collecting the tickets of the illiterate, such as you, when I might be with Romulus and Remus among the stars.

JAMES (summing up). Havers.

DAVID (in whose head some design is vaguely taking shape). Whi ht, James. I must say, young lad, I like your spirit. Now tell me, what's your professors' opinion of your future.

JOHN. They think me a young man of extraordinary promise.

DAVID. You have a name here for high moral character.

JOHN. And justly.

DAVID. Are you serious-minded?

JOHN. I never laughed in my life.

DAVID. Who do you sit under in Glasgow?

JOHN. Mr. Flemister of the Sauchiehall High.

DAVID. Are you a Sabbath-school teacher?

JOHN. I am.

DAVID. One more question. Are you promised?

JOHN. To a lady?

DAVID. Yes.

JOHN. I've never given one of them a single word of encouragement. I'm too much occupied thinking about my career.

DAVID. So. *(Here reflects, and finally indicates by a jerk of the head that he wishes to talk with his father behind the door.)*

JAMES *(longingly)*. Do you want me too?

*(But they go out without even answering him.)*

MAGGIE. I don't know what maggots they have in their heads, but sit down, young man, till they come back.

JOHN. My name's Mr. Shand, and till I'm called that I decline to sit down again in this house.

MAGGIE. Then I'm thinking, young sir, you'll have a weary wait.

*(While he waits you can see how pinched his face is. He is little more than a boy, and he seldom has enough to eat.*

*DAVID and ALICK return presently, looking as sly as if they had been discussing some move on the dambrod, as indeed they have.)*

DAVID *(suddenly become genial)*. Sit down, Mr. Shand, and pull in your chair. You'll have a thimbleful of something to keep the cold out? *(Briskly.)* Glasses, Maggie.

*(She wonders, but gets glasses and decanter from the sideboard, which JAMES calls the chuffy. DAVID and ALICK, in the most friendly manner, also draw up to the table.)*

You're not a totaller, I hope?

JOHN *(guardedly)*. I'm practically a totaller.

DAVID. So are we. How do you take it? Is there any hot water, Maggie?

JOHN. If I take it at all, and I haven't made up my mind yet, I'll take it cold.

DAVID. You'll take it hot, James?

JAMES *(also sitting at the table but completely befogged)*. No, I—

DAVID *(decisively)*. I think you'll take it hot, James.

JAMES *(sulking)*. I'll take it hot.

DAVID. The kettle, Maggie.

*(JAMES has evidently to take it hot so that they can get at the business now on hand, while MAGGIE goes kitchenward for the kettle.)*

ALICK. Now, David, quick, before she comes back.

DAVID. Mr. Shand, we have an offer to make you.

JOHN *(warningly)*. No patronage.

ALICK. It's strictly a business affair.

DAVID. Leave it to me, father. It's this— *(But to his annoyance the suspicious MAGGIE has already returned with the kettle.)* Maggie, don't you see that you're not wanted?

MAGGIE *(sitting down by the fire and resuming her knitting)*. I do, David.

DAVID. I have a proposition to put before Mr. Shand, and women are out of place in business transactions.

*(The needles continue to click.)*

ALICK *(sighing)*. We'll have to let her bide, David.

DAVID *(sternly)*. Woman. *(But even this does not budge her.)* Very well then, sit there, but don't interfere, mind. Mr. Shand, we're willing, the three of us, to lay out £300 on your education if—

JOHN. Take care.

DAVID *(slowly, which is not his wont)*. On condition that five years from now, Maggie Wylie, if still unmarried, can claim to marry you, should such be her wish; the thing to be perfectly open on her side, but you to be strictly tied down.

JAMES *(enlightened)*. So, so.

DAVID *(resuming his smart manner)*. Now, what have you to say? Decide.

JOHN *(after a pause)*. I regret to say—

MAGGIE. It doesn't matter what he regrets to say, because I decide against

it. And I think it was very ill-done of you to make any such proposal.

DAVID (*without looking at her*). Quiet, Maggie.

JOHN (*looking at her*). I must say, Miss Maggie, I don't see what reasons you can have for being so set against it.

MAGGIE. If you would grow a beard, Mr. Shand, the reasons wouldn't be quite so obvious.

JOHN. I'll never grow a beard.

MAGGIE. Then you're done for at the start.

ALICK. Come, come

MAGGIE. Seeing I have refused the young man——

JOHN. Refused!

DAVID. That's no reason why we shouldn't have his friendly opinion. Your objections, Mr. Shand?

JOHN. Simply, it's a one-sided bargain. I admit I'm no catch at present; but what could a man of my abilities not soar to with three hundred pounds? Something far above what she could aspire to.

MAGGIE. Oh, indeed.

DAVID. The position is that without the three hundred you can't soar.

JOHN. You have me there.

MAGGIE. Yes, but——

ALICK. You see *you're* safe-guarded, Maggie; you don't need to take him unless you like, but he has to take you.

JOHN. That's an unfair arrangement also.

MAGGIE. I wouldn't dream of it without that condition.

JOHN. Then you *are* thinking of it?

MAGGIE. Poof.

DAVID. It's a good arrangement for you, Mr. Shand. The chances are you'll never have to go on with it, for in all probability she'll marry soon.

JAMES. She's tremendous run after.

JOHN. Even if that's true, it's just keeping me in reserve in case she misses doing better.

DAVID (*relieved*). That's the situation in a nutshell.

JOHN. Another thing. Supposing I was to get fond of her?

ALICK (*wistfully*). It's very likely.

JOHN. Yes, and then suppose she was to give me the go-by?

DAVID. You have to risk that.

JOHN. Or take it the other way. Supposing as I got to know her I *could* not endure her?

DAVID (*suavely*). You have both to take risks

JAMES (*less suavely*). What you need, John Shand, is a clout on the head.

JOHN. Three hundred pounds is no great sum.

DAVID. You can take it or leave it.

ALICK. No great sum for a student studying for the ministry?

JOHN. Do you think that with that amount of money I would stop short at being a minister?

DAVID. That's how I like to hear you speak. A young Scotsman of your ability let loose upon the world with £300, what could he not do? It's almost appalling to think of; especially if he went among the English.

JOHN. What do you think, Miss Maggie?

MAGGIE (*who is knitting*). I have no thoughts on the subject either way.

JOHN (*after looking her over*). What's her age? She looks young, but they say it's the curls that does it.

DAVID (*rather happily*). She's one of those women who are eternally young.

JOHN. I can't take that for an answer.

DAVID. She's twenty-five.

JOHN. I'm just twenty-one.

JAMES. I read in a book that about four years' difference in the ages is the ideal thing. (*As usual he is disregarded.*)

DAVID. Well, Mr. Shand?

JOHN (*where is his mother!*). I'm willing if she's willing?

DAVID. Maggie?

MAGGIE. There can be no "if" about it. It must be an offer.

JOHN. A Shand give a Wylie such a chance to humiliate him? Never.

MAGGIE. Then all is off.

DAVID. Come, come, Mr. Shand, it's just a form.

JOHN (*reluctantly*). Miss Maggie, will you?

MAGGIE (*doggedly*). Is it an offer?

JOHN (*dourly*). Yes.

MAGGIE (*rising*). Before I answer I want first to give you a chance of drawing back.



Stage Photo Co.

THE SEALING OF THE BARGAIN.

ALICK: Here's to you and your career.

JOHN: Thank you. To you, Miss Maggie. Had we not better draw up a legal document? Lawyer Crosbie could do it on the quiet.

DAVID. Maggie.

MAGGIE (*bravely*). When they said that I have been run after they were misleading you. I'm without charm; nobody has ever been after me.

JOHN. Oho!

ALICK. They will be yet.

JOHN (*the innocent*). It shows at least that you haven't been after them.

(*His hosts exchange a self-conscious glance.*)

MAGGIE. One thing more; David said I'm twenty-five, I'm twenty-six.

JOHN. Aha!

MAGGIE. Now be practical. Do you withdraw from the bargain, or do you not?

JOHN (*on reflection*). It's a bargain.

MAGGIE. Then so be it.

DAVID (*hurriedly*). And that's settled.

Did you say you would take it hot, Mr. Shand?

JOHN. I think I'll take it neat.

(*The others decide to take it hot, and there is some careful business here with the toddy ladles.*)

ALICK. Here's to you, and your career.

JOHN. Thank you. To you, Miss Maggie. Had we not better draw up a legal document? Lawyer Crosbie could do it on the quiet.

DAVID. Should we do that, or should we just trust to one another's honour?

ALICK (*gallantly*). Let Maggie decide.

MAGGIE. I think we would better have a legal document.

DAVID. We'll have it drawn up tomorrow. I was thinking the best way would be for to pay the money in five yearly instalments.

JOHN. I was thinking, better bank the whole sum in my name at once.

ALICK. I think David's plan's the best.

JOHN. I think not. Of course if it's not convenient to you——

DAVID (*touched to the quick*). It's perfectly convenient. What do you say, Maggie?

MAGGIE. I agree with John.

DAVID (*with an odd feeling that Maggie is now on the other side*). Very well.

JOHN. Then as that's settled I think I'll be stepping. (*He is putting his papers back in the bag.*)

ALICK (*politely*). If you would like to sit on at your books——

JOHN. As I can come at any orra time now I think I'll be stepping. (*MAGGIE helps him into his topcoat.*)

MAGGIE. Have you a muffler, John?

JOHN. I have. (*He gets it from his pocket.*)

MAGGIE. You had better put it twice round. (*She does this for him.*)

DAVID. Well, good-night to you, Mr. Shand.

ALICK. And good luck.

JOHN. Thank you. The same to you. And I'll cry in at your office in the morning before the 6.20 is due.

DAVID. I'll have the document ready for you. (*There is the awkward pause that sometimes follows great events.*) I think, Maggie, you might see Mr. Shand to the door.

MAGGIE. Certainly. (*JOHN is going by the window.*) This way, John.

(*She takes him off by the more usual exit.*)

DAVID. He's a fine frank fellow; and you saw how cleverly he got the better of me about banking the money. (*As the heads of the conspirators come gleefully together.*) I tell you, father, he has a grand business head.

ALICK. Lads, he's canny. He's cannier than any of us.

JAMES. Except maybe Maggie. He has no idea what a remarkable woman Maggie is.

ALICK. Best he shouldn't know. Men are nervous of remarkable women.

JAMES. She's a long time in coming back.

DAVID (*not quite comfortable*). It's a good sign H'sh. What sort of a night is it, Maggie?

MAGGIE. It's a little blowy.

(*She gets a large dust-cloth which is lying folded on a shelf, and proceeds to spread it over the fine chair. The men exchange self-conscious glances.*)

DAVID (*stretching himself*). Yes—well, well, oh yes. It's getting late. What is it with you, father?

ALICK. I'm ten forty-two.

JAMES. I'm ten forty.

DAVID. Ten forty-two.

(*They wind up their watches.*)

MAGGIE. It's high time we were bedded. (*She puts her hands on their shoulders lovingly, which is the very thing they have been trying to avoid.*) You're very kind to me.

DAVID. Havers.

ALICK. Havers.

JAMES (*but this does not matter*). Havers.

MAGGIE (*a little dolefully*). I'm a sort of sorry for the young man, David.

DAVID. Not at all. You'll be the making of him. (*She lifts the two volumes.*) Are you taking the books to your bed, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Yes. I don't want him to know things I don't know myself.

(*She departs with the books; and ALICK and DAVID, the villains, now want to get away from each other.*)

ALICK. Yes—yes. Oh yes—ay, man—it is so—umpha. You'll lift the big coals off, David.

(*He wanders away to his spring mattress.*)

DAVID (*removes the coals.*)

JAMES (*who would like to sit down and have an argy-bargy*). It's a most romantic affair. (*But he gets no answer.*) I wonder how it'll turn out? (*No answer.*) She's queer, Maggie. I wonder how some clever writer has never noticed how queer women are. It's my belief you could write a whole book about them. (*DAVID remains obdurate.*) It was very noble of her to tell him she's twenty-six. (*Muttering as he too wanders away.*) But I thought she was twenty-seven.

(*DAVID turns out the light.*)

# LAMB'S ESSAYS

## (I) A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Charles Lamb's "Essays of Elia," are the most distinctive and least imitable essays in English prose. In the finest and best sense they are egotistical. They contain the essence of his joys and sufferings, often veiled or disguised, even deliberately distorted (for he loved to mystify), but still the essence of all he knew and felt about life. You may read of his childish fears, superstitions, and haunting impressions in his "Witches and Other Night Fears," "Dream Children: a Reverie," "Blakesmoor in Hampshire," and "Mackery End in Hertfordshire."

The first of the "Essays of Elia," — "Recollections of the South Sea House," where Lamb had been employed in 1791-92 — appeared in the "London Magazine" of August, 1820. The story of Lamb's adoption of a fellow-clerk's name is characteristic. It is told in a letter to John Taylor, the publisher, dated July, 1821, in which he says: "Having a brother now there (at the South Sea House), and doubting how he might retort certain descriptions in it, I clapt down the name of Elia to it, which passed off pretty well, for Elia himself added the function of an author to that of a scrivener, like myself." Lamb adds: "I went the other day (not having seen him, Elia, for a year) to laugh over with him at my usurpation of his name, and found him alas! no more than a name, for he died of consumption eleven months ago, and I knew not of it. So the name has fairly devolved to me, I think; and 'tis all he has left me." All trace both of the original Elia and of his writings has vanished.

The essay here quoted represents one of

Lamb's whimsical moods, the "Dissertation upon Roast Pig" being partly elaborated fun and partly gustative revelry.

**M**ANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

CHARLES LAMB, 1819.

Perhaps the most lovable of all great English writers.  
From the Water-colour by G. F. Joseph, British Museum, London.

thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I

take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you make think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? not from the burnt cottage, he had smelt that smell before; indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted *crackling*! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he

licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handiuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O lord!" with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn

tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they



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#### THE PREPARATION OF ROAST PIG.

From the drawing by C. E. Brock

According to Lamb, "a sage arose . . . who made a discovery," to wit, that roast pig could be prepared on an ordinary fire of logs. As a result of this, the practice of burning a whole house down in order to dress even a single pig fell into disrepute.

brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter

every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers, things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest, his voice as yet not broken, but some thing between a childish treble and a grumble, the mild forerunner or *prælude* of a grunt.

*He must be roasted.* I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed or boiled, but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted *crackling*, as it is well called; the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat, fat cropped

in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna, or rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

Behold him while he is “doing”; it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes, radiant jellies, shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation; from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with timely care.

His memory is odoriferous; no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon, no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages; he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of saps. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause, too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her; like lovers' kisses, she biteth; she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish; but she stoppeth at the palate, she meddleth not with the appetite, and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the

censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices inexplicably inter-twisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

... Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) super-added a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible

suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision



*Photo: Rischgitz Collection*

#### LAMB'S COTTAGE AT EDMONTON.

It was while living at Edmonton, that Lamb, during one of his walks, fell and sustained a slight wound in the face. Unfortunately erysipelas developed, and he died on December 29, 1834

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly a few bread crumbs done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

# "IN MEMORIAM"

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Tennyson's greatest poem, "In Memoriam," is not a direct, still less an immediate lament over the death of a friend; it is greater in substance and far deeper in conception. Like Milton's "Lycidas," it represents the waves in the poet's soul produced by a great blow of destiny. And although it contains many intimate, and even passionate tributes to the dead, it is, in reality, a series of sublimated questions and aspirations concerning the meaning of Life, the limits of Reason, and the nature and possibilities of Faith.

Tennyson's friend of his youth was Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of Henry Hallam, the historian. He was about two years younger than Tennyson, with whom, at Trinity College, Cambridge, he formed a close and now immortalised friendship. The beauty and promise of Hallam's mind have been attested as strongly, though in more brief and prosaic ways, by other friends than Tennyson.

"In Memoriam" was no hasty emotional tribute. It did not appear until Hallam had been dead for seventeen years. It is difficult to trace the evolution of the poem in Tennyson's mind and heart; it was evolved rather than born. Hallam's glorious promise and sudden cutting-off became the nucleus of the poet's profoundest thoughts concerning the state of Man.

It would, perhaps, be true to say that "In Memoriam" is less a poem than a series of poetical exclamations.

It is a poem so difficult to analyse that whole books have been written about it. Hence it is impossible, in a brief introduction to an abridgment, to supply any adequate commentary. One may, however, safely quote Tennyson's own: "It must be remembered," he wrote, "that this is a poem, not an actual biography. The different moods of sorrow as in a drama are dramatically given, and my conviction that fear, doubts, and suffering will find answer and relief only through Faith in a God of Love." He adds the important

note that in the poem "'I' is not always the author speaking for himself, but the voice of the human race speaking through him."

Little, therefore, can be attempted here, and little can be gained by an attempt, to expound the scheme of "In Memoriam," if, indeed, it can be said to have an authenticated scheme. It is less a poem than a series of poems, less, perhaps, a theme than a succession of pensées. Much of it belongs to an age and to habits of thought which are overpast. But all of it belongs to the grand problem of human life which has been variously discussed down the ages by prophet and poet, from Job to Omar Khayyam, from Omar to Milton, and from Milton to our Scientists.

It has been already said that "In Memoriam" is much more than a personal lament. Stopford Brooke, one of Tennyson's best commentators, says: "As the poem moved on, the subject expanded, and the poem passed from the particular into the universal."

This progress from the particular into the universal is here indicated in a selection of twenty cantos from one hundred and thirty-one. The cantos, as a whole, fall into groups, among which the Christmas poems are important.

What is more important is the rise of the poem from numb grief, and deep questioning, to its last phases of hope and faith, culminating in its closing stanzas, which at once shower blessings on Man and exhale faith in

"That God, which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves."

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;  
Thou madest Life in man and brute;  
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :  
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;  
He thinks he was not made to die ;  
And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, thou :  
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems  
have their day ;  
They have their day  
and cease to be :  
They are but broken  
lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art  
more than they.

We have but faith :  
we cannot know ;  
For knowledge is of  
things we see ;  
And yet we trust it  
comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness :  
let it grow.

Let knowledge grow  
from more to more,  
But more of reverence  
in us dwell ;  
That mind and soul,  
according well,  
May make one music as  
before,

But vaster. We are fools  
and slight ;  
We mock thee when  
we do not fear  
But help thy foolish  
ones to bear ;  
Help thy vain worlds to  
bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ;  
What seem'd my worth since I began ;  
For merit lives from man to man,  
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,  
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.  
I trust he lives in thee, and there  
I find him worthier to be loved.

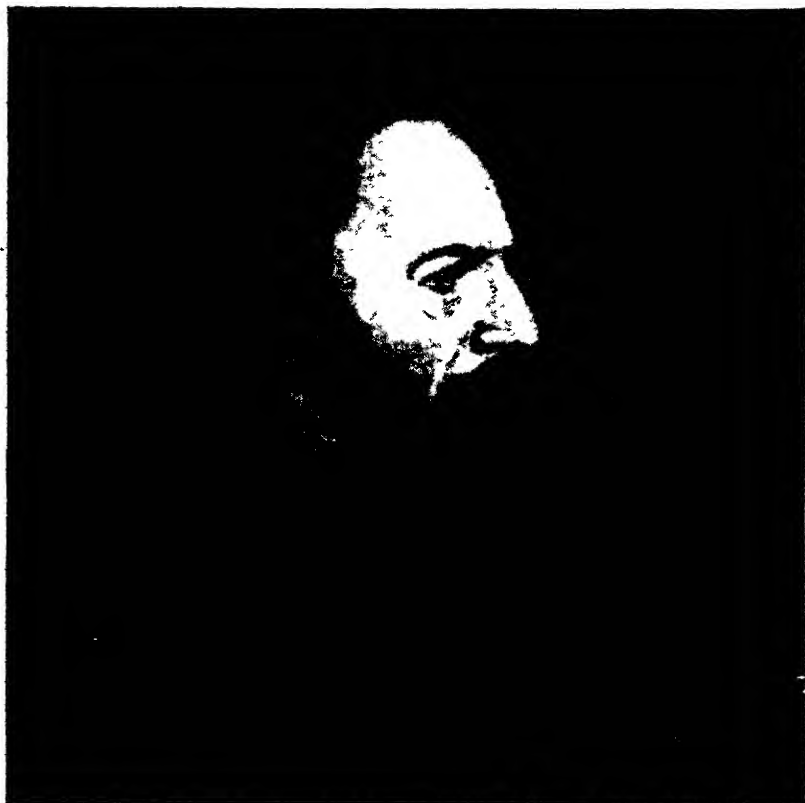
Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
Confusions of a wasted youth ;  
Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

I

I HELD it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years  
And find in loss a gain to match ?  
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch  
The far-off interest of tears ?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,  
Let darkness keep her raven gloss ;  
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,  
To dance with death, to beat the ground ;



TENNYSON

From a drawing by Joseph Simpson.

The most popular, if not the most inspired of the Victorian poets.

Than that the victor Hours should scorn  
The long result of love, and boast :  
" Behold the man that loved and lost,  
But all he was is overworn."

V

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel ;  
For words, like nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies ,  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;  
But that large grief which these enfold  
Is given in outline and no more.

## VI

ONE writes, that " Other friends remain,"  
That " Loss is common to the race "—  
And common is the commonplace,  
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make  
My own less bitter, rather more :  
Too common ! Never morning wore  
To evening, but some heart did break.

## XI

CALM is the morn without a sound,  
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
And only thro' the faded leaf  
The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,  
And on these dews that drench the furze,  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green and gold :

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
These leaves that redden to the fall ;  
And in my heart, if calm at all,  
If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
And dead calm in that noble breast  
Which heaves but with the heaving  
deep.

## xv

TO-NIGHT the winds began to rise  
And roar from yonder dropping day :  
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,  
The rooks are blown about the skies ;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,  
The cattle huddled on the lea ;  
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree  
The sunbeam strikes along the world :

And but for fancies which aver  
That all thy motions gently pass  
Athwart a plane of molten glass,  
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud ;  
And but for fear it is not so,  
The wild unrest that lives in woe  
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,  
And onward drags a labouring breast,  
And topples round the dreary west,  
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

## XVI

WHAT words are these have fall'n from me ?  
Can calm despair and wild unrest  
Be tenants of a single breast,  
Or sorrow such a changeling be ?

Or doth she only seem to take  
The touch of change in calm or storm ;  
But knows no more of transient form  
In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lark  
Hung in the shadow of a heaven ?  
Or has the shock, so harshly given,  
Confused me like the unhappy bark

That strikes by night a craggy shelf,  
And staggers blindly ere she sink ?  
And stunn'd me from my power to think  
And all my knowledge of myself ;

And made me that delirious man  
Whose fancy fuses old and new,  
And flashes into false and true,  
And mingles all without a plan ?

## LIII

OH yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;  
That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything ;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?  
An infant crying in the night :  
An infant crying for the light :  
And with no language but a cry.

## LIV

THE wish, that of the living whole  
No life may fail beyond the grave ;  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likeliest God within the scul ?

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil dreams ?  
So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life ;

That I, considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
And finding that of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear;

I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope thro' darkness up to God;

I stretch lame hands of  
faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and  
chaff, and call  
To what I feel is  
Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the  
larger hope.

LV

"So careful of the  
type?" but no.  
From scarp'd cliff  
and quarried stone  
She cries "a thou-  
sand types are  
gone."  
I care for nothing, all  
shall go.

"Thou makest thine  
appeal to me:  
I bring to life, I  
bring to death:  
The spirit does but  
mean the breath:  
I know no more." And  
he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who  
seem'd so fair,  
Such splendid pur-  
pose in his eyes,  
Who roll'd the psalm  
to wintry skies,  
Who built him fanes  
of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed  
And love Creation's final law—  
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,  
Who battled for the True, the Just,  
Be blown about the desert dust,  
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,  
A discord. Dragons of the prime,  
That tare each other in their slime,  
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!  
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!  
What hope of answer, or redress?  
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LXII

Dost thou look back on what hath been,  
As some divinely gifted man,  
Whose life in low estate began  
And on a simple village green;



Photo: Rischgitz Collection

A. H. HALLAM.

Arthur Henry Hallam became intimate with Tennyson at Trinity College, Cambridge. His early death at the age of 22, inspired Tennyson's poem "In Memoriam," and cut short a career of great promise.

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known  
And lives to clutch the golden keys,  
To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,  
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope  
The pillar of a people's hope,  
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,  
 When all his active powers are still,  
 A distant dearness in the hill,  
 A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,  
 While yet beside its vocal springs  
 He played at counsellors and kings,  
 With one that was his earliest mate ;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea  
 And reaps the labour of his hands,  
 Or in the furrow musing stands ;  
 " Does my old friend remember me ? "

## CII

THE time draws near the birth of Christ ;  
 The moon is hid, the night is still ;  
 A single church below the hill  
 Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,  
 That wakens at this hour of rest  
 A single murmur in the breast,  
 That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,  
 In lands where not a memory strays,  
 Nor landmark breathes of other days,  
 But all is new unhallow'd ground.

## CIV

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light :  
 The year is dying in the night ;  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :  
 The year is going, let him go ;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more ;  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife ;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
 The faithless coldness of the times ;  
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite ;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

## CXIII

Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
 Now burgeons every maze of quick  
 About the flowering squares, and thick  
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
 And drown'd in yonder living blue  
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
 And milkier every milky sail  
 On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
 The happy birds, that change their sky  
 To build and brood ; that live their lives

From land to land ; and in my breast  
 Spring wakens too ; and my regret  
 Becomes an April violet,  
 And buds and blossoms like the rest.

## CXXI

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree  
 O earth, what changes hast thou seen !  
 There where the long street roars, hath  
 been  
 The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow  
 From form to form, and nothing stands ;  
 They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
 Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,  
 And dream my dream, and hold it true ,  
 For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,  
 I cannot think the thing farewell.

## CXXII

THAT which we dare invoke to bless ;  
 Our dearest faith ; our ghastliest doubt .  
 He, They, One, All ; within, without ;  
 The Power in darkness whom we guess ;

I found Him not in world or sun,  
 Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;  
 Nor thro' the questions men may try,  
 The petty cobwebs we have spun :

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,  
 I heard a voice " believe no more " .  
 And heard an ever-breaking shore  
 That tumbled in the Godless deep ;

A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reasons colder part,  
And like a man in wrath the heart  
Stood up and answer'd " I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear.  
But that blind clamour made me wise;  
Then was I as a child that cries,  
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I seem beheld again  
What is, and no man understands;  
And out of darkness came the hands  
That reach thro' nature, moulding men

CXXV

And all is well, tho' faith and form  
Be sunder'd in the night of fear,  
Well roars the storm to those that hear  
A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,  
And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again  
The red fool-fury of the Seine  
Should pile her barricades with dead.

But ill for him that wears a crown,  
And him, the lazar, in his rags.  
They tremble, the sustaining crags;  
The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood:  
The fortress crashes from on high,  
The brute earth lightens to the sky,  
And the vast Aeon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of Hell,  
While thou, dear spirit, happy star,  
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,  
And smilest, knowing all is well.

CXXVI

The love that rose on stronger wings,  
Unpalsied when he met with Death,  
Is comrade of the lesser faith  
That sees the course of human things.

No doubt vast eddies in the flood  
Of onward time shall yet be made,  
And throned races may degrade;  
Yet O ye mysteries of good,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear  
If all your office had to do  
With old results that look like new  
If this were all your mission here,

To draw to sheathe a useless sword,  
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,  
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,  
To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,  
To cramp the student at his desk,  
To make old bareness picturesque  
And tuft with grass a feudal tower;

Why then my scorn might well descend  
On you and yours. I see in part  
That all, as in some piece of art,  
Is toil cooperant to an end

CXXVII

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,  
So far, so near in woe and weal,  
O, loved the most when most I feel  
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown, human, divine!  
Sweet human hand and lips and eye,  
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,  
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine!

Strange friend, past, present, and to be,  
Loved deeper, darker understood;  
Behold I dream a dream of good  
And mingle all the world with thee.

CXXVIII

Thy voice is on the rolling air;  
I hear thee where the waters run;  
Thou standest in the rising sun,  
And in the setting thou art fair

What art thou then? I cannot guess;  
But tho' I seem in star and flower  
To feel thee some diffusive power,  
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;  
My love is vaster passion now;  
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,  
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;  
I have thee still, and I rejoice;  
I prosper, circled with thy voice;  
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXIX.

No longer half-akin to brute,  
For all we thought and loved and did,  
And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed  
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod  
This planet, was a noble type  
Appearing ere the times were ripe,  
That friend of mine who lives in God

That God, which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.

# THE PICKWICK PAPERS

CHARLES DICKENS

*It is interesting to note that "Pickwick" really came into the world by an accident. A publisher wanted something to accompany some drawings by a man named Seymour, and young Dickens welcomed the opportunity of seeing himself in print. So he set to work to write the popular broad farce of the day, the farce of the type of Jack Bragg and Verdant Green. Seymour shot himself before he had drawn ten pictures, but Dickens, whose business it was to illustrate his illustrator, secured fame at the outset. As Mr. G. K. Chesterton has said, no sooner were the stock characters settled for him than he began to unsettle them. They began to take on shapes more fantastic than those of mere farce, and men were almost astonished to find that something which was professedly comic was also profoundly funny.*

*"The truth is that Dickens started with stale and vulgar types, and by his own poetic fancy made the stale things startling and the 'vulgar' things artistic." It was his creative power that made him powerful. Pickwick may be taken as one of Dickens' masterpieces. "Pickwick," says Mr. Chesterton, "will always be remembered as the great example of everything that made Dickens great; of the solemn conviviality of great friendships, of erratic adventures, hospitality, the great fundamental kindness and honour of old English manners."*

*"Pickwick" is not a story; it is merely an attempt to keep us laughing all the time; broad humour, whimsical figures and farcical situations. Mr Pickwick, himself of unsophisticated simplicity, is the founder of the club named after him; in company with the other members under his guidance, he is represented as travelling over England, having many ludicrous adventures by the way. The inimitable Sam Weller, Mr. Pickwick's valet, is at once the most original and entertaining*

*character, we are filled with gleeful anticipation every time he appears on the stage, and perhaps no other character in fiction has been so often quoted. Nathaniel Winkle, a Cockney pretender to sporting skill, feeble and half-witted; Snodgrass, poetically ridiculous, the susceptible Tracy Tupman are all of the party. The names of other worthies are as silly, yet delightful, —Buzfuz, Phunky, Cluppins, Snubbin, Dodson and Fogg, Bob Sawyer, and a host of others.*

*Perhaps the most popular passage in "Pickwick" is the famous breach of promise action of Bardell v. Pickwick, a farcical travesty of a lawsuit, where counsel are permitted to bully and brow-beat their own witnesses, where the speeches are on the top note of absurdity, where the fast and furious fun never flags for an instant.*

**M**R. JUSTICE STARELEIGH (who sat in the absence of the Chief Justice, occasioned by indisposition), was a most particularly short man, and so fat, that he seemed all face and waistcoat. He rolled in upon two little turned legs, and having bobbed gravely to the bar, who bobbed gravely to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little three-cornered hat upon it; and when Mr. Justice Stareleigh had done this, all you could see of him was two queer little eyes, one broad pink face, and somewhere about half of a big and very comical-looking wig. . . . .

"Bardell and Pickwick," cried the gentleman in black, calling on the case, which stood first on the list.

"I am for the plaintiff, my Lord," said Sergeant Buzfuz.

"Who is with you, brother Buzfuz?" said the judge. Mr. Skimpin bowed to intimate that he was.

"I appear for the defendant, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Snubbin.

"Anybody with you, brother Snubbin?" inquired the court.

"Mr. Phunky, my Lord," replied Serjeant Snubbin.

"Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Skimpin for the plaintiff," said the judge, writing down the names in his note-book, and reading as he wrote; "for the defendant, Serjeant Snubbin and Mr. Monkey."

"Beg your Lordship's pardon, Phunky."

"Oh, very good," said the judge; "I never had the pleasure of hearing the gentleman's name before." Here Mr. Phunky bowed and smiled, and the judge bowed and smiled too, and then Mr. Phunky, blushing into the very whites of his eyes, tried to look as if he didn't know

that everybody was gazing at him; a thing which no man ever succeeded in doing yet, or in all reasonable probability, ever will.

"Go on," said the judge.

The ushers again called silence, and Mr. Skimpin proceeded to "open the case;" and the case appeared to have very little inside it when he had opened it, for he kept such particulars as he knew, completely to himself, and sat down, after a lapse of three minutes, leaving the jury in precisely the same advanced stage of wisdom as they were in before.

Serjeant Buzfuz then rose with all the



*Photo: London Stereoscopic Co.*

CHARLES DICKENS.

majesty and dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Fogg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, and settled his wig, and addressed the jury.

Serjeant Buzfuz began by saying that never in the whole course of his professional experience—never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law—had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon him—a responsibility, he would say, which he could never have supported

were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

Counsel usually begin in this way, because it puts the jury on the very best terms with themselves, and makes them think what sharp fellows they must be. A visible effect was produced immediately; several jurymen beginning to take voluminous notes with the utmost eagerness.

"You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, well knowing that, from the learned friend alluded to, the gentlemen of the jury had heard just nothing at all—"you have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at £1500. But you have not heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of the case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you."

Here Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, with a tremendous emphasis on the word "box," smote his table with a mighty sound, and glanced at Dodson and Fogg, who nodded admiration of the Serjeant, and indignant defiance of the defendant.

"The plaintiff, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, in a soft and melancholy voice, "the plaintiff is a widow: yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

At this pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart pot

in a public-house cellar, the learned serjeant's voice faltered, and he proceeded with great emotion.

"Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquility of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlour-window a written placard, bearing this inscription—'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.' " Here Serjeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentlemen," replied Serjeant Buzfuz; "but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlour-window just this time three years. I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman!' Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion—all was confidence and reliance. 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow, 'Mr. Bardell was a man of honour—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation—in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen) the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the

parlour window three days—three days, gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant."

Serjeant Buzfuz, who had proceeded with such volubility that his face was perfectly crimson, here paused for breath. The silence awoke Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who immediately wrote down something with a pen without any ink in it, and looked unusually profound, to impress the jury with the belief that he always thought most deeply with his eyes shut. Serjeant Buzfuz proceeded:

"Of this man Mr. Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy."

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writhing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz in the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation, which contrasted forcibly with the admir-



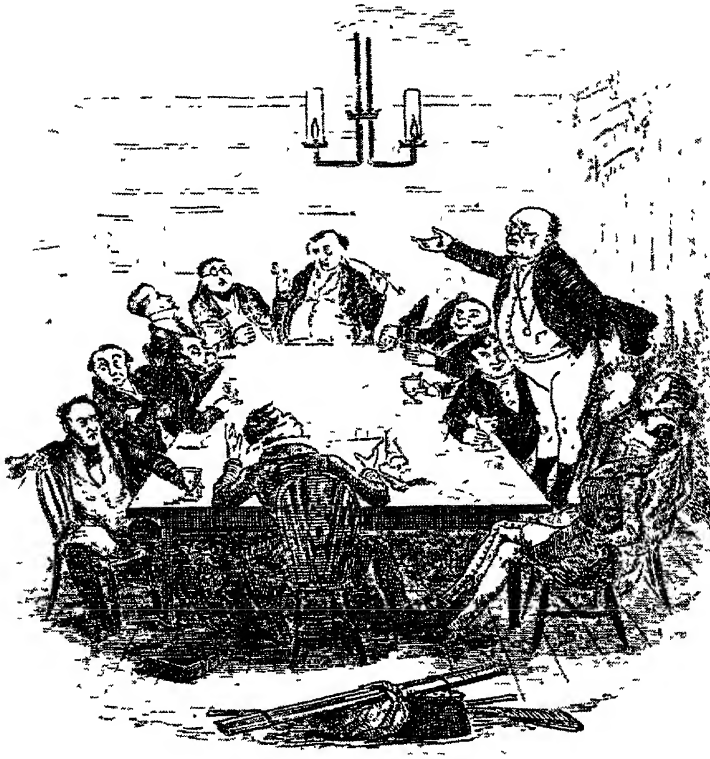
MR. PICKWICK.

ing faces of Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders.

"I say systematic villany, gentlemen," said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking *at* him; "and when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate

them ; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down ; and that any attempt to do either one or the other, or the first, or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson ”

This little divergence from the subject



MR. PICKWICK ADDRESSES THE CLUB.

From the drawing by Seymour.

in hand, had, of course, the intended effect of turning all eyes to Mr. Pickwick. Serjeant Buzfuz having partially recovered from the state of moral elevation into which he had lashed himself, resumed :

“ I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell’s house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts,

cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear, when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy ; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to

weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commonneys* lately (both of which, I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression : ‘ How should you like to have another father ? ’ I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home, during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client ; but I shall show you also, that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against

his unmanly intentions, by proving to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms, offered her marriage, previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract ; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his friends—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing

her agitation by his caresses and endearments."

A visible impression was produced upon the auditors by this part of the learned Serjeant's address. Drawing forth two very small scraps of paper, he proceeded:—

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Mr. Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, PICKWICK.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away, by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B.—I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression. 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about the warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a pre-concerted system of correspondence,

artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!"

Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz paused in this place, to see whether the jury smiled at his joke; but as nobody took it but the greengrocer, whose sensitiveness on the subject was very probably occasioned by his having subjected a chaise-cart to the process in question on that identical morning, the learned Serjeant considered it advisable to undergo a slight relapse into the dismal before he concluded.

"But enough of this, gentlemen," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his 'alley tors' and his 'commoneys' are likewise neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of 'knuckle down,' and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those

damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen." With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up

"Call Elizabeth Cluppins," said Serjeant Buzfuz, rising a minute afterwards, with renewed vigour.

The nearest usher called for Elizabeth Tuppins; another one, at a little distance off, demanded Elizabeth Jupkins; and a third rushed in a breathless state into King Street, and screamed for Elizabeth Muffins till he was hoarse. . . . .

"Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, after a few unimportant questions, "do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Mr. Pickwick's apartment?"

"Yes, my Lord and Jury, I do," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe?"

"Yes, it were, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?" inquired the little judge.

"My Lord and Jury," said Mrs. Cluppins, with interesting agitation, "I will not deceive you."

"You had better not, ma'am," said the little judge.

"I was there," resumed Mrs. Cluppins "unknown to Mrs. Bardell, I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pound of red kidney purtaties, which was three pound tuppence ha'penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell's street door on the jar"

"On the what?" exclaimed the little judge.

"Partly open, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin.

"She said on the jar," said the little judge, with a cunning look

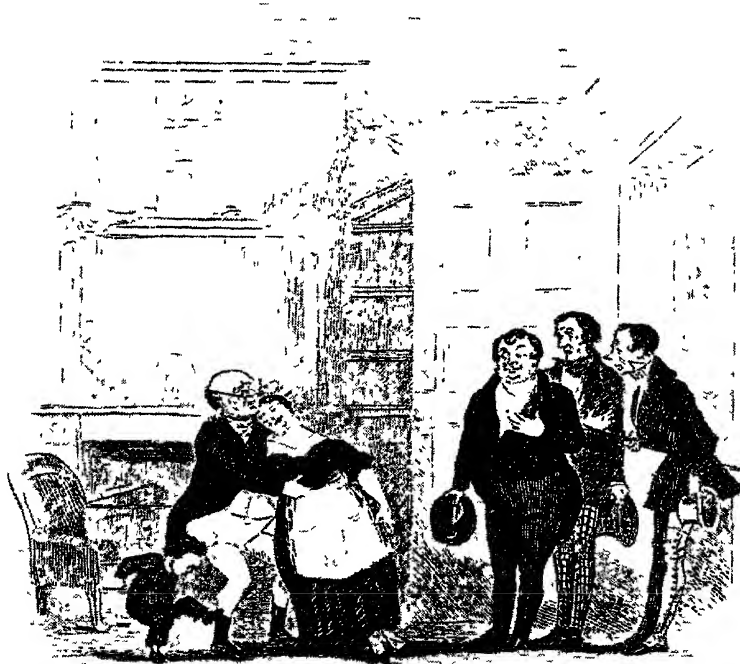
"It's all the same, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin. The little judge looked doubtful, and said he'd make a note of it. Mrs. Cluppins resumed

"I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went, in a permiscuous manner, upstairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room, and——"

"And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins, in a majestic manner, "I would scorn the haction. The voice was very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear."

"Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of



MRS BARDELL FAINTS IN MR. PICKWICK'S ARMS

From the drawing by Phiz.

MR. PICKWICK. "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation— . . . if anyone should come—"

Pickwick Papers. Chap. XII.

those voices Mr. Pickwick's?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

And Mrs. Cluppins, after distinctly stating that Mr. Pickwick addressed himself to Mrs. Bardell, repeated, by slow degrees, and by dint of many questions, the conversation with which our readers are already acquainted.

The jury looked suspicious, and Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz smiled and sat down. They looked positively awful when Serjeant Snubbin intimated that he should not cross-examine the witness; for Mr. Pickwick wished it to be distinctly stated that it was due to her to say, that her account was in substance correct.

Mrs. Cluppins having once broken the ice, thought it a favourable opportunity for entering into a short dissertation on her own domestic affairs; so, she straightway proceeded to inform the court that she was the mother of eight children at that present speaking, and that she entertained confident expectations of presenting Mr. Cluppins with a ninth, somewhere about that day six months. At this interesting point, the little judge interposed most irascibly; and the effect of the interposition was, that both the worthy lady and Mrs. Sanders were politely taken out of court. . . .

"Nathaniel Winkle!" said Mr. Skimpin.

"Here!" replied a feeble voice. Mr. Winkle entered the witness-box, and having been duly sworn, bowed to the judge with considerable deference.

"Don't look at me, sir," said the judge, sharply, in acknowledgement of the salute: "look at the jury."

Mr. Winkle obeyed the mandate, and



MR. PICKWICK AND SAM IN THE ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

From the drawing by Phiz.

MR. WELLER: "They're a twiggin' of you, sir."

Pickwick Papers. Chap. XX.

looked at the place where he thought it most probable the jury might be; for seeing anything in his then state of intellectual complication was wholly out of the question.

Mr. Winkle was then examined by Mr. Skimpin, who, being a promising young man of two or three and forty, was of course anxious to confuse a witness who was notoriously predisposed in favour of the other side, as much as he could.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "have the goodness to let his Lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?" and Mr. Skimpin inclined his head on one side to listen with great sharpness to the answer, and glanced at the jury meanwhile, as if to imply that he rather expected Mr. Winkle's natural taste for perjury would induce him to

give some name which did not belong to him.

"Winkle," replied the witness

"What's your Christian name, sir?" angrily inquired the little judge.

"Nathaniel, sir."

"Daniel—any other name?"

"Nathaniel, sir—my Lord, I mean"

"Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?"

"No, my Lord, only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all."

"What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir?" inquired the judge.

"I didn't, my Lord," replied Mr. Winkle.

"You did, sir," replied the judge, with a severe frown. "How could I have got Daniel on my notes, unless you told me so, sir?"

This argument was, of course, unanswerable.

"Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my Lord," interposed Mr. Skimpin, with another glance at the jury. "We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say."

"You had better be careful, sir," said the little judge, with a sinister look at the witness.

Poor Mr. Winkle bowed, and endeavoured to feign an easiness of manner, which, in his then state of confusion, gave him rather the air of a disconcerted pickpocket.

"Now, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Skimpin, "attend to me, if you please, sir; and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his Lordship's injunctions to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Pickwick the defendant, are you not?"

"I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I can recollect at this moment, nearly——"

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?"

"I was just about to say that——"

"Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?"

"If you don't answer the question, you'll be committed, sir," interposed the little judge, looking over his note-book.

"Come, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "yes or no, if you please."

"Yes, I am," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Yes, you are. And why couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff, too? Eh, Mr. Winkle?"

"I don't know her, I've seen her."

"Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her. Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by that, Mr. Winkle."

"I mean that I am not intimate with her, but I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick in Goswell Street."

"How often have you seen her, sir?"

"How often?"

"Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times if you require it, sir." And the learned gentleman, with a firm and steady frown, placed his hands on his hips, and smiled suspiciously at the jury.

On this question there arose the edifying brow-beating, customary on such points. First of all, Mr. Winkle said it was quite impossible for him to say how many times he had seen Mrs. Bardell. Then he was asked if he had seen her twenty times, to which he replied, "Certainly—more than that." Then he was asked whether he hadn't seen her a hundred times—whether he couldn't swear that he had seen her more than fifty times—whether he didn't know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times—and so forth; the satisfactory conclusion which was arrived at, at last, being that he had better take care of himself, and mind what he was about. . . . .

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick at these apartments in the plaintiff's house in Goswell Street, on one particular morning, in the month of July last?"

"Yes, I do."

"Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?"

"Yes, I was."

"Are they here?"

"Yes, they are," said Mr. Winkle,

looking very earnestly towards the spot where his friends were stationed.

"Pray, attend to me, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends," said Mr. Skimpin, with another expressive look at the jury. "They must tell their stories without any previous consultation with you, if none has yet taken place [another look at the jury]. Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room, on this particular morning. Come, out with it, sir; we must have it, sooner or later."

"The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist," replied Mr. Winkle with natural hesitation, "and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away."

"Did you hear the defendant say anything?"

"I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if anybody should come, or words to that effect."

"Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his Lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick the defendant, did not say on this occasion in question, 'my dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come,' or words to that effect?"

"I—I didn't understand him so, certainly," said Mr. Winkle, astounded



#### THE TRIAL

From the drawing by Phiz.

SERGEANT BUZZLUZ

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little, the subject presents but few attractions.

Pickwick Papers. Chap XXXIV

at this ingenious dove-tailing of the few words he had heard. "I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is——"

"The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle, which I fear would be of little service to honest, straightforward men," interposed Mr. Skimpin. "You were on the staircase, and didn't distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? Do I understand that?"

"No, I will not," replied Mr. Winkle; and down sat Mr. Skimpin with a triumphant countenance.

Mr. Pickwick's case had not gone off in so particularly happy a manner, up to this point, that it could very well

afford to have any additional suspicion cast upon it. But as it could afford to be placed in a rather better light, if possible, Mr. Phunky rose for the purpose of getting something important out of Mr. Winkle in cross-examination. . . . .

"I believe, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Phunky, "that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Winkle; "old enough to be my father."

"You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married?"

"Oh, no, certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle with so much eagerness, that Mr. Phunky ought to have got him out of the box with all possible despatch. Lawyers hold that there are two kinds of particularly bad witnesses: a reluctant witness, and a too-willing witness; it was Mr. Winkle's fate to figure in both characters.

"I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle," continued Mr. Phunky, in a most smooth and complacent manner "Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex, to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case?"

"Oh no, certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle

"Has his behaviour, when females have been in the case, always been that of a man who, having attained a pretty advanced period of life, content with his own occupations and amusements, treats them only as a father might his own daughters?"

"Not the least doubt of it," replied Mr. Winkle in the fulness of his heart. "That is—yes—oh yes—certainly."

"You have never known anything in his behaviour towards Mrs. Bardell, or any other female, in the least degree suspicious?" said Mr. Phunky, preparing to sit down; for Serjeant Snubbin was winking at him.

"N—n—no," replied Mr. Winkle, "except on one trifling occasion, which, I have no doubt, might be easily explained."

Now, if the unfortunate Mr. Phunky

had sat down when Serjeant Snubbin winked at him . . . this unfortunate admission would not have been elicited. The moment the words fell from Mr. Winkle's lips, Mr. Phunky sat down, and Serjeant Snubbin rather hastily told him he might leave the box, which Mr. Winkle prepared to do with great readiness, when Serjeant Buzfuz stopped him

"Stay, Mr. Winkle, stay!" said Serjeant Buzfuz, "will your Lordship have the goodness to ask him, what this one instance of suspicious behaviour towards females on the part of this gentleman, who is old enough to be his father, was?"

"You hear what the learned counsel says, sir," observed the judge, turning to the miserable and agonized Mr. Winkle. "Describe the occasion to which you refer."

"My Lord," said Mr. Winkle, trembling with anxiety, "I'd—I'd rather not."

"Perhaps so," said the little judge, "but you must."

Amid the profound silence of the whole court, Mr. Winkle faltered out, that the trifling circumstance of suspicion was Mr. Pickwick's being found in a lady's sleeping apartment at midnight; which had terminated, he believed, in the breaking off of the projected marriage of the lady in question, and had led, he knew, to the whole party being forcibly carried before George Nupkins, Esq. magistrate and justice of the peace, for the borough of Ipswich!

"You may leave the box, sir," said Serjeant Snubbin. Mr. Winkle *did* leave the box, and rushed with delirious haste to the George and Vulture, where he was discovered some hours after, by the waiter, groaning in a hollow and dismal manner with his head buried beneath the sofa cushions.

Tracy Tupman, and Augustus Snodgrass, were severally called into the box; both corroborated the testimony of their unhappy friend; and each was driven to the verge of desperation by excessive badgering.

Susannah Sanders was then called, and examined by Serjeant Buzfuz, and cross-examined by Serjeant Snubbin. Had always said and believed that Mr.

Pickwick would marry Mrs. Bardell, knew that Mrs. Bardell's being engaged to Mr. Pickwick was the current topic of conversation in the neighbourhood. . . . Had heard Mr. Pickwick ask the little boy how he should like to have another father. Did not know that Mrs. Bardell was at that time keeping company with the baker, but did know that the baker was then a single man and is now married. . . . In the course of their correspondence Mr. Sanders had often called her a "duck," but never "chops," nor yet "tomato sauce." He was particularly fond of ducks. Perhaps if he had been as fond of chops and tomato sauce, he might have called her that, as a term of affection.

Serjeant Buzfuz now rose with more importance than he had yet exhibited, if that were possible, and vociferated: "Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller: for Samuel Weller stepped briskly into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my Lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?" inquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam. "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a 'V'."

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud, "Quite right too, Samivel, quite right. Put it down a we, my Lord, put it down a we."

"Who is that, who dares to address the court?" said the little judge, looking up, "Usher."

"Yes, my Lord."

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my Lord."

But as the usher didn't find the person, he didn't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got

up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said,

"Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I don't, my lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge. . . .

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam; "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'm'n, and a very good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.

"Oh, quite enought to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evidence."

"Very good, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Yes, I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'm'n of the jury" said Sam, "and that was a very partickler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said, "You had better be careful, sir."

"So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord," replied Sam; "and I was very careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes; very careful indeed, my lord."

The judge looked sternly at Sam for

full two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that the judge said nothing, and motioned Serjeant Buzfuz to proceed.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, folding his arms emphatically, and turning half-round to the jury, as if in mute assurance that he would bother the witness yet: "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant which you have heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not," replied Sam. "I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

"Now, attend, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a show of taking down his answer. "You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they were a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see my wision's limited."

At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled, and Serjeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish. After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg, the learned Serjeant again turned towards Sam, and said, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation, "Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point if you please."

"If you please, sir," rejoined Sam, with the utmost good-humour.

"Do you remember going up to Mrs Bardell's house, one night in November last?"

"Oh yes, wery well."

"Oh, you *do* remember that, Mr Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits; "I thought we should get at something at last."

"I rayther thought that too, sir,"

replied Sam; and at this the spectators tittered again.

"Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury.

"I went up to pay the rent, but we *did* get talkin' about the trial," replied Sam.

"Oh, you did get a talking about the trial," said Serjeant Buzfuz, brightening up with the anticipation of some important discovery. "Now, what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant obseruations from the two virtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a wery great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—them two gen'l'men as is sittin' near you now." This, of course, drew general attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible.

"The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. "Well! They spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes," said Sam, "they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothing at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply, the spectators tittered again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leant over to Serjeant Buzfuz, and in a hurried manner whispered something in his ear.

"You are quite right," said Sergeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly useless, my Lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir."

"Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat, and looking round most deliberately. . . . .

"You may go down, sir," said Serjeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently . . .

Serjeant Snubbin then addressed the jury on behalf of the defendant ; and a very long and a very emphatic address he delivered, in which he bestowed the highest possible eulogiums on the conduct and character of Mr Pickwick. . . . .

Mr. Justice Stareleigh summed up, in the old-established and most approved form. He read as much of his notes to the jury as he could decipher on so short a notice, and made running comments on the evidence as he went along. If Mrs Bardell were right, it was perfectly clear that Mr. Pickwick was wrong, and if they thought the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence they would believe it, and, if they didn't, why, they wouldn't. If they were satisfied that a breach of promise of marriage had been committed, they would find for the plaintiff with such damages as they thought proper ; and if, on the other hand, it appeared to them that no promise of marriage had ever been given, they would find for the defendant with no damages at all. The jury then retired to their private room to talk the matter over, and the judge retired to *his* private room, to refresh himself with a mutton chop and a glass of sherry.

An anxious quarter of an hour elapsed ; the jury came back ; the judge was fetched in. Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles, and gazed at the foreman with an agitated countenance and a quickly beating heart.

"Gentlemen," said the individual in black, "are you all agreed upon your verdict ?"

"We are," replied the foreman.

"Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant ?"

"For the plaintiff."

"With what damages, gentlemen ?"

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds."

Mr Pickwick took off his spectacles, carefully wiped the glasses, folded them into their case, and put them in his pocket, then having drawn on his gloves with great nicety, and stared at the foreman all the while, he mechanically followed Mr. Perker and the blue bag out of court.

They stopped in a side room while Perker paid the court fees ; and here, Mr Pickwick was joined by his friends. Here, too, he encountered Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, rubbing their hands with every token of outward satisfaction.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, sir," said Dodson : for self and partner.

"You imagine you'll get your costs, don't you, gentlemen ?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Fogg said they thought it rather probable. Dodson smiled, and said they'd try.

"You may try, and try, and try again, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg," said Mr. Pickwick vehemently, "but not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get from me, if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison." . . . . .

Sam had put up the steps, and was preparing to jump upon the box, when he felt himself gently touched on the shoulder ; and looking round, his father stood before him. The old gentleman's countenance wore a mournful expression, as he shook his head gravely, and said in warning accents :

"I know'd what 'ud come o' this here mode o' doin' bisness. Oh, Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi !"



# THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. ("TANGLEWOOD TALES.")

*The Argonauts (meaning "Sailors of the Argo") was the name of certain Greek heroes who, according to a beautiful legend, set out in their ship Argo under Jason to secure the Golden Fleece, a generation before the Trojan War. As we learn from the "Odyssey," Homer knew the story. It was this:—*

*To escape the cruelty of their stepmother, two children mounted a golden fleeced ram sent by Neptune, and set off to fly over land and sea to Colchis. One of the children, Helle, losing her hold, fell into the sea and was drowned. Her brother, Phryxus, reached Colchis in safety, when the exhausted ram lay down and died. Its golden fleece, miraculously changed into gold, was hung upon a tree in a sacred grove, guarded night and day by a sleepless dragon; it was the envy of mighty kings, but no hand was bold enough to slay the dragon and bear it off. That is the legend of the Golden Fleece itself.*

*Jason was the son of the King of Iolchus who was dethroned and killed by his enemy Pelias. When still a boy, Jason was sent for safety to a queer schoolmaster, Centaur Chiron; he was also to be trained to avenge his wrongs. This learned person, Chiron, was one of the people, or quadrupeds, called Centaurs. He lived in a cavern and had the body and legs of a white horse, with the head and shoulders of a man.*

*When Jason grew up he determined to go out into the world and punish Pelias, who had killed his father and deprived him of his throne. Clad only in a leopard's skin, to keep off the rain, and a pair of embroidered sandals tied with golden strings, which had belonged to his father, and carrying a spear in each hand, he set forth on his journey to Iolchus.*

*Jason came to a turbulent river that seemed impassable. He was about to attempt to cross the rushing, foaming waters when he found that an old woman with a ragged mantle, and leaning on a*

*staff, stood by his side. In a cracked voice she said, "Whither are you going, Jason?" "I am going to Iolchus to make the wicked King, Pelias, give me back my father's throne." She asks Jason to take her on his back and carry her across the river. "If you are not strong enough to carry me across, neither are you strong enough to pull King Pelias off his throne."*

*Struggling with the rushing water, Jason's foot was caught in a crevice between two rocks and to his great vexation he lost one of his golden-stringed sandals. "You never met with better fortune," cried the old dame. "Only let King Pelias get a glimpse of that bare foot and you shall see him turn as pale as ashes," and she hobbled away, giving him a smile over her shoulder as she departed.*

*Soon he arrived at the former Kingdom of Iolchus, where the people all seemed greatly struck by the fact that he was wearing only one sandal.*

*Years before, the oracle, the Speaking Oak of Dodona, had told the usurper Pelias that a man wearing only one sandal would be the means of casting him from his throne, and when the people saw the man appear before them in the flesh, they lost no time in hustling him before the King, who at the time was sacrificing a black bull to Neptune. When the King saw Jason, he immediately realised that he must rid himself of this young man as soon as possible, or the prophecy might come true. So he asked him what he would do if a man who was to cause his ruin happened to be in his power. Jason saw that the King was trying to trap him, and being determined to tell him the truth, he replied, "I would send such a man in quest of the Golden Fleece"—this being considered the most difficult and dangerous enterprise in the world. The King immediately jumped at the chance and bade him set out to fetch the Golden Fleece.*

*"I go," said Jason, "and if I fail, you need not fear that I will ever come back*



*By permission of the Corporation of Bradford*

#### THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY H. J. DRAPER IN THE BRADFORD ART GALLERY.

Medea, daughter of Aetes, King of Colchis, and beloved of Jason, leader of the Argonauts, enlisted her magic powers to aid him in capturing the coveted Golden Fleece. She finally sailed with him in the *Argo*, taking with her, her little brother Absyrtus.

This spirited picture shows the ship of the Argonauts, with the Golden Fleece on board, pursued by Aetes. Medea, unwilling to be separated from Jason, causes her brother to be hurled into the sea, in the path of the king's ship, as might a traveller, pursued by wolves, throw them his coat to stay their progress.



to trouble you again. But if I return to Iolchus with the prize, then, King Pelias, you must hasten down from your lofty throne and give me your crown and sceptre."

"That I will," said the King, with a sneer. "Meantime, I will keep them very safely for you."

Whereupon Jason left the King's presence and went to Dodona to enquire of the Speaking Oak which was the best course to pursue. Amid much rustling of leaves, it bade him tell Argus, the ship builder, to build him a galley with fifty oars. When this had been done, Jason went back to the Oak, and was told to cut off a branch and have it carved into a figure head. The carpenter who did the carving found his hand guided by some unseen power, and the result was the figure of a beautiful woman carrying a shield. She had inherited the power of speech from the oak and was able to advise Jason. She told him to summon all the heroes of Greece for his crew, and many immediately flew to his help including Hercules, Castor and Pollux, Theseus, Lynceus, Orpheus, Atalanta, and two sons of the North Wind who could puff out their cheeks and blow a breeze almost as fresh as their father. The company was called the Argonauts, and when the vessel, which was named the Argo, was completed and all were prepared for the voyage, they endeavoured to launch the Argo. But it was much too heavy, and, although they puffed and strained, nothing would move it. Then on the advice of the figure-head, they all seated themselves at the oars and asked Orpheus to play upon his lute, whereupon the vessel slid into the water and sailed triumphantly out of the

harbour amid the huzzas and good wishes of everybody except the wicked Pelias, who stood upon a promontory scowling like a thundercloud.

We give the rest of the legend as told by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his "Tanglewood Tales."

I.

**I**F I were to tell you all the adventures of the Argonauts, it would take me till nightfall, and perhaps a great deal longer. At a certain island,



Photo. Rischgutz Collection

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The author of *Tanglewood Tales*.

they were hospitably received by King Cyzicus, its sovereign, who made a feast for them, and treated them like brothers. But the Argonauts saw that this good king looked downcast and very much troubled, and they therefore inquired of him what was the matter. King Cyzicus hereupon informed them that he and his subjects were greatly abused and incommoded by the inhabitants of a neighbouring mountain, who made war upon them, and killed many

people, and ravaged the country. And while they were talking about it, Cyzicus pointed to the mountain and asked Jason and his companions what they saw there.

"I see some very tall objects," answered Jason; "but they are at such a distance that I cannot distinctly make out what they are. To tell your Majesty the truth, they look so very strangely that I am inclined to think them clouds, which have chanced to take something like human shapes."

"I see them very plainly," remarked Lynceus, whose eyes, you know, were as far-sighted as a telescope. "They are a band of enormous giants, all of whom have six arms apiece, and a club, a sword, or some other weapon in each of their hands."

"You have excellent eyes," said King Cyzicus. "Yes; they are six-armed giants, as you say, and these are the enemies whom I and my subjects have to contend with."

The next day, when the Argonauts were about setting sail, down came these terrible giants, stepping a hundred yards at a stride, brandishing their six arms apiece, and looking very formidable, so far aloft in the air. Each of these monsters was able to carry on a whole war by himself; for with one of his arms he could fling immense stones, and wield a club with another, and a sword with a third, while a fourth was poking a long spear at the enemy, and the fifth and sixth were shooting him with a bow and arrow. But, luckily, though the giants were so huge, and had so many arms, they had each but one heart, and that no bigger nor braver than the heart of an ordinary man. Besides, if they had been like the hundred-armed Briareus, the brave Argonauts would have given them their hands full of fight. Jason and his friends went boldly to meet them, slew a great many, and made the rest take to their heels, so that, if the giants had had six legs apiece instead of six arms, it would have served them better to run away with.

Another strange adventure happened when the voyagers came to Thrace, where they found a poor blind king, named Phineus, deserted by his subjects, and

living in a very sorrowful way, all by himself. On Jason's inquiring whether they could do him any service, the king answered that he was terribly tormented by three great winged creatures, called Harpies, which had the faces of women, and the wings, bodies, and claws of vultures. These ugly wretches were in the habit of snatching away his dinner, and allowed him no peace of his life. Upon hearing this, the Argonauts spread a plentiful feast on the sea-shore, well knowing, from what the blind king said of their greediness, that the Harpies would sniff up the scent of the victuals, and quickly come to steal them away. And so it turned out; for, hardly was the table set, before the three hideous vulture women came flapping their wings, seized their food in the talons, and flew off as fast as they could. But the two sons of the North Wind drew their swords, spread their pinions, and set off through the air in pursuit of the thieves, whom they at last overtook among some islands, after a chase of hundreds of miles. The two winged youths blustered terribly at the Harpies (for they had the rough temper of their father), and so frightened them with their drawn swords, that they solemnly promised never to trouble King Phineus again.

Then the Argonauts sailed onward, and met with many other marvellous incidents, any one of which would make a story by itself. At one time, they landed on an island, and were reposing on the grass, when they suddenly found themselves assailed by what seemed a shower of steel-headed arrows. Some of them stuck in the ground, while others hit against their shields, and several penetrated their flesh. The fifty heroes started up, and looked about them for the hidden enemy, but could find none, nor see any spot, on the whole island, where even a single archer could lie concealed. Still, however, the steel-headed arrows came whizzing among them; and, at last, happening to look upward, they beheld a large flock of birds, hovering and wheeling aloft, and shooting their feathers down upon the Argonauts. These feathers were the steel-headed arrows that had so tormented them.

There was no possibility of making any resistance; and the fifty heroic Argonauts might all have been killed or wounded by a flock of troublesome birds, without ever setting eyes on the Golden Fleece, if Jason had not thought of asking the advice of the oaken image.

So he ran to the galley as fast as his legs would carry him.

"O daughter of the Talking Oak," cried he, all out of breath, "we need your wisdom more than ever before! We are in great peril from a flock of birds, who are shooting us with their steel-pointed feathers. What can we do to drive them away?"

"Make a clatter on your shields," said the image.

On receiving this excellent counsel, Jason hurried back to his companions, (who were far more dismayed than when they fought with the six-armed giants), and bade them strike with their swords upon their brazen shields. Forthwith the fifty heroes set heartily to work, banging with might and main, and raised such a terrible clatter that the birds made what haste they could to get away; and though they had shot half the feathers out of their wings, they were soon seen skimming among the clouds, a long distance off, and looking like a flock of wild geese. Orpheus celebrated this victory by playing a triumphant anthem on his harp, and sang so melodiously that Jason begged him to desist, lest, as the steel-feathered birds had been driven away by an ugly sound,



*By permission of Messrs. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.*

#### JASON AND THE AGED WOMAN.

'He stepped boldly into the raging and foaming current, and began to stagger away from the shore'

*Tanglewood Tales.*

From the drawing by George Soper, R.E.

they might be enticed back again by a sweet one.

#### II.

While the Argonauts remained on this island, they saw a small vessel approaching the shore, in which were two young men of princely demeanour, and exceedingly handsome, as young princes generally were in those days. Now, who do you imagine these two voyagers turned out to be? Why, if you will believe me, they were the sons of that very Phrixus who, in his childhood, had been carried to Colchis, on the back of the golden-fleeced ram. Since that time, Phrixus had married the king's daughter; and the two young princes had been born

and brought up at Colchis, and had spent their play-days in the outskirts of the grove, in the centre of which the Golden Fleece was hanging upon a tree. They were now on their way to Greece, in hopes of getting back a kingdom that had been wrongfully taken from their father.

When the princes understood whither the Argonauts were going, they offered to turn back and guide them to Colchis. At the same time, however, they spoke as if it were very doubtful whether Jason would succeed in getting the Golden Fleece. According to their account, the tree on which it hung was guarded by a terrible dragon, who never failed to devour, at one mouthful, every person who might venture within his reach.

"There are other difficulties in the way," continued the young princes. "But is not this enough? Ah, brave Jason, turn back before it is too late. It would grieve us to the heart, if you and your nine and forty brave companions should be eaten up, at fifty mouthfuls, by the execrable dragon."

"My young friends," quietly replied Jason, "I do not wonder that you think the dragon very terrible. You have grown up from infancy in the fear of this monster, and therefore still regard him with the awe that children feel for the bugbears and hobgoblins which their nurses have talked to them about. But, in my view of the matter, the dragon is merely a pretty large serpent, who is not half so likely to snap me up at one mouthful as I am to cut off his ugly head, and strip the skin from his body. At all events, turn back who may, I will never see Greece again unless I carry with me the Golden Fleece."

"We will none of us turn back!" cried his nine and forty brave comrades. "Let us get on board the galley this instant; and if the dragon is to make a breakfast of us, much good may it do him."

And Orpheus (whose custom it was to set everything to music) began to harp and sing most gloriously, and made every mother's son of them feel as if nothing in this world were so delectable as to fight dragons, and nothing so truly

honourable as to be eaten up at one mouthful, in case of the worst.

After this (being now under the guidance of the two princes, who were well acquainted with the way), they quickly sailed to Colchis. When the king of the country, whose name was Æetes, heard of their arrival, he instantly summoned Jason to court. The king was a stern and cruel-looking potentate; and though he put on as polite and hospitable an expression as he could, Jason did not like his face a whit better than that of the wicked King Pelias, who dethroned his father.

"You are welcome, brave Jason," said King Æetes. "Pray, are you on a pleasure voyage?—or do you meditate the discovery of unknown islands?—or what other cause has procured me the happiness of seeing you at my court?"

"Great sir," replied Jason, with an obeisance—for Chiron had taught him how to behave with propriety, whether to kings or beggars—"I have come hither with a purpose which I now beg your Majesty's permission to execute. King Pelias, who sits on my father's throne (to which he has no more right than to the one on which your excellent Majesty is now seated), has engaged to come down from it, and to give me his crown and sceptre, provided I bring him the Golden Fleece. This, as your Majesty is aware, is now hanging on a tree here at Colchis; and I humbly solicit your gracious leave to take it away."

In spite of himself, the king's face twisted itself into an angry frown; for, above all things else in the world, he prized the Golden Fleece, and was even suspected of having done a very wicked act in order to get it into his own possession. It put him into the worst possible humour, therefore, to hear that the gallant Prince Jason, and forty-nine of the bravest young warriors of Greece, had come to Colchis with the sole purpose of taking away his chief treasure.

"Do you know," asked King Æetes, eyeing Jason very sternly, "what are the conditions which you must fulfil before getting possession of the Golden Fleece?"



*Photo: Rinehart Collection.*

### THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

From the composite painting by Piero di Cosimo.

In the centre, Jason has appeared at the banquet of Pelias, and the usurper is seen trampling the young man to set out upon the quest of the Golden Fleece; on the left Jason appears with his companions, and the ship *Argo* is being got ready for the voyage, a little more remote. Jason is to be seen plotting with Medea to the right under an archway is depicted Medea casting a spell over the dragon which guards the Golden Fleece; whilst Jason is approaching in order to kill it, on the extreme right, in the foreground, Jason is plunging with the two breathing bulls, and the giants are engaged in mortal combat as they rise from the earth, in the background Jason and Medea are conveying the Golden Fleece to the ship *Argo*.

"I have heard," rejoined the youth, "that a dragon lies beneath the tree on which the prize hangs, and that whoever approaches him runs the risk of being devoured at a mouthful."

"True," said the king, with a smile that did not look particularly good-natured. "Very true, young man. But there are other things as hard, or perhaps a little harder, to be done, before you can even have the privilege of being devoured by the dragon. For example, you must first tame my two brazen-footed and brazen-lunged bulls, which Vulcan, the wonderful blacksmith, made for me. There is a furnace in each of their stomachs; and they breathe such hot fire out of their mouths and nostrils, that nobody has hitherto gone nigh them without being instantly burned to a small, black cinder. What do you think of this, my brave Jason?"

"I must encounter the peril," answered Jason, composedly, "since it stands in the way of my purpose."

"After taming the fiery bulls," continued King Æetes, who was determined to scare Jason if possible, "you must yoke them to a plough, and must plough the sacred earth in the grove of Mars, and sow some of the same dragon's teeth from which Cadmus raised a crop of armed men. They are an unruly set of reprobates, those sons of the dragon's teeth; and unless you treat them suitably, they will fall upon you sword in hand. You and your nine and forty Argonauts, my bold Jason, are hardly numerous or strong enough to fight with such a host as will spring up."

"My master, Chiron," replied Jason "taught me, long ago, the story of Cadmus. Perhaps I can manage the quarrelsome sons of the dragon's teeth as well as Cadmus did."

"I wish the dragon had him," muttered King Æetes to himself, "and the four-footed pedant, his schoolmaster, into the bargain. Why, what a fool-hardy, self-conceited coxcomb he is! We'll see what my fire-breathing bulls will do for him. Well, Prince Jason," he continued, aloud, and as complaisantly as he could, "make yourself comfortable for to-day, and to-morrow

morning, since you insist upon it, you shall try your skill at the plough."

### III.

While the king talked with Jason, a beautiful young woman was standing behind the throne. She fixed her eyes earnestly upon the youthful stranger and listened attentively to every word that was spoken; and when Jason withdrew from the king's presence, this young woman followed him out of the room.

"I am the king's daughter," she said to him, "and my name is Medea. I know a great deal of which other young princesses are ignorant, and can do many things which they would be afraid so much as to dream of. If you will trust to me, I can instruct you how to tame the fiery bulls, and sow the dragon's teeth, and get the Golden Fleece."

"Indeed, beautiful princess," answered Jason, "if you will do me this service, I promise to be grateful to you my whole life long."

Gazing at Medea, he beheld a wonderful intelligence in her face. She was one of those persons whose eyes are full of mystery; so that while looking into them, you seem to see a very great way, as into a deep well, yet can never be certain whether you see into the farthest depths, or whether there be not something else hidden at the bottom. If Jason had been capable of fearing anything, he would have been afraid of making this young princess his enemy; for, beautiful as she now looked, she might, the very next instant, become as terrible as the dragon that kept watch over the Golden Fleece.

"Princess," he exclaimed, "you seem indeed very wise and very powerful. But how can you help me to do the things of which you speak? Are you an enchantress?"

"Yes, Prince Jason," answered Medea, with a smile, "you have hit upon the truth. I am an enchantress. Circe, my father's sister, taught me to be one, and I could tell you, if I pleased, who was the old woman with the peacock, the pomegranate, and the cuckoo staff, whom you carried over the river; and, likewise, who it is that speaks through the lips of

the oaken image, that stands in the prow of your galley. I am acquainted with some of your secrets, you perceive. It is well for you that I am favourably inclined; for, otherwise, you would hardly escape being snapped up by the dragon."

"I should not so much care for the dragon," replied Jason, "if I only knew how to manage the brazen-footed and fiery-lunged bulls."

"If you are as brave as I think you, and as you have need to be," said Medea, "your own bold heart will teach you that there is but one way of dealing with a mad bull. What it is I leave you to find out in the moment of peril. As for the fiery breath of these animals, I have a charmed ointment here, which will prevent you from being burned up, and cure you if you chance to be a little scorched."

So she put a golden box into his hand, and directed him how to apply the perfumed unguent which it contained, and where to meet her at midnight.

"Only be brave," added she, "and before daybreak the brazen bulls shall be tamed."

The young man assured her that his heart would not fail him. He then rejoined his comrades, and told them what had passed between the princess and himself, and warned them to be in readiness in case there might be need of their help.

At the appointed hour he met the beautiful Medea on the marble steps of the king's palace. She gave him a basket, in which were the dragon's teeth, just as they had been pulled out of the monster's jaws by Cadmus long ago. Medea then led Jason down the palace steps, and through the silent streets of the city, and into the royal pasture-ground, where the two brazen-footed bulls were kept. It was a starry night, with a bright gleam along the eastern edge of the sky, where the moon was soon going to show herself. After entering the pasture, the princess paused and looked around.

"There they are," said she, "reposing themselves and chewing their fiery cud in that farthest corner of the field. It will be excellent sport, I assure you, when

they catch a glimpse of your figure. My father and all his court delight in nothing so much as to see a stranger trying to yoke them, in order to come at the Golden Fleece. It makes a holiday in Colchis whenever such a thing happens. For my part, I enjoy it immensely. You cannot imagine in what a mere twinkling of an eye their hot breath shrivels a young man into a black cinder."

"Are you sure, beautiful Medea," asked Jason, "quite sure, that the unguent in the gold box will prove a remedy against those terrible burns?"

"If you doubt, if you are in the least afraid," said the princess, looking him in the face by the dim starlight, "you had better never have been born than go a step nigher to the bulls."

But Jason had set his heart steadfastly on getting the Golden Fleece; and I positively doubt whether he would have gone back without it, even had he been certain of finding himself turned into a red-hot cinder, or a handful of white ashes, the instant he made a step farther. He therefore let go Medea's hand, and walked boldly forward in the direction whither she had pointed. At some distance before him he perceived four streams of fiery vapour, regularly appearing, and again vanishing, after dimly lighting up the surrounding obscurity. These, you will understand, were caused by the breath of the brazen bulls, which was quietly stealing out of their four nostrils, as they lay chewing their cud.

At the first two or three steps which Jason made, the four fiery streams appeared to gush out somewhat more plentifully; for the two brazen bulls had heard his foot tramp, and were lifting up their hot noses to sniff the air. He went a little farther, and by the way in which the red vapour now spouted forth, he judged that the creatures had got upon their feet. Now he could see glowing sparks, and vivid jets of flame. At the next step, each of the bulls made the pasture echo with a terrible roar, while the burning breath, which they thus belched forth, lit up the whole field with a momentary flash. One other stride did bold Jason make; and suddenly, as a streak of lightning, on came these fiery

animals, roaring like thunder, and sending out sheets of white flame, which so kindled up the scene that the young man could discern every object more distinctly than by daylight. Most distinctly of all he saw the two horrible creatures galloping right down upon him, their brazen hoofs rattling and ringing over the ground, and their tails sticking up stiffly into the air, as has always been the fashion with angry bulls. Their breath scorched the herbage before them. So intensely hot it was, indeed, that it

one with his right hand, the other with his left. Well, he must have been wonderfully strong in his arms, to be sure. But the secret of the matter was that the brazen bulls were enchanted creatures, and that Jason had broken the spell of their fiery fierceness by his bold way of handling them. And, ever since that time, it has been the favourite method of brave men, when danger assails them, to do what they call "taking the bull by the horns"; and to grip him by the tail is pretty much the



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

#### THE STORY OF JASON.

From the composite painting by Piero di Cosimo.

In the centre Jason, in fine armour, is seen, mounted on a richly caparisoned horse, arriving at the court of Aetes, and on the left he appears before the King and Medea, accompanied by his companions, Hercules, Castor, Pollux, Peleus, Admetus, Theseus and Orpheus, Jason is represented kneeling before the King and making known the errand on which he had come, on the right is shown an incident in the voyage of the Argonauts; the ship *Argo* having been driven back by contrary winds to the country of the Doliones, were mistaken for Pelasgians, and an encounter ensued in which Cyrcus, the King of the Doliones, was slain, in the distance are seen the floating rocks of Symplegades through which the *Argo* had to pass

caught a dry tree, under which Jason was now standing, and set it all in a light blaze. But as for Jason himself (thanks to Medea's enchanted ointment), the white flame curled round his body, without injuring him a jot more than if he had been made of asbestos.

Greatly encouraged at finding himself not yet turned into a cinder, the young man awaited the attack of the bulls. Just as the brazen brutes fancied themselves sure of tossing him into the air, he caught one of them by the horn, and the other by his screwed-up tail, and held them in a grip like that of an iron vice,

same thing—that is, to throw aside fear, and overcome the peril by despising it.

It was now easy to yoke the bulls, and to harness them to the plough, which had lain rusting on the ground for a great many years gone by; so long was it before anybody could be found capable of ploughing that piece of land. Jason, I suppose, had been taught how to draw a furrow by the good old Chiron, who, perhaps, used to allow himself to be harnessed to the plough. At any rate, our hero succeeded perfectly well in breaking up the greensward; and, by the time that the moon was a quarter

of her journey up the sky, the ploughed field lay before him, a large tract of black earth, ready to be sown with the dragon's teeth. So Jason scattered them broadcast, and harrowed them into the soil with a brush-harrow, and took his stand on the edge of the field, anxious to see what would happen next.

"Must we wait long for harvest time?" he inquired of Medea, who was now standing by his side.

"Whether sooner or later, it will be sure to come," answered the princess. "A crop of armed men never fails to spring up, when the dragon's teeth have been sown."

#### IV.

The moon was now high aloft in the heavens, and threw its bright beams over the ploughed field, where as yet there was nothing to be seen. Any farmer, on viewing it, would have said that Jason must wait weeks before the green blades would peep from among the clods, and whole months before the yellow grain would be ripened for the sickle. But by and by, all over the field, there was something that glistened in the moonbeams, like sparkling drops of dew. These bright objects sprouted higher, and proved to be the steel heads of spears. Then there was a dazzling gleam from a vast number of polished brass helmets, beneath which, as they grew farther out of the soil, appeared the dark and bearded visages of warriors, struggling to free themselves from the imprisoning earth. The first look that they gave at the upper world was a glare of wrath and defiance. Next were seen their bright breastplates; in every right hand there was a sword or a spear, and on each left arm a shield; and when this strange crop of warriors had but half grown out of the earth, they struggled—such was their impatience of restraint—and, as it were, tore themselves up by the roots. Wherever a dragon's tooth had fallen, there stood a man armed for battle. They made a clangour with their swords against their shields, and eyed one another fiercely; for they had come into this beautiful world, and into the peaceful moonlight, full of rage and stormy passions, and ready to take the life of

every human brother, in recompense of the boon of their own existence.

There have been many other armies in the world that seemed to possess the same fierce nature with the one which had now sprouted from the dragon's teeth; but these, in the moonlit field, were the more excusable, because they never had women for their mothers. And how it would have rejoiced any great captain, who was bent on conquering the world, like Alexander or Napoleon, to raise a crop of armed soldiers as easily as Jason did!

For a while, the warriors stood flourishing their weapons, clashing their swords against their shields, and boiling over with the red-hot thirst for battle. Then they began to shout: "Show us the enemy! Lead us to the charge! Death or victory! Come on, brave comrades! Conquer or die!" and a hundred other outcries, such as men always bellow forth on a battlefield, and which these dragon people seemed to have at their tongues' end. At last, the front rank caught sight of Jason, who, beholding the flash of so many weapons in the moonlight, had thought it best to draw his sword. In a moment all the sons of the dragon's teeth appeared to take Jason for an enemy; and crying with one voice, "Guard the Golden Fleece!" they ran at him with uplifted swords and protruded spears. Jason knew that it would be impossible to withstand this bloodthirsty battalion with his single arm, but determined, since there was nothing better to be done, to die as valiantly as if he himself had sprung from a dragon's tooth.

Medea, however, bade him snatch up a stone from the ground.

"Throw it among them quickly!" cried she. "It is the only way to save yourself."

The armed men were now so nigh that Jason could discern the fire flashing out of their enraged eyes, when he let fly the stone, and saw it strike the helmet of a tall warrior, who was rushing upon him with his blade aloft. The stone glanced from this man's helmet to the shield of his nearest comrade, and thence flew right into the angry face of another, hitting him smartly between the eyes.

Each of the three who had been struck by the stone took it for granted that his next neighbour had given him a blow ; and instead of running any farther towards Jason, they began a fight among themselves. The confusion spread through the host, so that it seemed scarcely a moment before they were all hacking, hewing and stabbing at one another, lopping off arms, heads, and legs, and doing such memorable deeds that Jason was filled with immense admiration ; although at the same time, he could not help laughing to behold these mighty men punishing each other for an offence which he himself had committed. In an incredibly short space of time (almost as short, indeed, as it had taken them to grow up), all but one of the heroes of the dragon's teeth were stretched lifeless on the field. The last survivor, the bravest and strongest of the whole, had just force enough to wave his crimson sword over his head, and give a shout of exultation, crying, "Victory! Victory! Immortal fame!" when he himself fell down, and lay quietly among his slain brethren.

And there was the end of the army that had sprouted from the dragon's teeth. That fierce and feverish fight was the only enjoyment which they had tasted on this beautiful earth.

"Let them sleep in the bed of honour," said the Princess Medea, with a sly smile at Jason. "The world will always have simpletons enough, just like them, fighting and dying for they know not what, and fancying that posterity will take the trouble to put laurel wreaths on their rusty and battered helmets. Could you help smiling, Prince Jason, to see the self-conceit of that last fellow, just as he tumbled down?"

"It made me very sad," answered Jason, gravely. "And, to tell the truth, princess, the Golden Fleece does not appear so well worth the winning, after what I have here beheld."

"You will think differently in the morning," said Medea. "True, the Golden Fleece may not be so valuable as you have thought it ; but then there is nothing better in the world ; and one must needs have an object, you know.

Come ! Your night's work has been well performed ; and to-morrow you can inform King Æetes that the first part of your allotted task is fulfilled."

## V.

Agreeably to Medea's advice, Jason went betimes in the morning to the palace of King Æetes. Entering the presence-chamber, he stood at the foot of the throne, and made a low obeisance.

"Your eyes look heavy, Prince Jason," observed the king ; "you appear to have spent a sleepless night. I hope you have been considering the matter a little more wisely, and have concluded not to get yourself scorched to a cinder, in attempting to tame my brazen-lunged bulls."

"That is already accomplished, may it please your Majesty," replied Jason. "The bulls have been tamed and yoked ; the field has been ploughed ; the dragon's teeth have been sown broadcast, and harrowed into the soil ; the crop of armed warriors has sprung up, and they have slain one another to the last man. And now I solicit your Majesty's permission to encounter the dragon that I may take down the Golden Fleece from the tree, and depart, with my nine and forty comrades."

King Æetes scowled, and looked very angry and excessively disturbed ; for he knew that, in accordance with his kingly promise, he ought now to permit Jason to win the fleece, if his courage and skill should enable him to do so. But since the young man had met with such good luck in the matter of the brazen bulls and the dragon's teeth, the king feared that he would be equally successful in slaying the dragon. And therefore, though he would gladly have seen Jason snapped up at a mouthful, he was resolved (and it was a very wrong thing of this wicked potentate) not to run any further risk of losing his beloved fleece.

"You would never have succeeded in this business, young man," said he, "if my undutiful daughter Medea had not helped you with her enchantments. Had you acted fairly, you would have been, at this instant, a black cinder, or a handful

of white ashes. I forbid you, on pain of death, to make any more attempts to get the Golden Fleece. To speak my mind plainly, you shall never set eyes on so much as one of its glistening locks "

Jason left the king's presence in great sorrow and anger. He could think of nothing better to be done than to summon together his forty-nine brave Argonauts, march at once to the grove of Mars, slay the dragon, take possession of the Golden Fleece, get on board the *Argo*, and spread all sail for Iolchos. The success of this scheme depended, it is true, on the doubtful point whether all the fifty heroes might not be snapped up, at so many mouthfuls, by the dragon. But, as Jason was hastening down the palace steps, the Princess Medea called after him, and beckoned him to return. Her black eyes shone upon him with such a keen intelligence, that he felt as if there were a serpent peeping out of them, and although she had done him so much service only the night before, he was by no means very certain that she would not do him an equally great mischief before sunset. These enchantresses, you must know, are never to be depended upon.

"What says King Æetes, my royal and upright father?" inquired Medea, slightly smiling. "Will he give you the Golden Fleece, without any further risk or trouble?"

"On the contrary," answered Jason, "he is very angry with me for taming the brazen

bulls and sowing the dragon's teeth. And he forbids me to make any more attempts, and positively refuses to give up the Golden Fleece, whether I slay the dragon or no."

"Yes, Jason," said the princess, "and I can tell you more. Unless you set sail from Colchis before to-morrow's sunrise, the king means to burn your fifty-oared galley, and put yourself and your forty-nine brave comrades to the sword. But be of good courage. The Golden Fleece you shall have, if it lies within the power of my enchantments to get it for you. Wait for me here an hour before midnight."



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JASON AND MEDEA.

From the drawing by Gertrude Demain Hammond, R.I.

## VI.

At the appointed hour you might again have seen Prince Jason and the Princess Medea, side by side, stealing through the streets of Colchis, on their way to the sacred grove in the centre of which the Golden Fleece was suspended to a tree. While they were crossing the pasture-ground the brazen bulls came towards Jason, lowing, nodding their heads, and thrusting forth their snouts, which, as other cattle do, they loved to be rubbed and caressed by a friendly hand. Their fierce nature was thoroughly tamed; and, with their fierceness, the two furnaces in their stomachs had likewise been extinguished, insomuch that they probably enjoyed far more comfort in grazing and chewing their cuds than ever before. Indeed, it had heretofore been a great inconvenience to these poor animals, that, whenever they wished to eat a mouthful of grass, the fire out of their nostrils had shrivelled it up before they could manage to crop it. How they contrived to keep themselves alive is more than I can imagine. But now, instead of emitting jets of flame and streams of sulphurous vapour, they breathed the very sweetest of cow breath.

After kindly patting the bulls, Jason followed Medea's guidance into the grove of Mars, where the great oak trees, that had been growing for centuries, threw so thick a shade that the moonbeams struggled vainly to find their way through it. Only here and there a glimmer fell upon the leaf-strewn earth, or now and then a breeze stirred the boughs aside, and gave Jason a glimpse of the sky, lest, in that deep obscurity, he might forget that there was one overhead. At length, when they had gone farther and farther into the heart of the duskiness, Medea squeezed Jason's hand.

"Look yonder," she whispered. "Do you see it?"

Gleaming among the venerable oaks, there was a radiance, not like the moonbeams, but rather resembling the golden glory of the setting sun. It proceeded from an object, which appeared to be suspended at about a man's height from

the ground, a little farther within the wood.

"What is it?" asked Jason.

"Have you come so far to seek it," exclaimed Medea, "and do you not recognise the meed of all your toils and perils, when it glitters before your eyes? It is the Golden Fleece."

Jason went onward a few steps farther, and then stopped to gaze. Oh, how beautiful it looked, shining with a marvellous light of its own, that inestimable prize, which so many heroes had longed to behold, but had perished in the quest of it, either by the perils of their voyage, or by the fiery breath of the brazen-lunged bulls.

"How gloriously it shines!" cried Jason, in a rapture. "It has surely been dipped in the richest gold of sunset. Let me hasten onward, and take it to my bosom."

"Stay," said Medea, holding him back. "Have you forgotten what guards it?"

To say the truth, in the joy of beholding the object of his desire, the terrible dragon had quite slipped out of Jason's memory. Soon, however, something came to pass that reminded him what perils were still to be encountered. An antelope, that probably mistook the yellow radiance for sunrise, came bounding fleetly through the grove. He was rushing straight towards the Golden Fleece, when suddenly there was a frightful hiss, and the immense head and half the scaly body of the dragon was thrust forth (for he was twisted round the trunk of the tree on which the fleece hung), and seizing the poor antelope, swallowed him with one snap of his jaws.

After this feat, the dragon seemed sensible that some other living creature was within reach, on which he felt inclined to finish his meal. In various directions he kept poking his ugly snout among the trees, stretching out his neck a terrible long way, now here, now there, and now close to the spot where Jason and the princess were hiding behind an oak. Upon my word, as the head came waving and undulating through the air, and reaching almost within arm's length of Prince Jason, it was a very hideous

and uncomfortable sight. The gape of his enormous jaws was nearly as wide as the gateway of the king's palace.

"Well, Jason" whispered Medea (for she was ill-natured as all enchantresses are, and wanted to make the bold youth tremble), "what do you think now of your prospects of winning the Golden Fleece?"

Jason answered only by drawing his sword and making a step forward.

"Stay, foolish youth," said Medea, grasping his arm. "Do not you see you are lost, without me as your good angel? In this gold box I have a magic potion, which will do the dragon's business far more effectually than your sword."

The dragon had probably heard the voices; for, swift as lightning, his black head and forked tongue came hissing among the trees again, darting full forty feet at a stretch. As it approached, Medea tossed the contents of the gold box right down the monster's wide open throat. Immediately with an outrageous hiss and a tremendous wriggle—flinging his tail up to the tip-top of the tallest tree, and shattering all its branches as it crashed heavily down again—the dragon fell at full length upon the ground, and lay quite motionless.

"It is only a sleeping potion," said the enchantress to Prince Jason. "One always finds a use for these mischievous creatures sooner or later; so I did not wish to kill him outright. Quick! Snatch the prize, and let us begone. You have won the Golden Fleece."

Jason caught the fleece from the tree,

and hurried through the grove, the deep shadows of which were illuminated as he passed by the golden glory of the precious object that he bore along. A little way before him, he beheld the old woman whom he had helped over the stream, with her peacock beside her. She clapped her hands for joy, and beckoning him to make haste, disappeared among the duskiness of the trees. Espying the two winged sons of the North Wind (who were disporting themselves in the moonlight, a few hundred feet aloft), Jason bade them tell the rest of the Argonauts to embark as speedily as possible. But Lynceus, with his sharp eyes, had already caught a glimpse of him, bringing the Golden Fleece, although several stone walls, a hill, and the black shadows of the grove of Mars, intervened between. By his advice, the heroes had seated themselves on the benches of the galley, with their oars held perpendicularly, ready to let fall into the water.

As Jason drew near, he heard the Talking Image calling to him with more than ordinary eagerness, in its grave, sweet voice:

"Make haste Prince Jason! For your life make haste!"

With one bound he leaped aboard. At sight of the glorious radiance of the Golden Fleece the nine and forty heroes gave a mighty shout and Orpheus striking his harp, sang a song of triumph, to the cadence of which the galley flew over the water, homeward bound, as if careering along with wings!



# THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

[1802-70]

*The gifts that made Dumas so great a master of romance, the life and spirit of narrative, of picturesque and vivid detail, of thrills and wild adventure — are nowhere shown more strikingly than in "The Count of Monte-Cristo." The story, in its outline, is as follows :—*

Edmond Dantès, a young sailor, is about to celebrate his marriage-feast when the police break in upon the party and arrest him as an agent of Napoleon—a jealous rival has denounced him to the officers of the law. He is put on trial, convicted on false evidence, and banished to the prison-fortress of the Château d'If. There he raves away his life for years in fury and despair. Then, one night he hears a sound of knocking at his wall—a prisoner in another cell is working his way through. At length the two cells are connected by a tunnel, each end concealed behind their beds. This fellow-prisoner is an aged man, the Abbé Faria, who not long afterwards, feeling death at hand, leaves Dantès a scrap of paper, worn and blurred, which contains the secret of a priceless treasure which is hidden in a cavern on the desert island of Monte-Cristo. The plot of the romance is to relate how the young man makes his escape from prison, how he becomes possessor of the hidden treasure, how, fabulously rich, he dazzles the whole world as the Count of Monte-Cristo, and how he takes revenge upon his enemies.

*The description of the escape of Dantès from the Castle, which is here selected, is a typical example of the author's style.*

THE abbé did not know the Isle of Monte-Cristo, but Dantès knew it, and had often passed it, situated twenty-five miles from Pianosa, between Corsica and the Isle of Elba, and

he had once touched at it. This island was, always had been, and still is, completely deserted. It is a rock of almost conical form, which seems as though produced by some volcanic effort from the depth of the ocean.

Dantès traced a plan of the island, and Faria gave him advice as to the means he should employ to recover the treasure.

One night, not long after, Edmond awoke suddenly, believing he heard someone calling him. He moved his bed, drew up the stone, rushed into the passage, and reached the opposite extremity ; the secret entrance was open.

By the light of the wretched and wavering lamp, of which we have spoken, he saw the old man, pale, but yet erect, clinging to the bedstead. His features were writhing with those horrible symptoms which he already knew, and which had so seriously alarmed him when he saw them for the first time.

Dantès cried, " Oh ! I have saved you once, and I will save you a second time ! "

And raising the foot of the bed he drew out the phial, still a third filled with the red liquor.

" See ! " he exclaimed, " there remains still some of this saving draught. Quick ! quick ! tell me what I must do this time — are there any fresh instructions ? Speak, my friend, I listen."

" There is not a hope," replied Faria, shaking his head. " Monte-Cristo ! forget not Monte-Cristo ! "

And he fell back in his bed.

Dantès unclosed the teeth, which offered less resistance than before, counted one after the other twelve drops and watched.

Half an hour, an hour, an hour and a half elapsed, and during this time of anguish

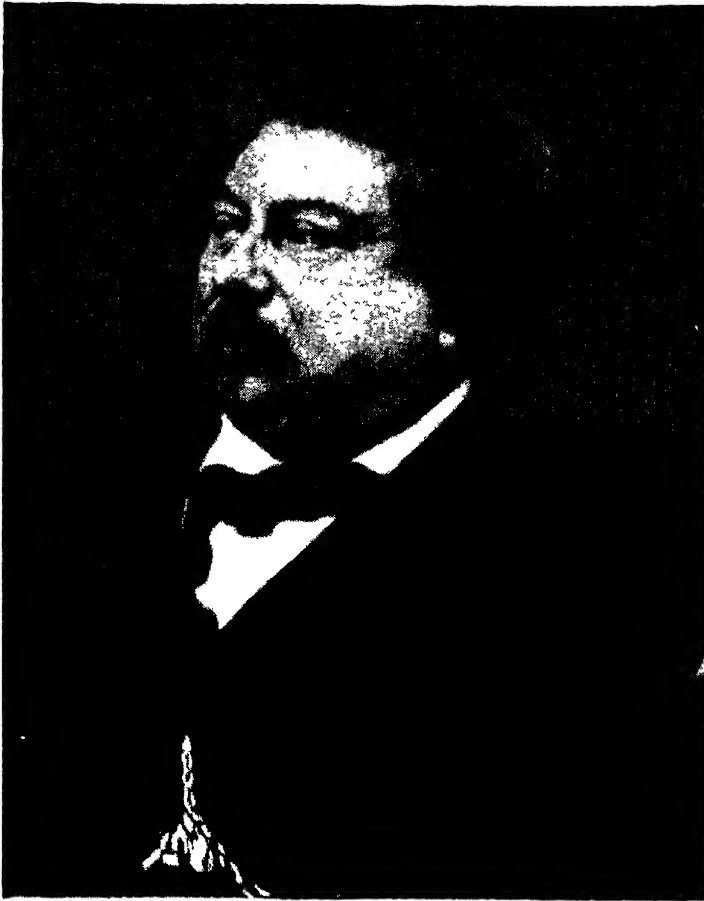


Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE (1802-70).

The famous author of *The Three Musketeers* and *Monte Cristo* was a Creole, and a writer of indefatigable industry and amazing imagination. He has often been charged with plagiarism, and many of his historical novels were certainly written in collaboration. The fact, however, remains that the collaborators could do nothing by themselves, while the Dumas touch produced masterpieces.

Edmond leaned over his friend, his hand applied to his heart, and felt the body gradually grow cold, and the heart's pulsation become more and more deep and dull, until at length all stopped: the last movement of the heart ceased, the face became livid, the eyes remained open, but the look was glazed. Faria was dead.

It was six o'clock in the morning, the dawn was just breaking, and its weak ray came into the dungeon and paled the ineffectual light of the lamp.

Dantès extinguished the lamp, carefully concealed it, and then went away, closing as well as he could the entrance to the secret passage by the large stone as he descended. It was time, for the

gaoler was coming. On this occasion he began his rounds at Dantès' cell, and on leaving him he went on to Faria's dungeon.

Dantès was then seized with an indescribable desire to know what was going on in the dungeon of his unfortunate friend. He therefore returned by the subterranean gallery, and arrived in time to hear the exclamations of the turnkey, who called out for help.

Other turnkeys came, and then was heard the regular tramp of soldiers, behind whom came the governor.

Edmond heard the noise of the bed on which they were moving the corpse, heard the voice of the governor, who desired them to throw water on the face, and seeing that in spite of this application the prisoner did not recover, sent for the doctor. Some words of pity fell on Dantès' listening ears, mingled with brutal laughter.

"Well! well!" said one "the madman has gone to look after his treasure. Good journey to him!"

"With all his millions he will not have enough to pay for his shroud!" said another.

"Oh!" added a third voice, "the shrouds of the Château d'If are not dear!"

"Perhaps," said one of the previous speakers, "as he was a churchman, they may go to some expense in his behalf."

"They may give him the honours of the sack."

"Yes, yes; make your mind easy; he shall be decently interred in the newest sack we can find."

"Will there be any mass?" asked one of the attendants.

"That is impossible," replied the governor. "The chaplain of the Château came to me yesterday to beg for leave of absence in order to take a trip to Hyères for a week. I told him I would attend to the prisoners in his absence. If the poor abbé had not been in such a hurry he might have had his requiem."

During this time the operation of putting the body in the sack was going on.

"This evening," said the governor when the task was ended.

"At what o'clock?" inquired a turnkey.

"Why, about ten or eleven o'clock."

Then the steps retreated, and the voices died away in the distance; the noise of the door with its creaking hinges and bolts ceased, and a silence duller than any solitude ensued, the silence of death, which pervaded all, and struck its icy chill through the young man's whole frame.

Dantès, quitting the passage, entered his friend's room.

On the bed, at full length, and faintly lighted by the pale ray that penetrated the window, was visible a sack of coarse cloth, under the large folds of which was stretched a long and stiffened form; it was Faria's last winding-sheet, a winding-sheet which, as the turnkey said, cost so little.

"I, too," said Dantès, "shall die in my dungeon like Faria."

As he said this, he remained motionless, his eyes fixed like a man struck with a sudden idea. Suddenly he rose, lifted his hand to his brow, as if his brain were giddy, paced twice or thrice round his chamber, and then paused abruptly at the bed. "Why not take the place of the dead?" he cried to himself.

Without giving himself time to reconsider his decision, and indeed that he might not allow his thoughts to be distracted from his desperate resolution, he bent over the appalling sack, opened it with the knife which Faria had made, drew the corpse from the sack, and transported it along the gallery to his own chamber, laid it on his couch, passed round its head the rag he wore at night round his own, covered it with his counterpane, once again kissed the ice-

cold brow, and tried vainly to close the resisting eyes which glared horribly, turned his head towards the wall, so that the gaoler might, when he brought his evening meal, believe that he himself was there asleep, as was his frequent custom; returned along the gallery, threw the bed against the wall, returned to the other cell, took from the hiding-place the needle and thread, flung off his rags that the men might feel naked flesh only beneath the coarse sack-cloth, and getting into the sack, placed himself in the posture in which the dead body had been laid, and sewed up the mouth of the sack inside.

The beating of his heart might have been heard, if by any mischance the gaolers had entered at that moment.

If they conducted him to the cemetery and laid him in the grave, he would allow himself to be covered with earth, and then, as it was night, the grave-diggers could scarcely have turned their backs, ere he would have worked his way through the soft soil, hoping that the weight would not be too heavy for him to support. If he was deceived in this, and the earth proved too heavy, he would be stifled, and then, so much the better, all would be over.

At length about the hour the governor had appointed, footsteps were heard on the stairs. Edmond felt that the moment had arrived, and summoning up all his courage, held his breath, wishing at the same time he could have repressed in like manner the quick pulsation of his arteries.

They stopped at the door—there were two men apparently, and Dantès guessed it was the two grave-diggers who came to seek him—the idea was soon converted into certainty, when he heard the noise they made in putting down the hand-bier. The door opened, and a dim light reached Dantès' eyes through the coarse sack that covered him, he saw two shadows approach his bed, a third remaining at the door with a torch in his hand. Each of these two men, approaching the ends of the bed, took the sack by its extremities.

"He's heavy though for an old and thin man," said one, as he raised the head.

"They say every year adds half a pound to the weight of the bones," said another, lifting the feet.

"Have you tied the knot?" inquired the first speaker.

"What would be the use of carrying so much more weight?" was the reply; "I can do that when we get there."

"Yes, you're right," replied his companion.

"What's the knot for?" thought Dantès.

They deposited the supposed corpse on the bier. Edmond stiffened himself in order to play his part of a dead man, and then the party, lighted by the man with the torch who went first, ascended the stairs.

Suddenly he felt the fresh and sharp night air, and Dantès recognised the *Mistral*. It was a sensation at the same time full of delight and agony.

The bearers advanced twenty paces, then stopped, putting their bier down on the ground.

Edmond heard a heavy and sounding substance laid down beside him, and at the same moment a cord was fastened round his feet with sudden and painful violence.

"Well, have you tied the knot?" inquired the grave-digger, who was looking on.

"Yes, and pretty tight too, I can tell you," was the answer.

"Move on, then."

And the bier was lifted once more, and then proceeded.

They advanced fifty paces farther, and then stopped to open a door, before going forward again. The noise of the waves dashing, against the rocks on which the Château is built, reached Dantès' ear distinctly as they progressed.

"Bad weather!" observed one of the bearers; "not a pleasant night for a dip in the sea."

"Why, yes, the abbé runs a chance of being wet," said the other; and then there was a burst of brutal laughter.

Dantès did not comprehend the jest, but his hair stood erect on his head.

"Well, here we are at last," said one of them. "A little farther—a little farther," said the other. "You know

very well that the last was stopped on his way, dashed on the rocks, and the governor told us next day that we were careless fellows."

They ascended five or six more steps, and then Dantès felt that they took him one by the head and the other by the heels, and swung him to and fro.

"One!" said the grave-diggers. "Two! Three, and away!"

And at the same instant Dantès felt himself flung into the air like a wounded bird falling, falling with a rapidity that made his blood curdle. Although drawn downwards by some heavy weight which hastened his rapid descent, it seemed to him as if the time were a century. At last, with a terrific dash, he entered the ice-cold water, and as he did so he uttered a shrill cry, stifled in a moment by his immersion beneath the waves.

Dantès had been flung into the sea, and dragged into its depths by a thirty-six pound shot tied to his feet.

The sea is the Cemetery of Château d'If.

Dantès, although giddy, and almost suffocated, had yet sufficient presence of mind to hold his breath; and as his right hand held his knife open, he rapidly ripped up the sack, extricated his arm, and then his body; but in spite of all his efforts to free himself from the shot, he felt it dragging him down still lower; he then bent his body, and by a desperate effort severed the cord that bound his legs at the moment he was suffocating. With a vigorous spring he rose to the surface of the sea, whilst the shot bore to its depths the sack that had so nearly become his shroud.

Dantès merely paused to breathe, and then dived again in order to avoid being seen. When he rose a second time he was fifty paces from where he had first sunk. He saw overhead a black and tempestuous sky, over which the wind was driving the fleeting vapours that occasionally suffered a twinkling star to appear: before him was the vast expanse of waters, sombre and terrible, whose waves foamed and roared as if before the approach of a storm. Behind him, blacker than the sea, blacker than the sky, rose like a phantom the giant of

granite, whose projecting crags seemed like arms extended to seize their prey ; and on the highest rock was a torch that lighted two figures. He fancied these two forms were looking at the sea ; doubtless these strange grave-diggers had heard his cry. Dantès dived again, and remained a long time beneath the water. The manoeuvre was already familiar to him, and usually attracted a crowd of spectators in the bay before the lighthouse at Marseilles when he swam there. When he reappeared the light had disappeared.

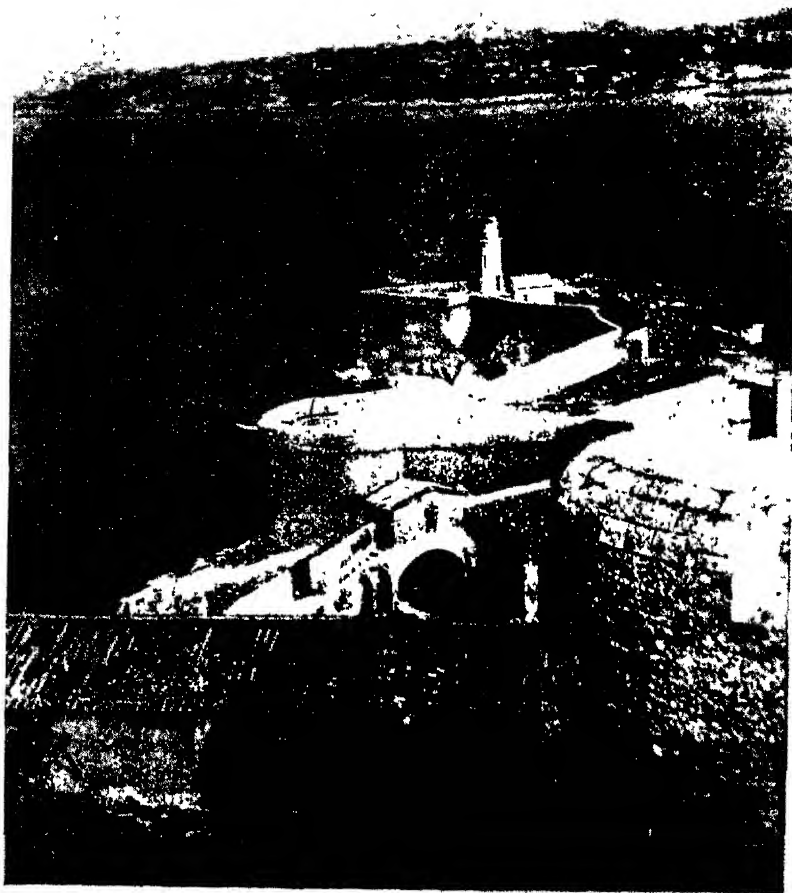
It was necessary to strike out to sea ; Ratonneau and Pomègue are the nearest isles of all those that surround the Château d'If. But Ratonneau and Pomègue are inhabited, together with the islet of Daume ; Tiboulen or Lemaire were the most secure. The isles of Tiboulen and Lemaire are a league from the Château d'If. Dantès, nevertheless, determined to make for them ; but how could he find his way in the darkness of the night. At this moment he saw before him, like a brilliant star, the lighthouse of Planier.

By leaving this light on the right he kept the isle of Tiboulen a little on the left ; by turning to the left, therefore, he would find it. But as we have said, it was at least a league from the Château d'If to this island.

Fear, that relentless pursuer, clogged Dantès efforts ; he listened if any noise was audible ; each time that he rose over the waves his looks scanned the

horizon, and strove to penetrate the darkness ; every wave seemed a boat in his pursuit, and he redoubled exertions that increased his distance from the Château, but the repetition of which weakened his strength . . .

"Let us see," said he, "I have



*Photo: Topical Press Agency.*

#### A FAMOUS STATE PRISON IN THE TIME OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The famous Château d'If, used during the French Revolution as a State Prison. It is three kilometres from Marseilles, and has long been a place of pelf run for tourists.

swum above an hour ; but as the wind is against me, that has retarded my speed ; however, if I am not mistaken, I must be close to the isle of Tiboulen. But what if I were mistaken ? "

A shudder passed over him. He sought to tread water in order to rest himself, but the sea was too violent, and he felt .



*Photo: Topical Press Agency.*

#### INTERIOR OF CHÂTEAU D'IF.

The photo shows the court of the prison and the cell of Edmond Dantès made famous by Dumas in the Count of Monte Cristo.

that he could not make use of this means of repose.

"Well," said he, "I will swim on until I am worn out, or the cramp seizes me, and then I shall sink;" and he struck out with the energy of despair.

Suddenly the sky seemed to him to become still darker and more dense, and compact clouds lowered towards him; at the same time he felt a violent pain in

his knee, his imagination told him a ball had struck him, and that in a moment he would hear the report: but he heard nothing. Dantès put out his hand, and felt resistance; he then extended his leg and felt the land, and in an instant guessed the nature of the object he had taken for a cloud. Before him rose a mast of strangely formed rocks, that resembled nothing so much as a vast fire petrified at

the moment of its most fervent combustion. It was the isle of Tiboulén.

Dantès rose, advanced a few steps, and with a fervent prayer of gratitude, stretched himself on the granite, which seemed to him softer than down. Then, in spite of the wind and rain, he fell into the deep sweet sleep of those worn out by fatigue.

At the expiration of an hour he was awakened by the roar of the thunder. . . .

As he rose, a flash of lightning, that seemed as if the whole of the heavens were opened, illumined the darkness. By its light, between the isle of Lemaire and Cape Croiselle, a quarter of a league distant, he saw, like a spectre, a fishing-boat driven rapidly on by the force of the winds and waves. A second after he saw it again approaching nearer. He cried at the top of his voice to warn the men of their danger, but they saw it themselves. Another flash shewed him four men clinging to the shattered mast and the rigging, while a fifth clung to the broken rudder.

The men he beheld saw him doubtless, for their cries were carried to his ears by the wind. Above the splintered mast a sail rent to tatters was waving ; suddenly the ropes that still held it gave way, and it disappeared in the darkness of the night like a vast sea-bird. At the same moment a violent crash was heard, and cries of distress. Perched on the summit of the rock, Dantès saw by the lightning the vessel in pieces ; and amongst the fragments were visible the agonised features of the unhappy sailors. Then all became dark again.

Dantès ran down the rocks at the risk of being himself dashed to pieces ; he listened, he strove to examine, but he heard and saw nothing—all human cries had ceased : and the tempest alone continued to rage. By degrees the wind abated ; vast grey clouds rolled towards the west ; and the blue firmament appeared studded with bright stars. Soon a red streak became visible in the horizon ; the waves whitened, a light played over them, and gilded their foaming crests with gold. It was day. . . .

As his eyes turned in the direction of the Château d'If, he saw at the ex-

tremity of the isle of Pomègue, like a bird skimming over the sea, a small bark, that the eye of a sailor alone could recognise as a Genoese tartane. She was coming out of Marseilles harbour, and was standing out to sea rapidly, her sharp prow cleaving through the waves.

In an instant Dantès' plan was formed. He swam to where the cap of one of the dead sailors hung to a point of the rock ; placed it on his head, seized one of the beams floating near, and struck out so as to cross the line the vessel was taking.

" I am saved," murmured he.

And this conviction restored his strength.

He soon perceived that the vessel, having the wind right ahead, was tacking between the Château d'If and the tower of Planier.

Although almost sure as to what course she would take, yet he watched her anxiously until she tacked and stood towards him. Then he advanced ; but, before they had met, the vessel again changed her direction. By a violent effort, he rose half out of the water, waving his cap, and uttering a loud shout peculiar to sailors. This time he was both seen and heard, and the tartane instantly steered towards him. He saw they were about to lower the boat. An instant after, the boat, rowed by two men, advanced rapidly towards him. Dantes abandoned the beam, which he thought now useless, and swam vigorously to meet them. But he had reckoned too much upon his strength, his arms grew stiff, his legs had lost their flexibility, and he was almost breathless. He uttered a second cry. The two sailors redoubled their efforts, and one of them cried in Italian, " Courage ! " .

The word reached his ear as a wave, which he no longer had the strength to surmount, passed over his head. He rose again to the surface, supporting himself by one of those desperate efforts a drowning man makes, uttered a third cry, and felt himself sink again, as if the fatal shot were again tied to his feet. He felt some one seize him by the hair ; but he saw and heard nothing. He had fainted.



*By permission of the Corporation of Preston.*

LOUIS XVI. AND FAMILY IN HIS PRISON IN THE TEMPLE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. M. WARD, R.A., IN THE PRESTON ART GALLERY.

For many dreary days the Royal family languished in their gaol, growing more and more desperate in face of their approaching doom.



# BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

RUDYARD KIPLING

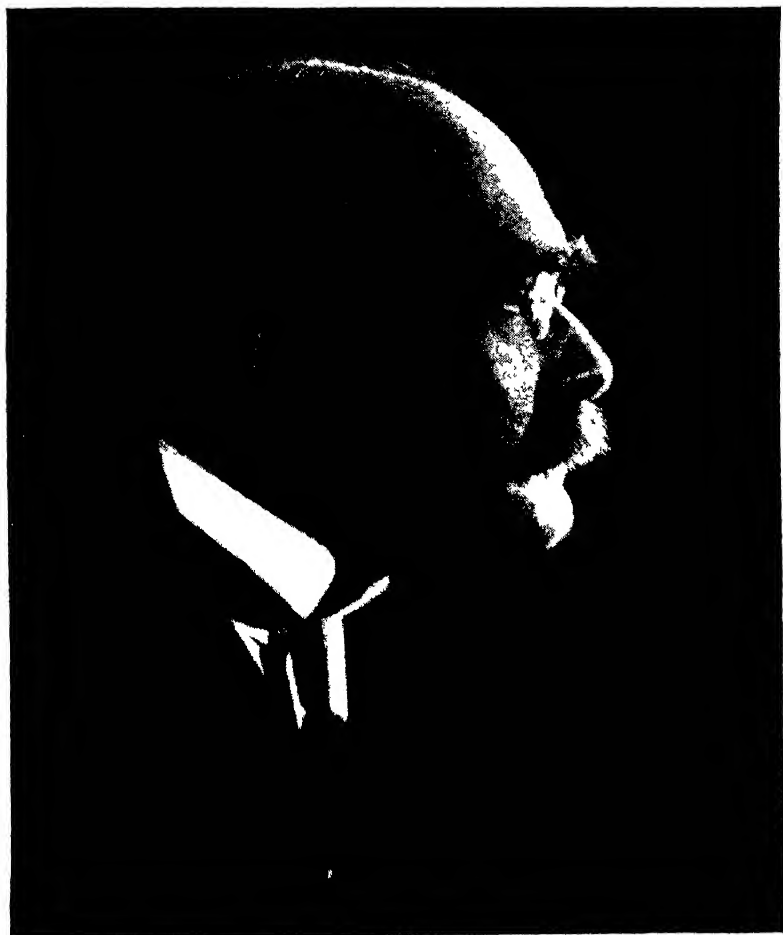


Photo: Hepp

RUDYARD KIPLING.

[The following poems are reproduced by special permission of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his publishers, Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.]

"Barrack-Room Ballads" came upon the public with the shock of a surprise. Here was something new and something fine. These poems sing the joys and sorrows of the common soldier, and are written, for the most part, in the very slang and dialects in which he speaks. And yet this style becomes the medium of new and strange effects—of humour and of pathos, of satire, as in "Tommy," or of the sweet and simple idyll, as in "Mandalay." With like felicity it paints us Fuzzy-Wuzzy, that

of its power in every corner of the globe—in desert-dust and fog-bank, in coral oceans of the sunfish and the albatross, in the ice-fields of the polar bear beneath the Northern Lights. Of its kind, this poem stands alone—supreme, unrivalled. In the whole realm of verse there is no song of triumph, no trumpet-shout of jubilation, that so thrills the heart and makes the pulses tingle as that great choral psalm of salutation of the Flag of England in its pride.

"Injia-rubber idiot on the spree," or Supi-yaw-lat, in her yellow petticoat and little cap of green, puffing at her whacking white cheroot, or singing to her banjo at the setting of the sun. And the rhythm of these ballads is so strong, so pulsing, that it seems to sweep the reader with it like a sea. In "The Ford of Kabul River"—a soldier's lamentation for his chum who has been drowned—the refrain, the iteration of the sombre syllables, "Ford, ford, ford of the Kabul river," is like the throbbing of a muffled drum.

Rudyard Kipling is, of course, a great Imperialist. He is, in fact, if not in name, the Poet Laureate of the Empire. And nowhere does his spirit speak more clearly than in "The English Flag," in which the voices of the Winds of Heaven proclaim the splendour

## THE ENGLISH FLAG

*Above the portico a flag-staff, bearing the Union Jack, remained fluttering in the flames for some time, but ultimately when it fell the crowds rent the air with shouts, and seemed to see the significance in the incident —DAILY PAPERS.*

WINDS of the World, give answer ! They are  
whimpering to and fro—

And what should they know of England who only  
England know ?—

The poor little street-bred people that vapour and  
fume and brag,

They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp  
at the English Flag !

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster  
anew with dirt ?

An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's  
shirt ?

We may not speak of England : her Flag 's to sell  
or share.

What is the Flag of England ? Winds of the  
World, declare !

The North Wind blew :—" From Bergen my steel-  
shod van-guards go ;

I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe ;

By the great North Lights above me I work the  
will of God,

And the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger  
fills with cod.

' I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors  
with flame,

Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies  
came ;

I took the sun from their presence, I cut them  
down with my blast,

And they died, but the Flag of England blew free  
ere the spirit passed.

' The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long  
Arctic night,

The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the  
Northern Light :

What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my  
bergs to dare,

Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for  
it is there !'

The South Wind sighed :—" From the Virgins my  
mid-sea course was ta'en

Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,

Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the  
long-backed breakers croon

Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked  
lagoon.

'Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer  
keys,  
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud  
in the breeze—

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,  
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English  
flag was flown.

'I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang  
for a wisp on the Horn,  
I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned and  
rolled and torn;  
I have spread its folds o'er the dying, adrift in a  
hopeless sea;  
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the  
slave set free.

'My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling  
albatross,  
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the  
Southern Cross.  
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my  
reefs to dare,  
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is  
there!'

The East Wind roared:—'From the Kuriles, the  
Bitter Seas, I come,  
And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the  
English home.  
Look—look well to your shipping! By the breath  
of my mad typhoon  
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your  
best at Kowloon!

'The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas  
before,  
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered  
Singapore!  
I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded snake  
she rose,  
And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost with  
the startled crows.

'Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,  
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for  
England's sake—  
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or  
maid—  
Because on the bones of the English the English  
Flag is stayed.

'The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-  
ass knows,  
The scared white leopard winds it across the  
taintless snows.

What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my  
 sun to dare,  
 Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it  
 is there !'

The West Wind called '—' In squadrons the  
 thoughtless galleons fly  
 That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred  
 people die.  
 They make my might their porter, they make my  
 house their path,  
 Till I loose my neck from their rudder and whelm  
 them all in my wrath.

' I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn  
 from the hole,  
 They bellow one to the other, the frightened ship-  
 bells toll,  
 For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud  
 with my breath,  
 And they see strange bows above them and the  
 two go locked to death.

' But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether  
 by dark or day,  
 I heave them whole to the conger or rip their  
 plates away,  
 First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,  
 Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag  
 goes by.

' The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen  
 dews have kissed—  
 The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star in the  
 mist.  
 What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my  
 breath to dare,  
 Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for  
 it is there !'

\* \* \*

## MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to  
 the sea,  
 There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she  
 thinks o' me ;  
 For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-  
 bells they say :  
 ' Come you back, you British soldier ; come you  
 back to Mandalay !'  
 Come you back to Mandalay,  
 Where the old Flotilla lay :  
 Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from  
 Rangoon to Mandalay ?



*Photo: Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.*

A BURMESE LADY AND HER CHEROOT.

On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flyin'-fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer  
China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,  
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's  
Queen,  
An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,  
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:  
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—  
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—  
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er  
where she stud!  
On the road to Mandalay . . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun  
     was droppin' slow,  
 She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing  
     '*Kulla-lo-lo!*'  
 With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin  
     my cheek  
 We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathus* pilin'  
     teak.  
     Elephints a-pilin' teak  
     In the sludgy, sjudgy creek,  
     Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was  
     'arf afraid to speak!  
     On the road to Mandalay . . . .  
 But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur  
     away,  
 An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank  
     to Mandalay;  
 An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year  
     soldier tells:  
 'If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't  
     never 'eed naught else,'  
     No! you won't 'eed nothin' else  
     But them spicy garlic smells,  
     An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the  
     tinkly temple-bells;  
     On the road to Mandalay . . . .  
 I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-  
     stones,  
 An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever  
     in my bones;  
 Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea  
     to the Strand,  
 An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they  
     understand?  
     Beefy face an' grubby 'and—  
     Law! wot do they understand?  
     I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,  
     greener land!  
     On the road to Mandalay . . . .  
 Ship me somewheres east of Sucz, where the best  
     is like the worst,  
 Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a  
     man can raise a thirst;  
 For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that  
     I would be—  
 By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the  
     sea;  
     On the road to Mandalay,  
     Where the old Flotilla lay,  
     With our sick beneath the awnings when we  
     went to Mandalay!  
     O the road to Mandalay,  
     Where the flyin'-fishes play,  
     An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer  
     China 'crost the Bay!

# FORD O' KABUL RIVER

KABUL town's by Kabul river—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

There I lef' my mate for ever,

Wet an' drippin' by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

There's the river up and brimmin', an'  
there's 'arf a squadron swimmin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town's a blasted place—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

'Strewth I shan't forget 'is face

Wet an' drippin' by the ford !

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

Keep the crossing-stakes beside you, an' they  
will surely guide you

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town is sun and dust—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

I'd ha' sooner drowned fust

'Stead of 'im beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

You can 'ear the 'orses threshin', you can  
'ear the men a-splashin',

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town was ours to take—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

I'd ha' left it for 'is sake—

'Im that left me by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

It's none so bloomin' dry there; ain't you  
never comin' nigh there,

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark ?

Kabul town 'll go to hell—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

'Fore I see him 'live an' well—

'Im the best beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder, for their  
boots 'll pull 'em under,

By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

'Im an' 'arf my troop is down,

Down an' drowned by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

There's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't  
no use o' callin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.



I went into a theatre as sober as could be,  
 They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me ;  
 They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,  
 But when it comes to fightin', Lord ! they'll shove me in  
 the stalls !

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy,  
 wait outside' ;  
 But it's 'Special train for Atkins' when the trooper's  
 on the tide,  
 The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's  
 on the tide,  
 O it's 'Special train for Atkins' when the trooper's  
 on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep  
 Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap ;  
 An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit  
 Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy,  
 'ow's yer soul ?'  
 But it's 'Thin red line of 'eroes' when the drums  
 begin to roll,  
 The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin  
 to roll,  
 O it's 'Thin red line of 'eroes' when the drums  
 begin to roll

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no black-  
 guards too,

But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you ;  
 An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,  
 Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints ;  
 While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy,  
 fall be'ind,'

But it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when there's  
 trouble in the wind,  
 There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble  
 in the wind,  
 O it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when there's  
 trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all :  
 We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.  
 Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our  
 face

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Chuck him  
 out, the brute !'

But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns begin  
 to shoot ;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything  
 you please ;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that  
 Tommy sees !

# THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

THOMAS CARLYLE

*The Reign of Terror wrote itself upon the page of history in letters of red blood. It was the world's greatest mutiny of slaves against their tyrants. And it was carried*



*From a drawing by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.*

THOMAS CARLYLE.

out with sword and fire. Things were done—perhaps it is no wonder—that disgrace the name of man. Some of the leaders were no less than monsters. Their government contained, asserts Macaulay, “some of the worst men who ever lived,” and if a general vote were taken as to who is the most loathsome figure in all history, there is little doubt that Robespierre would wear the crown of infamy.

Carlyle’s aim was to oppose this point of view—to show that these same leaders were not monsters but men maddened by

the sense of wrongs and working in the cause of freedom. Portrait painting was his forte; and in his pages the characters of the chief actors in the scene flash out as clear and living as in studies by Velasquez or Rembrandt. It is an interesting fact that while he wrote he always kept a portrait of the man he was depicting on his desk before him. And so it comes to pass that we have Robespierre, Mirabeau, Danton and the others in their very habit as they lived.

“The French Revolution” has been called a “flame-picture.” It is an apt description; yet this flame-picture is not free from smoke. For the style is ragged and abrupt and so eccentric that the reader, jolted as in a cart on cobbles, startled as by an electric thrill-machine, is apt to lose his touch with his surroundings. And yet this style is so intensely graphic that the effects which it obtains are often not to be forgotten. Open the volume where you will and a scene, sharp, glowing and alive, seems to start out of the page—the storming of the Bastille, “the grand fire-maelstrom” of the mob in frenzy lashing round its walls

—Charlotte Corday driving the knife into the heart of Marat—Robespierre with his broken jaw thrust in turn beneath the blade—Danton on the scaffold saying proudly to his executioner, “You will show my head to the people well, it is worth showing.” Such, and a thousand others, are the scenes that make up the great flame-picture of The French Revolution—but it is not always easy reading.

Mirabeau believed in the main principles of the revolutionary movement, but he was

*all on the side of caution and tried to guide the Revolution into safe channels. Had he lived another year, said Carlyle, the history of France and of the world had been different.*



N. D. Photo.

MIRABEAU, A GREAT FIGURE IN THE REVOLUTION

# I.

## THE DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

**B**UT Mirabeau could not live another year, any more than he could live another thousand years. Men's years are numbered, and the tale of Mirabeau's was now complete. Important, or unimportant; to be mentioned in World-History for some centuries, or not to be mentioned there beyond a day or two—it matters not to peremptory Fate. From amid the press of ruddy busy Life, the Pale Messenger beckons silently: wide-spreading interests, projects, salvation of French Monarchies, what thing soever man has on hand, he must suddenly quit it all, and go. Wert thou saving French Monarchies, wert thou blacking shoes on the Pont Neuf! The most important of men cannot stay; did the World's History depend on an hour, that hour is not to be given. Whereby, indeed, it comes that these same *would-have-beens*

are mostly a vanity; and the World's History could never in the least be what it would, or might, or should, by any manner of potentiality, but simply and altogether what it is.

The fierce wear and tear of such an existence has wasted out the giant oaken strength of Mirabeau. A fret and fever that keeps heart and brain on fire: excess of effort, of excitement; excess of all kinds: labour incessant, almost beyond credibility! "If I had not lived with him," says Dumont, "I should never have known what a man can make of one day; what things may be placed within the interval of twelve hours. A day for this man was more than a week or a month for others: the mass of things he guided on together was prodigious; from the scheming to the executing not a moment was lost." "Monsieur le Comte," said his Secretary to him once, "what you require is impossible."—"Impossible!" answered he starting from his chair, "*Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot*, Never name to me that blockhead of a word." And then the social repasts; the dinner which he gives as Commandant of National Guards, which "costs five hundred pounds"; alas, and "the Syrens of the Opera"; and all the ginger that is hot in the mouth:—down what a course is this man hurled! Cannot Mirabeau stop; cannot he fly, and save himself alive? No! There is a Nessus' Shirt on this Hercules; he must storm and burn there, without rest, till he be consumed. Human strength, never so Herculean, has its measure. Herald shadows flit pale across the fire-brain of Mirabeau; heralds of the pale repose. While he tosses and storms, straining every nerve, in that sea of ambition and confusion, there comes, sombre and still, a monition that for him the issue of it will be swift death.

In January last, you might see him as President of the Assembly; "his neck wrapt in linen cloths, at the evening session": there was sick heat of the

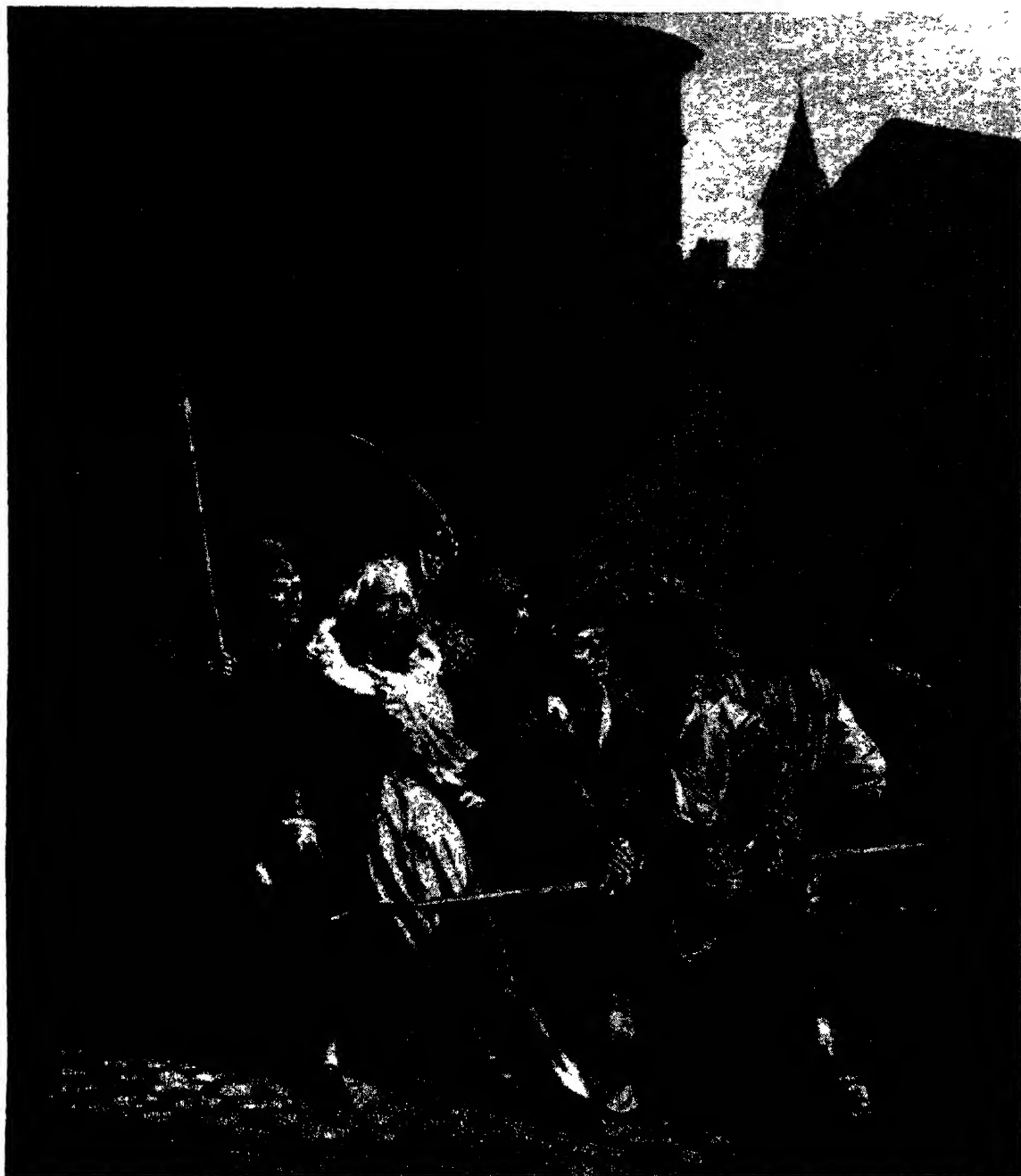
blood, alternate darkening and flashing in the eye-sight; he had to apply leeches, after the morning labour, and preside bandaged. "At parting he embraced me," says Dumont, "with an emotion I had never seen in him: 'I am dying, my friend: dying as by slow fire; we shall perhaps not meet again. When I am gone, they will know what the value of me was. The miseries I have held back will burst from all sides on France.'" Sickness gives louder warning; but cannot be listened to. On the 27th day of March, proceeding towards the Assembly, he had to seek rest and help in Friend de Lamarck's, by the road; and lay there, for an hour, half-fainted, stretched on a sofa. To the Assembly nevertheless he went, as if in spite of Destiny itself; spoke, loud and eager, five several times; then quitted the Tribune—for ever. He steps out, utterly exhausted, into the Tuileries Gardens; many people press round him, as usual, with applications, memorials; he says to the Friend who was with him: "Take me out of this!"

And so, on the last day of March 1791, endless anxious multitudes beset the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; incessantly inquiring: within doors there, in that House numbered in our time "42," the over wearied giant has fallen down, to die. Crowds, of all parties and kinds; of all ranks from the King to the meanest man! The King sends publicly twice a day to inquire; privately besides: from the world at large there is no end of inquiring. "A written bulletin is handed out every three hours," is copied and circulated; in the end, it is printed. The People spontaneously keep silence; no carriage shall enter with its noise: there is crowding pressure; but the Sister of Mirabeau is reverently recognised, and has free way made for her. The People stand mute, heart-stricken; to all it seems as if a great calamity were nigh: as if the last man of France, who could have swayed these coming troubles, lay there at hand-grips with the unearthly Power.

The silence of a whole People, the wakeful toil of Cabanis, Friend and Physician, skills not: on Saturday, the

second day of April, Mirabeau feels that the last of the Days has risen for him; that, on this day, he has to depart and be no more. His death is Titanic, as his life has been. Lit up, for the last time in the glare of coming dissolution, the mind of the man is all glowing and burning; utters itself in sayings such as men long remember. He longs to live, yet acquiesces in death, argues not with the inexorable. His speech is wild and wondrous: unearthly Phantasms dancing now their torch-dance round his soul; the soul itself looking out, fire-radiant, motionless, girt together for that great hour! At times comes a beam of light from him on the world he is quitting. "I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French Monarchy; the dead remains of it will now be the spoil of the factions." Or again, when he heard the cannon fire, what is characteristic too: "Have we the Achilles' Funeral already?" So likewise, while some friend is supporting him: "Yes, support that head; would I could bequeath it thee!" For the man dies as he has lived; self-conscious, conscious of a world looking on. He gazes forth on the young Spring, which for him will never be Summer. The Sun has risen; he says: "*Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin germain.*"—Death has mastered the out-works; power of speech is gone; the citadel of the heart still holding out: the moribund giant, passionately, by sign, demands paper and pen; writes his passionate demand for opium, to end these agonies. The sorrowful Doctor shakes his head: "*Dormir*" "To sleep," writes the other, passionately pointing at it! So dies a gigantic Heathen and Titan; stumbling blindly, undismayed down to his rest. At half-past eight in the morning, Dr. Petit, standing at the foot of the bed, says "*Il ne souffre plus.*" His suffering and his working are now ended.

Even so, ye silent Patriot multitudes, all ye men of France; this man is rapt away from you. He has fallen suddenly, without bending till he broke; as a tower falls, smitten by sudden lightning. His word ye shall hear no more, his guidance follow no more.—The multi-



L'ABBÉ SICARD'S ARREST.

A priest "who could not take the oath, but who could teach the deaf and dumb." He was arrested, and escaped massacre as though by a miracle.

tudes depart, heartstruck; spread the sad tidings. How touching is the loyalty of men to their Sovereign Man! All theatres, public amusements close; no joyful meeting can be held in these nights, joy is not for them: the People break

in upon private dancing-parties, and sullenly command that they cease. Of such dancing-parties apparently but two came to light; and these also have gone out. The gloom is universal: never in this City was such sorrow for

one death ; never since that old night when Louis XII. departed, "and the *Crieurs des Corps* went sounding their bells, and crying along the streets : *Le bon roi Louis, père du peuple, est mort*, The good King Louis, Father of the People, is dead !" King Mirabeau is now the lost King ; and one may say, with little exaggeration, all the People mourns for him.

## II.

THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION  
OF LOUIS XVI.

*The Convention Tribune is about to decide by three votings : (1) Is Louis XVI. guilty of conspiring against Liberty ? Overwhelming majority pronounces Guilt. (2) Shall sentence be final, or be ratified by Appeal to the People ? Majority of two to one answer "No Appeal." (3) If Guilty, what Punishment ? We give Carlyle's description of the Third Voting. "Europe and all Nations listen for the Answer."*

And so, finally, at eight in the evening this Third stupendous Voting, by roll-call or *appel nominal*, does begin. What Punishment ? Girondins undecided, Patriots decided, men afraid of Royalty, men afraid of Anarchy, must answer here and now. Infinite Patriotism, dusky in the lamp-light, floods all corridors, crowds all galleries, sternly waiting to hear. Shrill-sounding Ushers summon you by Name and Department ; you must rise to the Tribune and say.

Eye-witnesses have represented this scene of the Third Voting, and of the votings that grew out of it ; a scene protracted, like to be endless, lasting, with few brief intervals, from Wednesday till Sunday morning—as one of the strangest seen in the Revolution. Long night wears itself into day, morning's paleness is spread over all faces ; and again the wintry shadows sink, and the dim lamps are lit : but through day and night and the vicissitude of hours, Member after Member is mounting continually those Tribune-steps ; pausing aloft there, in the clearer upper light, to

speak his Fate-word, then diving down into the dusk and throng again. Like Phantoms in the hour of midnight ; most spectral, pandemonial ! Never did President Vergniaud, or any terrestrial President, superintend the like. A King's Life, and so much else that depends thereon, hangs trembling in the balance. Man after man mounts, the buzz hushes itself till he have spoken : Death ; Banishment ; Imprisonment till the Peace. Many say, Death ; with what cautious well-studied phrases and paragraphs they could devise, of explanation, of enforcement, of faint recommendation to mercy. Many too say, Banishment ; something short of Death. The balance trembles, none can yet guess whitherward.

The poor Girondins, many of them, under such fierce bellowing of Patriotism, say Death ; justifying, *motivant*, that most miserable word of theirs by some brief casuistry and jesuitry. Vergniaud himself says, Death ; justifying by jesuitry. Rich Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau had been of the Noblesse, and then of the Patriot Left Side, in the Constituent ; and had argued and reported, there and elsewhere, not a little, *against* Capital Punishment : nevertheless he now says, Death ; a word which may cost him dear. Manuel did surely rank with the Decided in August last ; but he has been sinking and backsliding ever since September, and the scenes of September. In this Convention, above all, no word he could speak would find favour ; he says now, Banishment ; and in mute wrath quits the place for ever—much hustled in the corridors. Philippe Egalité votes in his soul and conscience, Death, at the sound of which, and of whom, even Patriotism shakes its head ; and there runs a groan and shudder through this Hall of Doom. Robespierre's vote cannot be doubtful ; his speech is long. Men see the figure of shrill Sieyès ascend ; hardly pausing, passing merely, this figure says, "*La Mort sans phrase*, Death without phrases ;" and fares onward and downward. Most spectral, pandemonial !

And yet if the Reader fancy it of a funereal, sorrowful or even grave

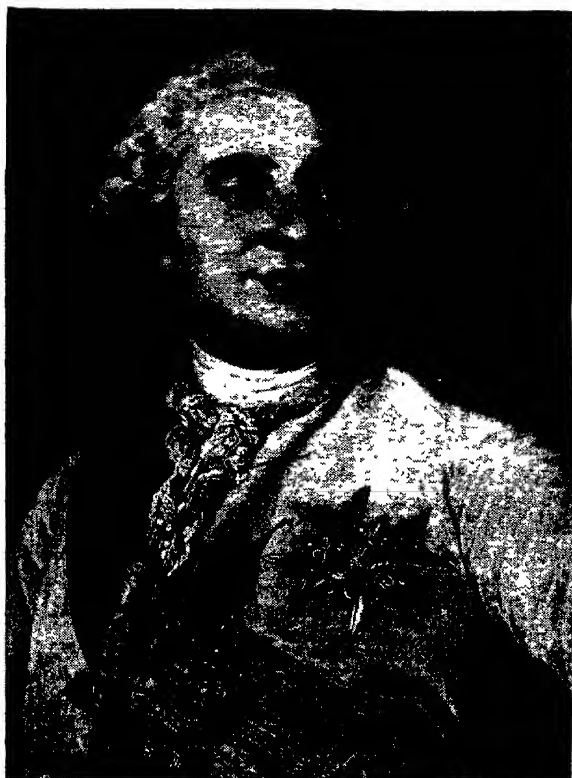


Photo. Rischgitz Collection

LOUIS XVI.

Carlyle's vivid description of the trial and execution of the King is given in the text

character, he is farmistaken. "The Ushers in the Mountain quarter," says Mercier, "had become as Box-openers at the Opera;" opening and shutting of Galleries for privileged persons, for "d'Orleans Egalité's mistresses," or other high-dizened women of condition, rustling with laces and tricolor. Gallant Deputies pass and repass thitherward, treating them with ices, refreshments and small-talk; the high-dizened heads beck responsive; some have their card and pin, pricking down the Ayes and Noes, as at a game of *Rouge-et-Noir*. Further aloft reigns Mère Duchesse with her unrouged Amazons; she cannot be prevented making long *Hahas*, when the vote is not *La Mort*. In these Galleries there is refection, drinking of wine and brandy "as in open tavern, *en pleine tabagie*." Betting goes on in all coffee-houses of the neighbourhood. But within doors, fatigue, impatience, utter-



Photo. Rischgitz Collection

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

The young and remarkably beautiful Queen of Louis XVI. aroused even more compassion than her unfortunate consort. She also was a victim to the guillotine.

most weariness sits now on all visages; lighted up only from time to time, by turns of the game. Members have fallen asleep; Ushers come and awaken them to vote: other Members calculate whether they shall not have time to run and dine. Figures rise, like phantoms, pale in the dusky lamp-light; utter from this Tribune, only one word: Death. "*Tout est optique*," says Mercier, "the world is all an optical shadow." Deep in the Thursday night, when the Voting is done, and Secretaries are summing it up, sick Duchâtel, more spectral than another, comes borne on a chair, wrapt in blankets, "in nightgown and night-cap," to vote for Mercy: one vote it is thought may turn the scale.

Ah no! In profoundest silence, President Vergniaud, with a voice full of sorrow, has to say: "I declare, in the name of the Convention, that the Punishment it pronounces on Louis

Capet is that of Death." Death by a small majority of Fifty-three. Nay, if we deduct from the one side, and add to the other, a certain Twenty-six, who said Death but coupled some faintest ineffectual surmise of mercy with it, the majority will be but *One*.

Death is the sentence: but its execution? It is not executed yet! Scarcely is the vote declared when Louis's Three Advocates enter; with Protest in his name, with demand for Delay, for Appeal to the People. For this do Desèze and Tronchet plead, with brief eloquence; brave old Malesherbes pleads for it with eloquent want of eloquence, in broken sentences, in embarrassment and sobs; the brave time-honoured face, with its grey strength, its broad sagacity and honesty, is mastered with emotion, melts into dumb tears.—They reject the Appeal to the People; that having been already settled. But as to the Delay, what they call *Sursis*, it *shall* be considered; shall be voted for to-morrow: at present we adjourn. Whereupon Patriotism "hisses" from the Mountain: but a "tyrannical majority" has so decided, and adjourns.

There is still this *fourth* Vote then, growls indignant Patriotism:—this vote, and who knows what other votes, and adjournments of voting; and the whole matter still hovering hypothetical! And at every new vote those Jesuit Girondins, even they who voted for Death, would so fain find a loophole! Patriotism must watch and rage. Tyrannical adjournments there have been; one, and now another at midnight on plea of fatigue—all Friday wasted in hesitation and higgling; in *re-counting* of the votes, which are found correct as they stood! Patriotism bays fiercer than ever; Patriotism, by long-watching, has become red-eyed, almost rabid.

"Delay: yes or no?" men do vote it finally, all Saturday, all day and night. Men's nerves are worn out, men's hearts are desperate; now it shall end. Vergniaud, spite of the baying, ventures to say Yes, Delay; though he had voted Death. Philippe Egalité says, in his

soul and conscience, No. The next Member mounting: "Since Philippe says No, I for my part say Yes, *Moi je dis Oui*." The balance still trembles. Till finally, at three o'clock on Sunday morning, we have: *No Delay*, by a majority of Seventy; *Death within four-and-twenty hours!*

Garat Minister of Justice has to go to the Temple, with this stern message: he ejaculates repeatedly, "*Quelle commission affreuse*, What a frightful function!" Louis begs for a Confessor; for yet three days of life, to prepare himself to die. The Confessor is granted; the three days and all respite are refused. . . . .

A Confessor has come; Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, whom the King knew by good report, has come promptly on this solemn mission. Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless King; it with its malice will go its way, thou also canst go thine. A hard scene yet remains; the parting with our loved ones. Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us; to be left *here!* Let the Reader look with the eyes of Valet Cléry, through these glass-doors, where also the Municipality watches; and see the cruellest of scenes:

"At half-past eight, the door of the ante-room opened: the Queen appeared first, leading her Son by the hand; then Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth: they all flung themselves into the arms of the King. Silence reigned for some minutes; interrupted only by sobs. The Queen made a movement to lead his Majesty towards the inner room, where M. Edgeworth was waiting unknown to them: 'No,' said the King, 'let us go into the dining-room, it is there only that I can see you.' They entered there; I shut the door of it, which was of glass. The King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale almost in front; the young Prince remained standing between his Father's legs. They all leaned towards him, and often held him embraced. This scene of woe lasted an hour and three-quarters; during which we could hear nothing; we could see only that always when the



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"TO VERSAILLES." AN INCIDENT IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, 1789  
From the painting by Val C. Prinsep, R A , in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield

King spoke, the sobbings of the Princesses redoubled, continued for some minutes; and that then the King began again to speak."—And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly Sun, are over. Thou, good soul, I shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee any more!—NEVER! O Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

For nearly two hours this agony lasts; then they tear themselves asunder. "Promise that you will see us on the morrow." He promises:—Ah yes, yes; yet once; and go now, ye loved ones; cry to God for yourselves and me!—It was a hard scene, but it is over. He will not see them on the morrow. The Queen in passing through the ante-room glanced at the Cerberus Municipals; and with woman's vehemence, said through her tears, "*Vous êtes tous des scélérats.*"

King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry dressed his hair; while this went forward, Louis took a ring from his watch, and kept trying it on his finger; it was his wedding-ring, which he is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six, he took the Sacrament; and continued in devotion, and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his Family: it were too hard to bear.

At eight, the Municipals enter: the King gives them his Will and messages and effects; which they, at first, brutally refuse to take charge of: he gives them a roll of gold pieces, a hundred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three minutes, Santerre again says the hour is come. "Stamping on the ground with his right foot, Louis answers: '*Partons, let us go.*'"—How the rolling of those drums comes in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a

queenly wife; soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King's Sister and Children. Over all these Four does Death also hover: all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d'Angouleme, will live—not happily.

At the Temple Gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voice of pitiful women: "*Grace! Grace!*" Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there: the armed, did any even pity, dare not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbours. All windows are down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets but one only. Eighty thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men; cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word or movement: it is a city enchanted into silence and stone; one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound. Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying: clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence; but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth. . . . .

The drums are beating: "*Taisez-vous, Silence!*" he cries in a terrible voice, "*d'une voix terrible.*" He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of grey, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind him: he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, "his face very red," and says: "Frenchmen, I die innocent: it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France - -" A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out with uplifted hand: "*Tambours!*" The drums drown the voice. "Executioners, do your duty!" The Executioners, desperate lest them-

selves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike if they do not), seize the hapless Louis: six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven." The Axe clanks down; a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday the 21st of January, 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years four months and twenty-eight days.

Executioner Samson shews the Head: fierce shouts of *Vive la République* rises and swells; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving: students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais; fling it over Paris. Orleans drives off in his cabriolet; the Town-hall Councillors

rub their hands, saying, "It is done. It is done." There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points in the blood. Headsman Samson, though he afterwards denied it, sells locks of the hair: fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings.—And so, in some half-hour it is done; and the multitude has all departed. Pastrycooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries: the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffee-houses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was. A grave thing it indisputably is: and will have consequences.



Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.

#### THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

Carlyle's famous description of the fall and execution of Robespierre, the chief tyrant of the Revolution, is given in the text.

## III.

THE DOWNFALL OF  
ROBESPIERRE.

*Robespierre, trusted by the people, was the chief revolutionary figure. Carlyle dubbed him "the sea-green incorruptible"; he was popularly identified with the horrors of the Reign of Terror, but violent reaction came and a growing nausea against the Terror was directed against Robespierre, feared by some as a dictator or tyrant, he was howled down in Parliament. The following passage begins with Saint-Just's presentation of a Report to the Convention.*

He is interrupted by Tallien, who declaims: "Citoyens, at the Jacobins last night, I trembled for the Republic. I said to myself, if the Convention dare not strike the Tyrant, then I myself dare; and with this I will do it, if need be," said he, whisking out a clear-gleaming Dagger, and brandishing it there: the Steel of Brutus, as we call it. Whereat we all bellow, and brandish, impetuous acclaim. "Tyranny; Dictatorship! Triumvirat!" And the *Salut* Committee-men accuse, and all men accuse, and uproar, and impetuously acclaim. And Saint-Just is standing motionless, pale of face; Gouthon ejaculating, "Triumvir?" with a look at his paralytic legs. And Robespierre is struggling to speak, but President Thuriot is jingling the bell against him, but the Hall is sounding against him like an Æolus-Hall: and Robespierre is mounting the Tribune-steps and descending again; going and coming, like to choke with rage, terror, desperation:—and mutiny is the order of the day!

O President Thuriot, thou that wert Elector Thuriot, and from the Bastille battlements sawest Saint-Antoine rising like the Ocean-tide, and hast seen much since, sawest thou ever the like of this? Jingle of bell, which thou jinglest against Robespierre, is hardly audible amid the Bedlam-storm; and men rage for life. "President of Assassins," shrieks Robespierre, "I demand speech of thee for the last time!" It cannot be had. "To you, O virtuous men of the Plain," cries he, finding audience one moment, "I

appeal to you!" The virtuous men of the Plain sit silent as stones. And Thuriot's bell jingles, and the Hall sounds like Æolus's Hall. Robespierre's frothing lips are grown "blue"; his tongue dry, cleaving to the roof of his mouth. "The blood of Danton chokes him," cry they. "Accusation! Decree of Accusation!" Thuriot swiftly puts that question. Accusation passes; the incorruptible Maximilien is decreed Accused.

"I demand to share my Brother's fate, as I have striven to share his virtues," cries Augustin, the Younger Robespierre: Augustin also is decreed. And Couthon, and Saint-Just, and Lebas, they are all decreed; and packed forth—not without difficulty, the Ushers almost trembling to obey. Triumvirat and Company are packed forth, into *Salut* Committee-room; their tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth. . . .

And so the work is finished? One thinks so; and yet it is not so. Alas, there is yet but the first act finished; three or four other acts still to come; and an uncertain catastrophe! A huge City holds in it so many confusions: seven hundred thousand human heads; not one of which knows what its neighbour is doing, nay not what itself is doing.—See, accordingly, about three in the afternoon, Commandant Henriot, how instead of sitting cashiered, arrested, he gallops along the Quais, followed by Municipal Gendarmes, "trampling down several persons!" For the Townhall sits deliberating, openly insurgent: Barriers to be shut; no Gaoler to admit any Prisoner this day; and Henriot is galloping towards the Tuileries, to deliver Robespierre. On the Quai de la Ferraille, a young Citoyen, walking with his wife, says aloud: "Gendarmes, that man is not your Commandant; he is under arrest." The Gendarmes strike down the young Citoyen with the flat of their swords.

He bursts towards the Tuileries Committee-room, "to speak with Robespierre:" with difficulty, the Ushers and Tuileries Gendarmes, earnestly pleading and drawing sabre, seize this Henriot; get the Henriot Gendarmes



Photo. Rischgitz Collection

## DANTON

A leader of the Terrorists, guillotined by Robespierre, who was jealous of his power. His last words were. "Show my head to the people, it is worth showing"

persuaded not to fight ; get Robespierre and Company packed into hackney-coaches, sent off under escort, to the Luxembourg and other Prisons. This then *is* the end? May not an exhausted Convention adjourn now, for a little repose and sustenance, "at five o'clock?"

An exhausted Convention did it ; and repented it. The end was not come ; only the end of the *second-act*. Hark, while exhausted Representatives sit at victuals—tocsin bursting from all steeples, drums rolling, in the summer evening : Judge Coffinhal is galloping with new Gendarmes to deliver Henriot from Tuileries Committee-room ; and does deliver him ! Puissant Henriot vaults on horseback ; sets to haranguing the Tuileries Gendarmes ; corrupts the Tuileries Gendarmes too ; trots off with them to Townhall. Alas, and Robespierre is not in Prison : the Gaoler shewed his Municipal order, durst not on pain of his life, admit any Prisoner ,

the Robespierre Hackney-coaches, in confused jangle and whirl of uncertain Gendarmes, have floated safe—into the Townhall ! There sit Robespierre and Company, embraced by Municipals and Jacobins, in sacred right of Insurrection ; redacting Proclamations ; sounding tocsins ; corresponding with Sections and Mother Society. Is not here a pretty enough third-act of a *natural* Greek Drama ; catastrophe more uncertain than ever ?

The hasty Convention rushes together again, in the ominous nightfall : President Collot, for the chair is his, enters with long strides, paleness on his face ; claps on his hat ; says with solemn tone : "Citoyens, armed Villains have beset the Committee-rooms, and got possession of them. The hour is come, to die at our post !" "*Oui*," answer one and all : "We swear it !" It is no rhodomontade, this time, but a sad fact and necessity . unless we *do* at our posts, we must verily die ! Swift therefore,

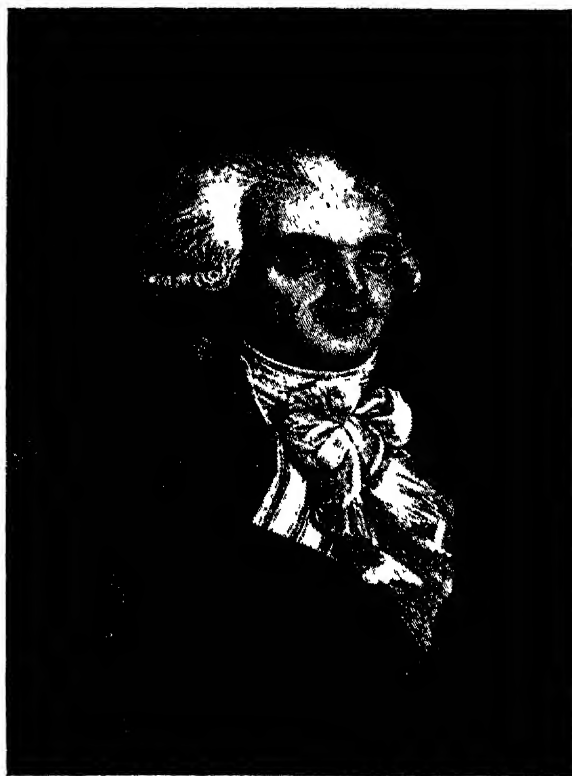


Photo: Rischgitz Collection

## ROBESPIERRE

One of the most terrible figures in all history. Feared by some as dictator and tyrant, he fell at last under the guillotine.

Robespierre, Henriot, the Municipality, are declared Rebels. . . . .

What a distracted City; men riding and running, reporting and hearsaying; the Hour clearly in travail—child not to be named till born! The poor Prisoners in the Luxembourg hear the rumour; tremble for a new September. They see men making signals to them, on skylights and roofs, apparently signals of hope; cannot in the least make out what it is. We observe, however, in the eventide, as usual, the Death-tumbrils faring South-eastward, through Saint-Antoine, towards their Barrier du Trône. Saint-Antoine's tough bowels melt; Saint-Antoine surrounds the Tumbrils; says, It shall not be O Heavens, why should it! Henriot and Gendarmes, scouring the streets that way, bellow, with waved sabres, that it must Quit hope, ye poor Doomed! The Tumbrils move on . . .

Through this blessed July night, there

is clangour, confusion very great. . . . Meek continual Twilight streaming up, which will be Dawn and a To-morrow, silvers the Northern hem of Night; it wends and wends there, that meek brightness, like a silent prophecy, along the great Ring-Dial of the Heaven. So still, eternal! And on Earth all is confused shadow and conflict; dissidence, tumultuous gloom and glare; and Destiny as yet shakes her doubtful urn.

About three in the morning, the dissident Armed-Forces have met. Henriot's Armed Force stood ranked in the Place de Grève; and now Barras's, which he has recruited, arrives there; and they front each other, cannon bristling against cannon. Citoyens! cries the voice of Discretion loudly enough, Before coming to bloodshed, to endless civil-war, hear the Convention Decree read: "Robespierre and all rebels Out of Law!" - Out of Law? There is terror in the



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Horrified by tales of Marat's atrocities, this brave peasant girl came up from Brittany, sought an interview with him, and was guillotined.



Photo: Rischgitz Collection

THE CALL OF THE GIRONDISTS, WHO WERE ORDERLY CONSTITUTIONAL REPUBLICANS.

From a painting by Flameng in the Luxembourg.

sound: unarmed Citoyens disperse rapidly home; Municipal Cannoneers range themselves on the Convention side, with shouting. At which shout, Henriot descends from his upper room, far gone in drink as some say; finds his Place de Grève empty; the cannons' mouth turned *towards* him; and, on the whole—that it is now the catastrophe!

Stumbling in again, the wretched drunk-sobered Henriot announces: "All is lost!" "*Misérable!* it is thou that hast lost it," cry they: and fling him, or else he flings himself, out of window: far enough down; into masonwork and horror of cesspool; not into death but worse. Augustin Robespierre follows him; with the like fate. Saint-Just called on Lebas to kill him: who would not. Couthon crept under a table; attempting to kill himself; not doing it.—On entering that Sanhedrin of Insurrection, we find all as good as extinct; undone, ready for seizure. Robespierre was sitting on a chair, with pistol-shot blown through, not his head, but his

under jaw; the suicidal hand had failed. With prompt zeal, not without trouble, we gather these wrecked Conspirators; fish up even Henriot and Augustin, bleeding and foul; pack them all, rudely enough, into carts; and shall, before sunrise, have them safe under lock and key. Amid shoutings and embracings.

Robespierre lay in an anteroom of the Convention Hall, while his Prison-escort was getting ready; the mangled jaw bound up rudely with bloody linen: a spectacle to men. He lies stretched on a table, a deal-box his pillow; the sheath of the pistol is still clenched convulsively in his hand. Men bully him, insult him: his eyes still indicate intelligence; he speaks no word. "He had on the sky-blue coat he had got made for the Feast of the *Etre Suprême*"—O reader, can thy hard heart hold out against that? His trousers were nankeen; the stockings had fallen down over the ankles. He spake no word more in this world.

And so, at six in the morning, a

victorious Convention adjourns. Report flies over Paris as on golden wings; penetrates the Prisons; irradiates the faces of those that were ready to perish: turnkeys and *moutons*, fallen from their high estate, look mute and blue. It is the 28th day of July, called 10th of Thermidor, year 1794.

At four in the afternoon, never before were the streets of Paris seen so crowded. From the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution, for *thither* again go the Tumbrils this time, it is one dense stirring mass; all windows crammed; the very roofs and ridge-tiles budding forth human Curiosity, in strange gladness. The Death-tumbrils, with their motley Batch of Outlaws, some Twenty-three or so, from Maximilien to Mayor Fleuriot and Simon the Cordwainer, roll on. All eyes are on Robespierre's Tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead Brother, and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered; their "seventeen hours"

of agony about to end. The Gendarmes point their swords at him, to shew the people which is he. A woman springs on the Tumbril; clutching the side of it with one hand; waving the other Sibyl-like; and exclaims: "The death of thee gladdens my very heart, *m'enivre de joie*;" Robespierre opened his eyes; "*Scélérat*, go down to Hell, with the curses of all wives and mothers!"—At the foot of the scaffold, they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted aloft, his eyes again opened; caught the bloody axe. Samson wrenched the coat off him; wrenched the dirty linen from his jaw: the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry—hideous to hear and see. Samson, thou canst not be too quick!

Samson's work done, there burst forth shout on shout of applause. Shout, which prolongs itself not only over Paris, but over France, but over Europe, and down to this Generation.

# CHILDE HAROLD

## BYRON

*The first two cantos of "Childe Harold," which made Byron famous as a poet, and threw open to him all the doors of rank and fashion, were published on March 1st, 1812. Never in the history of English Poetry was a success more instantaneous or impassioned. An early reader records that on that day public enthusiasm began in the morning and "before night the flame was strong enough to be everlasting." It has now been bright for a century.*

*The first two cantos of "Childe Harold" are Lord Byron's record of the conventional "grand tour" of Europe, on which he set out in July, 1809. Four and a half days after he had sailed from Falmouth he arrived at Lisbon. After travelling across Spain to Gibraltar, the party, which consisted of Byron, his intimate and life-long friend, John Cam Hobhouse, and three of the poet's servants, embarked for Malta. Thence the voyage was continued to Greece,*

*and in November Byron reached Missolonghi, little knowing that fifteen years later he was to die there for Greece and for his own redemption. In Athens he met Theresa Macri, the "Maid of Athens" of his most famous lyrics. Reaching Constantinople in May, 1810, he thought of Leander's great exploit, and repeated it by swimming the Hellespont. After visiting the site of Troy and the Plain of Marathon, he returned to Athens, where he spent the winter of 1810-11 in a Capuchin convent. From Athens he returned by way of Malta to England, arriving at Portsmouth, with the two first cantos of "Childe Harold" completed, in June, 1811.*

*The third and fourth cantos belong to another period of Byron's vexed and errant life. They may be said, indeed, to have been written by another Byron. He had married in January, 1815, Miss Anne Isabella Milbanke, daughter and heiress of*

Sir Ralph Milbanke, and the marriage had ended not only in private disaster, but in public scandal.

On April 24th, 1816, Byron left England never to return. The third and fourth cantos of "*Childe Harold*" are the record of his journey into his last and long exile. He sailed to Ostend and began to lead through Europe "the pageant of his bleeding heart."

The man who had begun "*Childe Harold*" was not the man who now continued it. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has said: "Divide the first two cantos of '*Childe Harold*' from the remainder . . . who can fail to perceive the sudden deepening of the voice to sincerity, the as sudden lift to music and imagination? Who can fail to feel that out of mere *Vanity Fair* we have passed at one stride into a region of moral earnestness, into acquaintance with a grand manner, into a presence?"

Byron's second journey in Europe was from the north-west, not from the south-east. He travelled in a big coach, modelled on Napoleon's. He arrived at Brussels. He saw the field of Waterloo, and his great lines on the battle are here quoted. He gave himself to the great Swiss mountains, to Lake Lemman, to the thunders and lightning of Jura, and in the midst of them exclaimed, "I have not loved the World, nor the World me." He reached Venice, and plunged into all the mediævalism and antiquity of Italy. He thought of Boccaccio and Dante. In Rome he figured Rome as the "Niobe of Nations."

To track the topography of "*Childe Harold*" would be tedious in an introduction to a few extracts, and it has been thought sufficient to prefix titles to the following selections.

## CHILDE HAROLD.

VI

And now Childe Harold was sore sick  
at heart,  
And from his fellow bacchanals would  
flee.

'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would  
start,

But Pride congeal'd the drop within  
his ee :

Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,  
And from his native land resolved to go,  
And visit scorching climes beyond the  
sea ;

With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd  
for woe,

And e'en for change of scene would seek  
the shades below. . . .



Photo. W. A. Mansell & Co.

LORD BYRON.

From the painting by Thos. Phillips, R.A., in the  
National Portrait Gallery

## THE DEPARTURE.

XII

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light  
winds blew,

Asglad to waft him from his native home;  
And fast the white rocks faded from his  
view,

And soon were lost in circumambient  
foam :

And then, it may be, of his wish to roam  
Repented he, but in his bosom slept  
The silent thought, nor from his lips did  
come

One word of wail, whilst others sate and  
wept,

And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning  
kept.

## XIII

But when the sun was sinking in the sea  
 He seized his harp, which he at times  
   could string,  
 And strike, albeit with untaught melody,  
 When deem'd he no strange ear was  
   listening.  
 And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,  
 And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.  
 While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,  
 And fleeting shores receded from his  
   sight,  
 Thus to the elements he pour'd his last  
   "Good Night."

\* \* \*

## FAREWELL.

Adieu, adieu ! my native shore  
 Fades o'er the waters blue ;  
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
 We follow in his flight ;  
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
 My native Land—Good Night !

A few short hours and he will rise  
 To give the morrow birth ;  
 And I shall hail the main and skies,  
 But not my mother earth.  
 Deserted is my own good hall,  
 Its hearth is desolate ;  
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;  
 My dog howls at the gate. . . .

And now I'm in the world alone,  
 Upon the wide, wide sea :  
 But why should I for others groan,  
 When none would sigh for me ?  
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
 Till fed by stranger hands ;  
 But long ere I come back again  
 He'd tear me where he stands.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
 Athwart the foaming brine ;  
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
 So not again to mine.  
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves !  
 And when you fail my sight,  
 Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves !  
 My native Land—Good Night ! . . .

\* \* \*

## A BULL FIGHT IN OLD CADIZ.

*From Canto the First.*

## LXXII

The lists are oped, the spacious area  
 clear'd,  
 Thousands on thousands piled are seated  
 round ;

Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is  
 heard

No vacant space for lated wight is found :  
 Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames  
   abound,  
 Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,  
 Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound ;  
 None through their cold disdain are  
   doom'd to die,  
 As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's  
   sad archery.

## LXXIII

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant  
 steeds,  
 With milk-white crest, gold spur, and  
 light-poised lance  
 Four cavaliers prepare for venturous  
 deeds  
 And lowly bending to the lists advance ;  
 Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly  
   prance ;  
 If in the dangerous game they shine  
   to-day  
 The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely  
 glance  
 Best prize of better acts, they bear away,  
 And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their  
   toils repay.

## LXXIV

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,  
 But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore  
 Stands in the centre, eager to invade  
 The lord of lowing herds ; but not before  
 The ground, with cautious tread, is  
   traversed o'er,  
 Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart  
   his speed :  
 His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more  
 Can man achieve without the friendly  
   steed—  
 Alas ! too oft condemn'd for him to bear  
   and bleed.

## LXXV

Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the  
 signal falls  
 The den expands, and Expectation mute  
 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled  
 walls.  
 Bounds with one lashing spring the  
 mighty brute,  
 And, wildly staring, spurns, with sound-  
   ing foot,  
 The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe :  
 Here, there, he points his threatening  
   front, to suit  
 His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
 His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's dilated  
   glow.

## LXXVI

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fix'd : away,  
 Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the  
 spear :

Now is thy time to perish, or display  
The skill that yet may check his mad  
career.  
With well-timed croupe the nimble  
coursers veer ;  
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he  
goes ;  
Streams from his flank the crimson  
torrent clear :  
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his  
throes ;  
Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud  
bellowings speak his woes.

LXXVII

Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance avail,  
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured  
horse ;  
Though man and man's avenging arms  
assail,  
Vain are the weapons, vainer is his force.  
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled  
corse ;  
Another, hideous sight ! unseam'd  
appears,  
His gory chest unveils life's panting  
source ;  
Though death-struck, still his feeble  
frame he rears ;  
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord  
unharm'd he bears.

LXXVIII

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to  
the last,  
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay  
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and  
lances brast,  
And foes disabled in the brutal fray :  
And now the Matadores around him play,  
Shake the red cloak and poise the ready  
brand :  
Once more through all he bursts his  
thundering way—  
Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conyng  
hand,  
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks  
upon the sand !

LXXIX

Where his vast neck just mingles with  
the spine,  
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon  
lies.  
He stops—he starts—disdaining to  
decline :  
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,  
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.  
The decorated car appears—on high  
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar  
eyes—  
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift  
as shy,  
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in  
dashing by. . . .

GREECE FIRST SEEN.

*From Canto the Second.*

Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed worth !  
Immortal, though no more ; though  
fallen, great !  
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children  
forth,  
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate ?  
Not such thy sons who whilome did  
await,  
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,  
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—  
Oh ! who that gallant spirit shall resume,  
Leap from Eurota's banks, and call thee  
from the tomb ? . . .

LXXVI

Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not  
Who would be free themselves must  
strike the blow ?  
By their right arms the conquest must  
be wrought ?  
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye ? no !  
True, they may lay your proud despoilers  
low,  
But not for you will Freedom's altars  
flame.  
Shades of Helots ! triumph o'er your  
foe !  
Greece ! change thy lords, thy state is  
still the same ;  
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years  
of shame. . . .

This must he feel, the true-born son of  
Greece,  
If Greece one true-born patriot still can  
boast :  
Not such as prate of war, but skulk in  
peace,  
The bondman's peace, who sighs for all  
he lost,  
Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can  
accost,  
And wield the slavish sickle, not the  
sword .  
Ah ! Greece ! they love thee least who  
owe thee most—  
Their birth, their blood, and that  
sublime record  
Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate  
horde ! . . .

LXXXV

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,  
Land of lost gods and godlike men, art  
thou !  
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,  
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite  
now .  
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface  
bow,

Commingle slowly with heroic earth,  
 Broke by the share of every rustic  
 plough :  
 So perish monuments of mortal birth,  
 So perish all in turn, save well-recorded  
 Worth ;

LXXXVI

Save where some solitary column mourns  
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave ,  
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns  
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the  
 wave ;  
 Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten  
 grave,  
 Where the gray stones and unmolested  
 grass  
 Ages, but not oblivion, freely brave ;  
 While strangers only not regardless pass  
 Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and  
 sigh " Alas ! "

LXXXVII

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as  
 wild ;  
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are  
 thy fields,  
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,  
 And still his honey'd wealth Hymettus  
 yields ;  
 There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress  
 builds,  
 The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-  
 air ;  
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,  
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare ;  
 Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still  
 is fair.

LXXXVIII

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy  
 ground ;  
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,  
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads  
 around,  
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,  
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold  
 The scenes our earliest dreams have  
 dwelt upon ;  
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen  
 and wold  
 Defies the power which crush'd thy  
 temples gone :  
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray  
 Marathon. . . .

\* \* \*

## WATERLOO.

*From Canto the Third.*

Stop !—for thy tread is on an Empire's  
 dust !  
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred  
 below !  
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust ?

Nor column trophied for triumphal  
 show ?  
 None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler  
 so,  
 As the ground was before, thus let it  
 be,—  
 How that red rain hath made the harvest  
 grow !  
 And is this all the world has gain'd by  
 thee,  
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making  
 Victory ?

And Harold stands upon this place of  
 skulls,  
 The grave of Francè, the deadly  
 Waterloo !  
 How in an hour the power which gave  
 annuls  
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting  
 too !  
 In " pride of place " here last the eagle  
 flew,  
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent  
 plain,  
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations  
 through ;  
 Ambition's life and labours all were vain ;  
 He wears the shattered links of the world's  
 broken chain.

Fit retribution ! Gaul may champ the  
 bit  
 And foam in fetters ;—but is Earth more  
 free ?  
 Did nations combat to make *One* submit ;  
 Or league to teach all kings true  
 sovereignty ?  
 What ! shall reviving Thrakdom again be  
 The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days ?  
 Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall  
 we  
 Pay the Wolf homage ? proffering lowly  
 gaze  
 And servile knees to thrones ? No ; *prove*  
 before ye praise ! . . .

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and  
 brave men ;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and  
 when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake  
 again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage bell ;  
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes  
 like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the  
 wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;



A CHARIOT RACE IN THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS AT ROME.

From the painting by E. Forti.

The Roman wild chariot-races, with four horses abreast, provided incomparable thrills

On with the dance ! let joy be un-  
 confined ;  
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and  
 Pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying  
 feet—  
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in  
 once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
 Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's  
 opening roar !

Within a window's niche of that high  
 hall  
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did  
 hear  
 That sound the first amidst the festival,  
 And caught its tone with Death's  
 prophetic ear ;  
 And when they smiled because he  
 deem'd it near,  
 His heart more truly knew that peal too  
 well  
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody  
 bier,  
 And roused the vengeance blood alone  
 could quell ;  
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost  
 fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and  
 fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of  
 distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
 blush'd at the praise of their own  
 loveliness ;  
 And there were sudden partings, such as  
 press  
 The life from out young hearts, and  
 choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated ; who  
 could guess  
 If ever more should meet those mutual  
 eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn  
 could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste :  
 the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clatter-  
 ing car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous  
 speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning  
 star ;  
 While throng'd the citizens with terror  
 dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips—" The foe !  
 they come ! they come ! "

And wild and high the " Cameron's  
 gathering " rose !  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's  
 hills  
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her  
 Saxon foes.—  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch  
 thrills,  
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath  
 which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the moun-  
 taineers  
 With the fierce native daring which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each  
 clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her  
 green leaves,  
 Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they  
 pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave—alas !  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above  
 shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope shall moulder  
 cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal sound  
 of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms the  
 day  
 Battle's magnificently stern array !  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which  
 when rent  
 The earth is cover'd thick with other  
 clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd  
 and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe, in one red  
 burial blent ! . . .

\* \* \*

## THE COLISEUM IN ROME.

*From Canto the Fourth.*

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
 In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd  
 applause,  
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow-  
 man.  
 And wherefore slaughter'd ? wherefore,  
 but because  
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,  
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore  
 not ?  
 What matters where we fall to fill the  
 maws



THE COLISEUM, ROME.

"And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,  
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man."

Of worms—on battle-plains or listed  
spot ?  
Both are but theatres where the chief  
actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie :  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually  
low—  
And through his side the last drops,  
ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower, and  
now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd  
the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far  
away ;  
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube  
lay,  
There were his young barbarians all at  
play,  
There was their Dacian mother—he, their  
sire,

Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—  
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he  
expire  
And unavenged ? Arise ! ye Goths, and  
glut your ire !

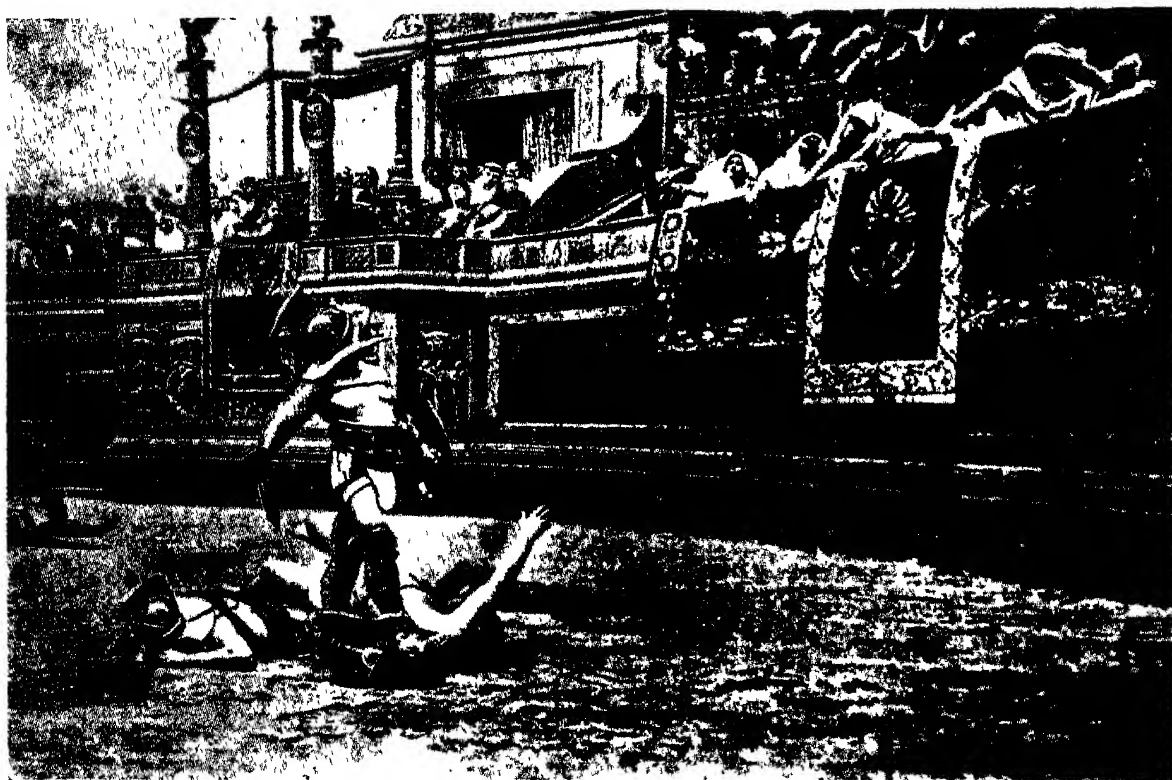
But here, where Murder breathed her  
bloody steam ;  
And here, where buzzing nations choked  
the ways,  
And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain  
stream  
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;  
Here, where the Roman millions blame  
or praise  
Was death or life, the playthings of a  
crowd,  
My voice sounds much—and fall the  
stars' faint rays  
On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls  
bow'd—  
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes  
strangely loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass  
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been  
rear'd ;  
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
And marvel where the spoil could have  
appear'd. . . .

But when the rising moon begins to climb  
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;  
 When the stars twinkle through the loops  
 of time,  
 And the low night-breeze waves along the  
 air  
 The garland forest, which the gray walls  
 wear,  
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;  
 When the light shines serene but doth  
 not glare,  
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead :  
 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their  
 dust ye tread. . .

CLXXVIII

There is a pleasure in the pathless  
 woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I  
 steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all  
 conceal.



"I see before me the Gladiator lie : . . .  
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won."

\* \* \*

## SOLITUDE AND OCEAN.

CLXXVII

Oh ! that the Desert were my dwelling-  
 place,  
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,  
 That I might all forget the human race,  
 And, hating no one, love but only her !  
 Ye elements !—in whose ennobling stir  
 I feel myself exalted—Can ye not  
 Accord me such a being ? Do I err  
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?  
 Though with them to converse can rarely  
 be our lot.

CLXXIX

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean  
 — roll ! [vain :  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his  
 control  
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery  
 plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth  
 remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling  
 groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and  
 unknown.

CLXXX

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy  
fields  
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise  
And shake him from thee; the vile  
strength he wields  
For earth's destruction thou dost all  
despise,  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the  
skies,  
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful  
spray  
And howling, to his Gods, where haply  
lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth—there let  
him lay.

CLXXXI

The armaments which thunder strike the  
walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations  
quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs  
make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy  
flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which  
mar  
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of  
Trafalgar

CLXXXII

Thy shores are empires, changed in all  
save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what  
are they?  
Thy waters wash'd them power while  
they were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores  
obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their  
decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts—not so  
thou;—  
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves'  
play,  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure  
brow:  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou  
rollest now

CLXXXIII

Thou glorious murmur, where the  
Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—  
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or  
storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and  
sublime,  
The image of eternity, the throne  
Of the Invisible; even from out thy  
slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each  
zone  
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread,  
fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my  
joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onwards: from  
a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to  
me  
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing  
fear,  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I  
do here.

CLXXXV

My task is done, my song hath ceased, my  
theme  
Has died into an echo; it is fit  
The spell should break of this protracted  
dream.  
The torch shall be extinguish'd which  
hath lit  
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is  
writ;  
Would it were worthier! but I am not  
now  
That which I have been—and my visions  
fit  
Less palpably before me—and the glow  
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint,  
and low.

CLXXXVI

Farewell! a word that must be, and  
hath been—  
A sound which makes us linger; yet—  
farewell!  
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the  
scene  
Which is his last, if in your memories  
dwell  
A thought which once was his, if on ye  
swell  
A single recollection, not in vain  
He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-  
shell;  
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the  
pain,  
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of  
his strain.

# THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

THOMAS HARDY

*This fine novel is a village epic. It relates the fortunes of a group of country people residing in the neighbourhood of Egdon Heath; and, indeed, the Heath itself, with its ever-changing moods and aspects, "the brother of winter darkness, tempests and mists, the storm its lover and the wind its friend," is almost as much a character in the story as its men and women.*

*The chief of these are Thomasin Yeobright, a simple, sweet and charming girl, whose fate it is to marry Damon Wildeve, the owner of "The Quiet Woman," a weak, unstable character, with no more conscience than an imp; Eustacia Vye, a wayward, stormy beauty, a sort of village Cleopatra, and as real as Shakespeare's, who at first makes love to Wildeve, but throws him over for Clym Yeobright, the Native, whose return from Paris to his birthplace gives the book its title; and, lastly, Diggory Venn, the reddle man, who sells redding for sheep-marking, who goes about with horse and van, glowing blood-red from head to foot, like a human Mephistopheles, but with a heart of gold.*

*Diggory is in love with Thomasin, becomes her guardian angel, and in the end, when Wildeve dies by drowning, he wins her for his wife. In the extract following is related one of the good deeds by which Diggory serves the lady of his heart. Wildeve has become aware that his wife's aunt is sending her in secret a hundred guineas by a special bearer, a yokel in the village, Christian Cantle, who has the money hidden in his boots. Resolved to gain possession of the treasure for himself, Wildeve joins the messenger, who happens to have a set of dice upon him, and persuades him to a gamble. The whole scene that follows, picturesque and vivid in its details as the work of a Dutch painter, is a most characteristic example of the author's style.*

MEANWHILE Wildeve and Christian had plunged into the heath.

It was a stagnant, warm, and misty night, full of all the heavy perfumes of new vegetation not yet dried by hot sun, and among these particularly the scent of the fern. The lantern, dangling from Christian's hand, brushed the feathery fronds in passing by, disturbing moths and other winged insects, which flew out and alighted upon its horny panes.

"So you have money to carry to Mrs. Wildeve?" said Christian's companion, after a silence. "Don't you think it very odd that it shouldn't be given to me?"

"As man and wife be one flesh, 'twould have been all the same, I should think," said Christian. "But my strict documents was, to give the money into Mrs. Wildeve's hand: and 'tis well to do things right."

"No doubt," said Wildeve. Any person who had known the circumstances might have perceived that Wildeve was mortified by the discovery that the matter in transit was money, and not, as he had supposed when at Blooms-End, some fancy nicknack which only interested the two women themselves. Mrs. Yeobright's refusal implied that his honour was not considered to be of sufficiently good quality to make him a safe bearer of his wife's property.

"How very warm it is to-night, Christian!" he said, panting, when they were nearly under Rainbarrow. "Let us sit down for a few minutes, for Heaven's sake."

Wildeve flung himself down on the soft ferns; and Christian, placing the lantern and parcel on the ground, perched himself in a cramped position hard by, his knees almost touching his

chin. He presently thrust one hand into his coat-pocket and began shaking it about.

"What are you rattling in there?" said Wildeve.

"Only the dice, sir," said Christian, quickly withdrawing his hand. "What magical machines these little things be, Mr. Wildeve! 'Tis a game I should never get tired of. Would you mind my taking 'em out and looking at 'em for a minute, to see how they are made? I didn't like to look close before the other men, for fear they should think it bad manners in me." Christian took them out and examined them in the hollow of his hand by the lantern light. "That these little things should carry such luck, and such charm, and such a spell, and such power in 'em, passes all I ever heard or zeed," he went on, with a fascinated gaze at the dice, which, as is frequently the case in country places, were made of wood, the points being burnt upon each face with the end of a wire.

"They are a great deal in a small compass, you think?"

"Yes. Doyesuppose they really be the devil's playthings, Mr. Wildeve? If so, 'tis no good sign that I be such a lucky man."

"You ought to win some money, now that you've got them. Any woman would marry you then. Now is your time, Christian, and I would recommend you not to let it slip. Some men are born to luck, some are not. I belong to the latter class."

"Did you ever know anybody who was born to it besides myself?"

"O yes. I once heard of an Italian who sat down at a gaming-table, with only a louis (that's a foreign sovereign) in his pocket. He played on for twenty-four hours, and won ten thousand



Photo: Hoppé.

THOMAS HARDY.

pounds, stripping the bank he had played against. Then there was another man who had lost a thousand pounds, and went to the broker's next day to sell stock, that he might pay the debts. The man to whom he owed the money went with him in a hackney-coach; and to pass the time they tossed who should pay the fare. The ruined man won, and the other was tempted to continue the

game, and they played all the way. When the coachman stopped he was told to drive home again: the whole thousand pounds had been won back by the man who was going to sell."

"Ha — ha — splendid!" exclaimed Christian. "Go on—go on!"

"Then there was a man of London, who was only a waiter at White's club-house. He began playing first half-crown stakes, and then higher and higher, till he became very rich, got an appointment in India, and rose to be Governor of Madras. His daughter married a member of parliament, and the Bishop of Carlisle stood godfather to one of the children."

"Wonderful! wonderful!"

"And once there was a young man in America who gambled till he had lost his last dollar. He staked his watch and chain; and lost as before: staked his umbrella; lost again: staked his hat; lost again. staked his coat and stood in his shirt-sleeves; lost again. Began taking off his breeches, and then a looker-on gave him a trifle for his pluck. With this he won. Won back his coat, won back his hat, won back his umbrella, his watch, his money, and went out of the door a rich man."

"O, 'tis too good—it takes away my breath! Mr. Wildeve, I think I will try another shilling with you, as I am one of that sort; no danger can come o't, and you can afford to lose."

"Very well," said Wildeve, rising. Searching about with the lantern, he found a large flat stone, which he placed between himself and Christian, and sat down again. The lantern was opened to give more light, and its rays directed upon the stone. Christian put down a shilling, Wildeve another, and each threw. Christian won. They played for two. Christian won again.

"Let us try four," said Wildeve. They played for four. This time the stakes were won by Wildeve.

"Ah, those little accidents will, of course, sometimes happen to the luckiest man," he observed.

"And now I have no more money!" exclaimed Christian excitedly. "And yet, if I could go on, I should get it back

again, and more. I wish this was mine." He struck his boot upon the ground, so that the guineas chinked within.

"What! you have not put Mrs Wildeve's money there?"

"Yes. 'Tis for safety. Is it any harm to raffle with a married lady's money when, if I win, I shall only keep my winnings, and give her her own all the same; and if t'other man wins, her money will go to the lawful owner?"

"None at all."

Wildeve had been brooding ever since they started on the mean estimation in which he was held by his wife's friends; and it cut his heart severely. As the minutes passed he had gradually drifted into a revengeful intention without knowing the precise moment of forming it. This was to teach Mrs. Yeobright a lesson, as he considered it to be; in other words, to show her, if he could, that her niece's husband was the proper guardian of her niece's money.

"Well, here goes!" said Christian, beginning to unlace one boot. "I shall dream of it nights and nights, I suppose; but I shall always swear my flesh don't crawl when I think o't!"

He thrust his hand into the boot and withdrew one of poor Thomasin's precious guineas, piping hot. Wildeve had already placed a sovereign on the stone. The game was then resumed. Wildeve won first, and Christian ventured another, winning himself this time. The game fluctuated, but the average was in Wildeve's favour. Both men became so absorbed in the game that they took no heed of anything but the pigny objects immediately beneath their eyes; the flat stone, the open lantern, the dice, and the few illuminated fern-leaves which lay under the light, were the whole world to them.

At length Christian lost rapidly; and presently, to his horror, the whole fifty guineas belonging to Thomasin had been handed over to his adversary.

"I don't care—I don't care!" he moaned, and desperately set about untying his left boot to get at the other fifty. "The devil will toss me into the flames on his three-pronged fork for this night's work, I know! But perhaps



*Photo: Hermann Lea.*

EGDON HEATH.

"The long laborious road."

I shall win yet, and then I'll get a wife to sit up with me o' night, and I won't be afeard, I won't! Here's another for 'ee, my man!" He slapped another guinea down upon the stone, and the dice-box was rattled again.

Time passed on. Wildeve began to be as excited as Christian himself. When commencing the game his intention had been nothing further than a bitter practical joke on Mrs. Yeobright. To win the money, fairly or otherwise, and to hand it contemptuously to Thomasin in her aunt's presence, had been the dim outline of his purpose. But men are drawn from their intentions even in the course of carrying them out, and it was extremely doubtful, by the time the twentieth guinea had been reached, whether Wildeve was conscious of any other intention than that of winning for his own personal benefit. Moreover, he was now no longer gambling for his wife's money, but for Yeobright's; though of this fact Christian, in his apprehensiveness, did not inform him till afterwards.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, when,

with almost a shriek, Christian placed Yeobright's last bright guinea upon the stone. In thirty seconds it had gone the way of its companions.

Christian turned and flung himself on the ferns in a convulsion of remorse. "O, what shall I do with my wretched self?" he groaned. "What shall I do? Will any good Heaven have mercy upon my wicked soul?"

"Do? Live on just the same."

"I won't live on just the same! I'll die! I say you are a—a——"

"A man sharper than my neighbour."

"Yes, a man sharper than my neighbour; a regular sharper!"

"Poor chips-in-porridge, you are very unmannerly."

"I don't know about that! And I say you be unmannerly! You've got money that isn't your own. Half the guineas are poor Mr. Clym's."

"How's that?"

"Because I had to gie fifty of 'em to him. Mrs. Yeobright said so."

"Oh? . . . Well, 'twould have been more graceful of her to have given them

to his wife Eustacia. But they are in my hands now "

Christian pulled on his boots, and with heavy breathings, which could be heard to some distance, dragged his limbs together, arose, and tottered away out of sight. Wildeve set about shutting the lantern to return to the house, for he deemed it too late to go to Mistover to meet his wife, who was to be driven home in the captain's four-wheel. While he was closing the little horn door a figure rose from behind a neighbouring bush and came forward into the lantern light. It was the reddleman approaching.

### *The Reddleman Takes a Hand.*

WILDEVE stared Venn looked coolly towards Wildeve, and, without a word being spoken, he deliberately sat himself down where Christian had been seated, thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out a sovereign, and laid it on the stone.

"You have been watching us from behind that bush?" said Wildeve.

The reddleman nodded. "Down with your stake," he said. "Or haven't you pluck enough to go on?"

"Now, gambling is a species of amusement which is much more easily begun with full pockets than left off with the same; and though Wildeve in a cooler temper might have prudently declined this invitation, the excitement of his recent success carried him completely away. He placed one of the guineas on the slab beside the reddleman's sovereign. "Mine is a guinea," he said.

"A guinea that's not your own," said Venn sarcastically.

"It is my own," answered Wildeve haughtily. "It is my wife's, and what is hers is mine."

"Very well; let's make a beginning." He shook the box, and threw eight, ten, and nine; the three casts amounted to twenty-seven.

This encouraged Wildeve. He took the box; and his three casts amounted to forty-five.

Down went another of the reddleman's sovereigns against his first one which Wildeve laid. This time Wildeve threw fifty-one points, but no pair. The

reddleman looked grim, threw a raffle of aces, and pocketed the stakes.

"Here you are again," said Wildeve contemptuously. "Double the stakes." He laid two of Thomasin's guineas, and the reddleman his two pounds. Venn won again. New stakes were laid on the stone, and the gamblers proceeded as before.

Wildeve was a nervous and excitable man; and the game was beginning to tell upon his temper. He writhed, fumed, shifted his seat; and the beating of his heart was almost audible. Venn sat with lips impassively closed and eyes reduced to a pair of unimportant twinkles; he scarcely appeared to breathe. He might have been an Arab, or an automaton; he would have been like a red-sandstone statue but for the motion of his arm with the dice-box.

The game fluctuated, now in favour of one, now in favour of the other, without any great advantage on the side of either. Nearly twenty minutes were passed thus. The light of the candle had by this time attracted heath-flies, moths, and other winged creatures of night, which floated round the lantern, flew into the flame, or beat about the faces of the two players.

But neither of the men paid much attention to these things, their eyes being concentrated upon the little flat stone, which to them was an arena vast and important as a battle-field. By this time a change had come over the game; the reddleman won continually. At length sixty guineas Thomasin's fifty, and ten of Clym's had passed into his hands. Wildeve was reckless, frantic, exasperated.

"Won back his coat," said Venn slyly.

Another throw, and the money went the same way.

"Won back his hat," continued Venn.

"Oh, oh!" said Wildeve.

"Won back his watch, won back his money, and went out of the door a rich man," added Venn sentence by sentence, as stake after stake passed over to him.

"Five more!" shouted Wildeve.

dashing down the money. "And three casts be hanged—one shall decide."

The red automaton opposite lapsed into silence, nodded, and followed his example. Wildeve rattled the box, and threw a pair of sixes and five points. He clapped his hands; "I have done it this time—hurrah!"

"There are two playing, and only one has thrown," said the reddleman, quietly bringing down the box. The eyes of each were then so intently converged upon the stone that one could fancy their beams were visible, like rays in a fog.

"But, my good man, what have you done with the dice?"

"I threw them away—it was a momentary irritation. What a fool I am! Here—come and help me to look for them—we must find them again."

Wildeve snatched up the lantern and began anxiously prowling among the furze and fern.

"You are not likely to find them there," said Venn, following. "What did you do such a crazy thing as that for? Here's the box. The dice can't be far off."



"THE STAKES WERE WON BY WILDEVE."

The gamblers playing by lantern light on the heath.

Venn lifted the box, and behold a triplet of sixes was disclosed.

Wildeve was full of fury. While the reddleman was grasping the stakes Wildeve seized the dice and hurled them, box and all, into the darkness, uttering a fearful imprecation. Then he arose and began stamping up and down like a madman.

"It is all over, then?" said Venn.

"No, no!" cried Wildeve. "I mean to have another chance yet. I must!"

Wildeve turned the light eagerly upon the spot where Venn had found the box, and mauled the herbage right and left. In the course of a few minutes one of the dice was found. They searched on for some time, but no other was to be seen.

"Never mind," said Wildeve; "let's play with one."

"Agreed," said Venn.

Down they sat again, and recommenced with single guinea stakes; and

the play went on smartly. But Fortune had unmistakably fallen in love with the reddleman to-night. He won steadily, till he was the owner of fourteen more of the gold pieces. Seventy-nine of the hundred guineas were his, Wildeve possessing only twenty-one. The aspect of the two opponents was now singular. Apart from motions, a complete diorama of the fluctuations of the game went on in their eyes. A diminutive candle-flame was mirrored in each pupil, and it would have been possible to distinguish therein between the moods of hope and the moods of abandonment, even as regards the reddleman, though his facial muscles betrayed nothing at all. Wildeve played on with the recklessness of despair.

"What's that?" he suddenly exclaimed, hearing a rustle; and they both looked up.

They were surrounded by dusky forms about four feet high, standing a few paces beyond the rays of the lantern. A moment's inspection revealed that the encircling figures were heath-croppers, their heads being all towards the players, at whom they gazed intently.

"Hoosh!" said Wildeve; and the whole forty or fifty animals at once turned and galloped away. Play was again resumed.

Ten minutes passed away. Then a large death's-head moth advanced from the obscure outer air, wheeled twice round the lantern, flew straight at the candle, and extinguished it by the force of the blow. Wildeve had just thrown, but had not lifted the box to see what he had cast; and now in the light of glowworms it was impossible.

"What the infernal!" he shrieked. "Now, what shall we do? Perhaps I have thrown six—have you any matches?"

"None," said Venn.

"Christian had some—I wonder where he is. Christian!"

But there was no reply to Wildeve's shout, save a mournful whining from the herons which were nesting lower down the vale. Both men looked blankly round without rising. As their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness they

perceived faint greenish points of light among the grass and fern. These lights dotted the hillside like stars of a low magnitude.

"Ah—glowworms," said Wildeve. "Wait a minute. We can continue the game."

Venn sat still, and his companion went hither and thither till he had gathered thirteen glowworms—as many as he could find in a space of four or five minutes—upon a foxglove leaf which he pulled for the purpose. The reddleman vented a low humorous laugh when he saw his adversary return with these. "Determined to go on, then?" he said drily.

"I always am!" said Wildeve angrily. And shaking the glowworms from the leaf he ranged them with a trembling hand in a circle on the stone, leaving a space in the middle for the descent of the dice-box, over which the thirteen tiny lamps threw a pale phosphoric shine. The game was again renewed. It happened to be that season of the year at which glowworms put forth their greatest brilliancy, and the light they yielded was more than ample for the purpose, since it is possible on such nights to read the handwriting of a letter by the light of two or three.

The incongruity between the men's deeds and their environment was great. Amid the soft juicy vegetation of the hollow in which they sat, the motionless and the uninhabited solitude, intruded the clink of guineas, the rattle of dice, the exclamations of the reckless players.

Wildeve had lifted the box as soon as the lights were obtained, and the solitary die proclaimed that the game was still against him. . . . .

Wildeve had now ten guineas left; and each laid five. Wildeve threw three points; Venn two, and raked in the coins. The other seized the die, and clenched his teeth upon it in sheer rage, as if he would bite it in pieces. "Never give in—here are my last five!" he cried, throwing them down. "Hang the glowworms—they are going out. Why don't you burn, you little fools? Stir them up with a thorn."

He probed the glowworms with a



*Photo Hermann Lea.*

THE DUCK DAIRY HOUSE.

bit of stick, and rolled them over, till the bright side of their tails was upwards.

"There's light enough. Throw on," said Venn.

Wildeve brought down the box within the shining circle and looked eagerly. He had thrown ace. "Well done!—I said it would turn, and it has turned." Venn said nothing; but his hand shook slightly.

He threw ace also.

"O!" said Wildeve. "Curse me!"

The die smacked the stone a second

time. It was ace again. Venn looked gloomy, threw: the die was seen to be lying in two pieces, the cleft sides uppermost.

"I've thrown nothing at all," he said.

"Serves me right—I split the die with my teeth. Here—take the money. Blank is less than one."

"I don't wish it."

"Take it, I say—you've won it!" And Wildeve threw the stakes against the reddleman's chest. Venn gathered them up, arose, and withdrew from the hollow, Wildeve sitting stupefied. . .

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# DON QUIXOTE

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

CERVANTES was born in 1547 and died in 1616, ten days before Shakespeare. The first part of "Don Quixote" was published in 1605, and was probably written in a prison cell. The second part did not appear until ten years later.

Many critics assert that "Don Quixote" was intended as a satire on mediæval chivalry, but as Hazlitt has said:—

"The character of Don Quixote himself is one of the most perfect disinterestedness. He is an enthusiast of the most amiable kind; of a nature equally open, gentle, and generous, a lover of truth and justice; and one who had brooded over fine dreams of chivalry and romance, till they had robbed him of himself and cheated his brain into a belief of their reality. There cannot be a greater mistake than to consider 'Don Quixote' as a merely satirical work, or as a vulgar attempt to explode 'the long-forgotten order of chivalry.' There could be no need to explode what no longer existed. Besides, Cervantes himself was a man of the most sanguine and enthusiastic temperament, and even through the carved and battered figure of the knight the spirit of chivalry shines out with undiminished lustre; as if the author had half-designed to revive the example of past ages, and once more 'witch the world with noble horsemanship.'"

Cervantes was a gentle, genial humourist, somewhat on the lines of Dickens, but with more subtlety and refinement. The characters, indeed, suggest Dickens. There is a good deal of Mr. Pickwick about Don Quixote—the same foolish benevolence and invitation of ridicule—while Sancho Panza has been compared with Sam Weller.

At the same time, the book is full of whimsical extravagance and charming

surprises. Don Quixote is frankly represented as a madman, and all his ludicrous, pathetic adventures arise from his insane ambition to redress the wrongs of the world. A character in one of Disraeli's novels objected that "Don Quixote never lived." "He lives to us," was the reply, and Don Quixote certainly lives in our memories as vividly and convincingly as any character in history. His lean, elderly figure, straggling beard, lantern jaws, and wild wandering eyes are as familiar as the personality of, say, Napoleon, and it is never possible to foretell what extraordinary turn his imagination will give to a wayside adventure.

His squire, Sancho Panza—Sancho of the paunch—is also very real with his shortness and plumpness and spindle legs, his fidelity and simplicity and the quaint way in which he combined his master's ideals with the most unscrupulous tricks for their common advantage. Despite all his simplicity, Sancho is well aware of his master's shortcomings, but has not the wit to avoid their consequences. Thus, after Don Quixote had left without paying his score at an inn, that he mistook for a castle, Sancho swears that squires, like knight-errants, are exempt from payment, and accordingly he is seized by frolicsome fellows who toss him unmercifully in a blanket.

Don Quixote's horse, with the sonorous name of Rozinante, "chief of screws," is also in harmony with the picture, so lean and so old that Sancho does not trouble to tether him, being well assured that his disposition "was so correct."

The style and whimsical humour of Cervantes are well illustrated by the following passages, the first of which introduces the renowned gentleman Don Quixote.

## I.

## DON QUIXOTE SETS OUT.

**A**T a certain village in La Mancha, which I shall not name, there lived not long ago one of those old-fashioned gentlemen who are never without a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound. His diet consisted more of beef than mutton; and with minced meat on most nights, lentils on Fridays, griefs and groans on Saturdays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he consumed three quarters of his revenue: the rest was laid out in a plush coat, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same, for holidays; and a suit of the very best homespun cloth, which he bestowed on himself for working days. . . .

Some say his surname was Quixada, or Quesada (for authors differ in this particular): however, we may reasonably conjecture he was called Quixana (*i.e.* lanthorn-jaws) though this concerns us but little, provided we keep strictly to the truth in every point of this history.

You must know then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do (which was almost all the year round), he passed his time in reading books of knight-errantry; which he did with that application and delight, that at last he in a manner wholly left off his country sports, and even the care of his estate; nay, he grew so strangely besotted with those amusements, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of that kind, by which means he collected as many of them as were to be had: but among them all, none pleased him like the works of the famous Feliciano de Silva; for the clearness of his prose, and those intricate expressions with which it is interlaced, seemed to him so many pearls of eloquence, especially when he came to read the challenges; and the amorous addresses, many of them in this extraordinary style. "The reason of your unreasonable usage of my reason, does so enfeeble my reason, that I have reason to expostulate with your beauty:" and this, "The sublime heavens, which with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, and

fix you the deserfer of the desert that is deserved by your grandeur." These and such-like expressions, strangely puzzled the poor gentleman's understanding, while he was breaking his brain to unravel their meaning, which Aristotle himself could never have found, though he should have been raised from the dead for that very purpose. . . .

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances, that a-nights he would pore on until it was day, and a-days he would read on until it was night; and thus, by sleeping little and reading much, the moisture of his brain was exhausted to that degree, that at last he lost the use of his reason. A world of disorderly notions, picked out of his books, crowded into his imagination; and now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, amours, torments, and abundance of stuff and impossibilities; insomuch, that all the fables and fantastical tales which he read seemed to him now as true as the most authentic histories. . . .

Having thus lost his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honour, as the service of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world, armed *cap-d-pie* and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures; that thus imitating those knights-errant of whom he had read, and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might purchase everlasting honour and renown. Transported with these agreeable delusions, the poor gentleman already grasped in imagination the imperial sceptre of Trapizonda; and, hurried away by his mighty expectations, he prepares with all expedition to take the field.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armour that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner; but, when he had cleaned and

repaired it as well as he could, he perceived there was a material piece wanting; for instead of a complete helmet, there was only a single head-piece; however, his industry supplied that defect, for, with some pasteboard, he made a kind of half-beaver, or vizor, which being fitted to the head-piece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it was cutlass-proof, he drew his sword, and tried its edge upon the pasteboard vizor; but, with the first stroke, he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week a-doing. He did not like its being broke with so much ease, and therefore to secure it from the like accident, he made it anew, and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed in the inside of it so artificially, that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work; and so, without any experiment, he resolved it should pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

The next moment he went to view his horse, whose bones stuck out like the the corners of a Spanish Real, being a worse jade than Gonela's, *qui tantum pellis et offa fuit*; however, his master thought, that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor the Cid's Babieca could be compared with him. He was four days considering what name to give him; for, as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight, and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name; and therefore he studied to give him such a one as should demonstrate as well what kind of horse he had been before his master was a knight-errant, as what he was now; thinking it but just, since the owner had changed his profession, that the horse should also change his title, and be dignified with another; a sonorous word, such a one as should fill the mouth, and seem consonant with the quality and profession of his master. And thus after many names which he devised, rejected, changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante;\* a name, in his opinion,

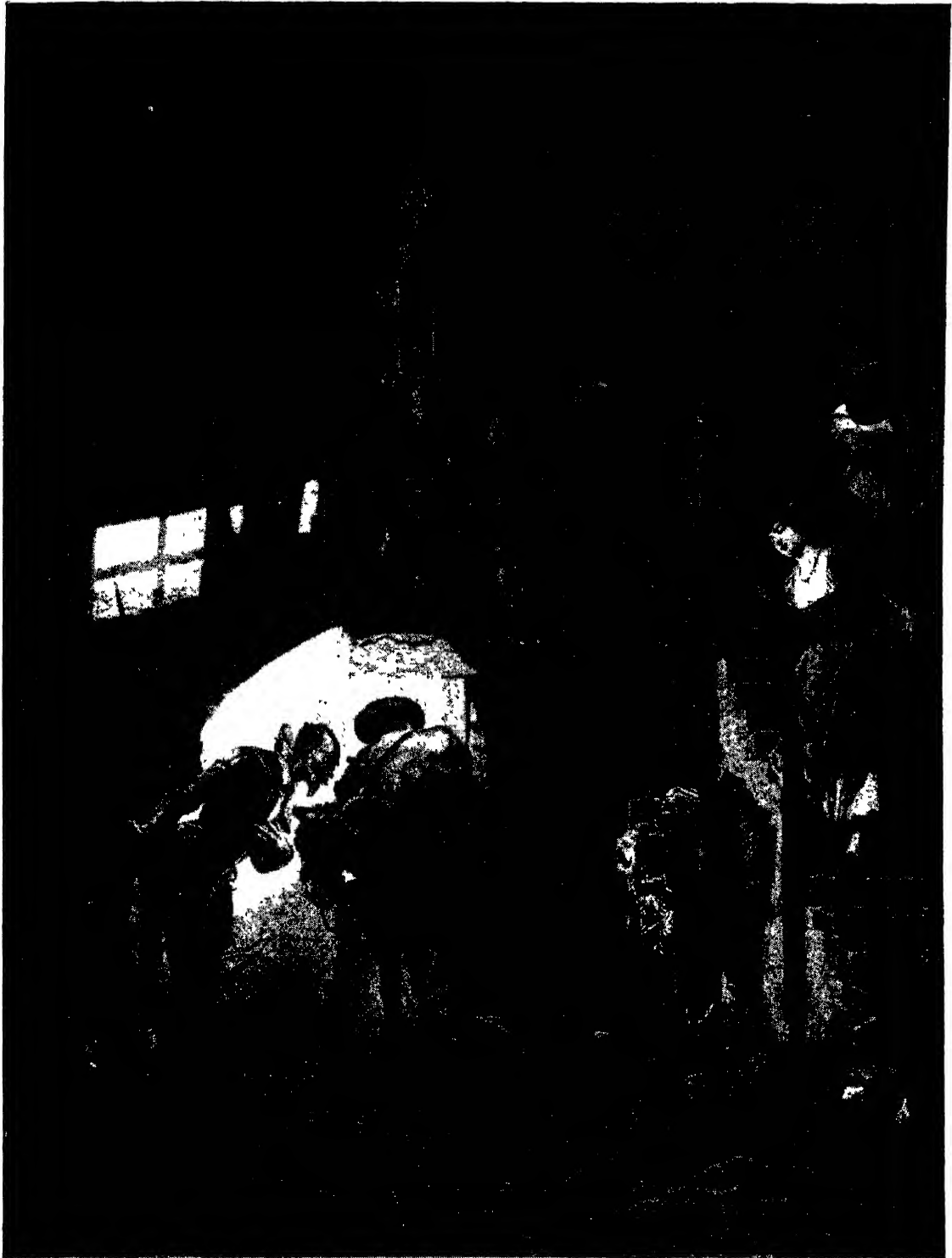
lofty sounding, and significant of what he had been before, and also of what he was now; in a word, a horse before or above all the vulgar breed of horses in the world.

When he had thus given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he thought of choosing one for himself; and having seriously pondered on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote. Whence the author of this most authentic history draws this inference, that his name was Quixada, and not Quesada, as others obstinately pretend. . . .

And now, his armour being scoured, his head-piece improved to a helmet, his horse and himself new-named, he perceived he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might bestow the empire of his heart; for he was sensible that a knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a soul. "Should I," said he to himself, "by good or ill fortune chance to encounter some giant, as it is common in knight-errantry, and happen to lay him prostrate on the ground, transfixed with my lance, or cleft in two, or, in short, overcome and have him at my mercy, would it not be proper to have some lady to whom I may send him as a trophy of my valour? That, when he comes into her presence, throwing himself at her feet, he may thus make his humble submission: 'Lady, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by that never-deservedly-enough-extolled knight-errant Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has commended me to cast myself most humbly at your feet, that it may please your honour to dispose of me according to your will.' " Oh! how elevated was the Knight with the conceit of this imaginary submission of the giant; especially having bethought himself of a person on whom he might confer the title of mistress! which, it is believed, happened thus.

\* *Rozin* commonly meant an "ordinary horse"; *Ante* signifies before and formerly.

Thus the word Rozinante may imply, that he was formerly an ordinary horse, and also, that he is now an horse that claims the precedence from all other ordinary horses.



*Photo : Rischgitz Collection.*

*By E. Gamba. Ashbee Collection.*

DON QUIXOTE AT THE INN

The Knight-Errant imagines it a romantic castle and the servant girls great ladies of noble blood.

Near the place where he lived dwelt a good likely country lass, for whom he had formerly had a sort of an inclination, though it is believed she never heard of it, nor regarded it in the least. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and this was she whom he thought he might entitle to the sovereignty of his heart: upon which he studied to find her out a new name, that might have some affinity with her old one, and yet at the same time sound somewhat like that of a princess, or lady of quality: so at last he resolved to call her Dulcinea, with the addition of del Toboso, from the place where she was born; a name, in his opinion, sweet, harmonious, extraordinary, and no less significative than the others which he had devised.

## II.

## DON QUIXOTE'S FIRST SALLY.

THESE preparations being made, he found his designs ripe for action, and thought it now a crime to deny himself any longer to the injured world, that wanted such a deliverer; the more when he considered what grievances he was to redress, what wrongs and injuries to remove, what abuses to correct, and what duties to discharge. So one morning before day, in the greatest heat of July, with all the secrecy imaginable, he armed himself *cap-à-pie*, laced on his ill-contrived helmet, braced on his target, grasped his lance, mounted Rozinante, and at the private door of his back-yard sallied out into the fields, wonderfully pleased to see with how much ease he had succeeded in the beginning of his enterprise.

But he had not gone far ere a terrible thought alarmed him, a thought that had like to have made him renounce his great undertaking; for now it came into his mind that the honour of knighthood had not yet been conferred upon him, and therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to appear in arms against any professed knight: nay, he also considered, that though he were already knighted, it would become him to wear white armour, and not to adorn his

shield with any device, till he had deserved one by some extraordinary demonstration of his valour.

These thoughts staggered his resolution; but his folly prevailing more than any reason, he resolved to be dubbed a knight by the first he should meet, after the example of several others, who, as his distracting romances informed him, had formerly done the like. As for the other difficulty about wearing white armour, he proposed to overcome it by scouring his own at leisure till it should look whiter than ermine.

And having thus dismissed these busy scruples, he very calmly rode on, leaving it to his horse's discretion to go which way he pleased; firmly believing that in this consisted the very being of adventures. And as he thus went on, "I cannot but believe," said he to himself, "that when the history of my famous achievements shall be given to the world, the learned author will begin it in this very manner, when he comes to give an account of this my early setting out: 'Scarce had the ruddy-coloured Phœbus begun to spread the golden tresses of his lovely hair over the vast surface of the earthly globe, and scarce had those feathered poets of the grove, the pretty painted birds, tuned their little pipes, to sing their early welcomes in soft melodious strains to the beautiful Aurora, who having left her jealous husband's bed, displayed her rosy graces to mortal eyes from the gates and balconies of the Manchegan Horizon, when the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, disdaining soft repose, forsook the voluptuous down, and mounting his famous steed Rozinante, entered the ancient and celebrated plains of Montiel.' " . . .

He travelled almost all that day without meeting any adventure worth the trouble of relating; which put him into a kind of despair; for he desired nothing more than to encounter immediately some person, on whom he might try the vigour of his arm. . . .

He travelled all that day; and, towards the evening, he and his horse being heartily tired, and almost famished, Don Quixote looking about him in hopes



*Photo: Rischgley Collection.*

#### DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA.

From the painting by Sir John Gilbert in the South Kensington Museum.

to discover some castle, or at least some shepherd's cottage, there to repose and refresh himself; at last, near the road which he kept, he espied an inn, as welcome a sight to his longing eyes as if he had discovered a star directing him to the gate, nay, to the palace of his redemption.

Thereupon hastening towards the inn with all the speed he could, he got thither just at the close of the evening. There stood by chance at the inn-door, two young female adventurers, alias common wenches, who were going to Seville with some carriers, that happened to take up their lodgings there that very evening; and, as whatever our knight-errant saw, thought, or imagined, was all of a romantic cast, and appeared to him altogether after the manner of the books that had perverted his imagination, he no sooner saw the inn, but he fancied it to be a castle fenced with four towers and lofty pinnacles, glittering with silver, together with a deep moat, drawbridge, and all

those other appurtenances peculiar to such kind of places.

Therefore when he came near it, he stopped a while at a distance from the gate, expecting that some dwarf would appear on the battlements, and sound his trumpet to give notice of the arrival of a knight; but finding that nobody came, and that Rozinante was for making the best of his way to the stable, he advanced to the inn-door, where, spying the two young doxies, they seemed to him two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, taking the benefit of the fresh air at the gate of the castle. It happened also at the very moment, that a swine-herd, getting together his hogs from the stubble-field, winded his horn; and Don Quixote presently imagined this was the wished-for signal, which some dwarf gave to notify his approach; therefore, with the greatest joy in the world he rode up to the inn.

The wenches, affrighted at the approach of a man cased in iron, and armed with a

lance and target, were for running into their lodging; but Don Quixote, perceiving their fear by their flight, lifted up the pasteboard beaver of his helmet, and discovering his withered, dusty face, with comely grace and grave delivery accosted them in this manner. "I beseech ye, ladies, do not fly, nor fear the least offence: the order of knighthood, which I profess, does not permit me to countenance or offer injuries to any one in the universe, and least of all to virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes."

*The Knight Resentful.*

The wenches could not forbear laughing outright; which Don Quixote resented as a great affront. "Give me leave to tell ye, ladies," cried he, "that modesty and civility are very becoming in the fair sex; whereas laughter without ground is the highest piece of indiscretion: however," added he, "I do not presume to say this to offend you, or incur your displeasure; no, ladies, I assure you I have no other design but to do you service." This uncommon way of expression, joined to the Knight's scurvy figure, increased their mirth; which incensed him to that degree, that this might have carried things to an extremity, had not the innkeeper luckily appeared at that juncture.

When he had observed such a strange disguise of human shape, in his old armour and equipage, he could hardly forbear keeping the wenches company in their laughter; but, having the fear of such a warlike appearance before his eyes, he resolved to give him good words, and therefore accosted him civilly: "Sir Knight," said he, "if your worship be disposed to alight, you will fail of nothing here but of a bed; as for all other accommodations, you may be supplied to your mind." Don Quixote observing the humility of the governor of the castle (for such the innkeeper and inn seemed to him), "Signor Castellano," said he, "the least thing in the world suffices me; for arms are the only things I value, and combat is my bed of repose."

The innkeeper thought he had called him Castellano, as taking him to be one

of the true Castilians, whereas he was indeed of Andalusia, nay, of the neighbourhood of St. Lucar, no less thievish than Cacus, or less mischievous than a truant scholar or court page; and therefore he made him this reply: "At this rate, Sir Knight, your bed might be a pavement, and your rest to be still awake; you may then safely alight, and I dare assure you, you can hardly miss being kept awake all the year long in this house, much less one single night." With that he went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who having not broke his fast that day, dismounted with no small trouble or difficulty. He immediately desired the governor (that is, the innkeeper), to take especial care of his steed, assuring him that there was not a better in the universe; upon which the innkeeper viewed him narrowly, but could not think him to be half so good as Don Quixote said: however, having set him up in the stable, he came back to the Knight to see what he wanted, and found him pulling off his armour by the help of the good-natured wenches, who had already reconciled themselves to him; but, though they had eased him of his corslet and back-plate, they could by no means undo his gorget, nor take off his ill-contrived beaver, which he had tied so fast with green ribbons, that it was impossible to get it off without cutting them; now he would by no means permit that, and so was forced to keep on his helmet all night, which was one of the most pleasant sights in the world; and while his armour was being taken off by the two kind lasses, imagining them to be persons of quality, and ladies of that castle, he very gratefully made them the following compliment (in imitation of an old romance):

"There never was on earth a knight  
So waited on, by ladies fair,  
As once was he, Don Quixote hight,  
When first he left his village dear;  
Damsels to serve him ran with speed,  
And princesses to dress his steed."

The two females, who were not used to such rhetorical speeches, could make no answer to this; they only asked him whether he would eat anything? "That I will with all my heart," cried Don



*By permission of the Corporation of Oldham.*

### DON QUIXOTE AND MARITORNES AT THE INN

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROWLAND WHEELWRIGHT IN THE OLDHAM ART GALLERY.

Don Quixote imagines the inn to be a castle, and makes love to the innkeeper's daughter, whereupon Maritornes, the maidservant, persuades him to stretch his hand into a noose, and mischievously leaves him suspended in the air.





*Photo: Rischgitta Collection.*

SANCHO PANZA AND DAPPLE.

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer. Sheepshanks Collection, South Kensington Museum.

Quixote, "whatever it be, for I am of opinion, nothing can come to me more seasonably."

Now, as ill-luck would have it, it happened to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had at the inn but some pieces of fish, which is called Abadexo in Castile, Bacalloa in Andalusia, Curadillo in some places, and in others Truchuela or Little Trout, though, after

all, it is but Poor Jack: so they asked him whether he could eat any of that Truchuela, because they had no other fish to give him. Don Quixote, imagining they meant a small trout, told them, that, provided there were more than one, it was the same thing to him, they would serve him as well as a great one; "for," continued he, "it is all one to me whether I am paid a piece

of eight in one single piece, or in eight small reals, which are worth as much : besides, it is probable these small trouts may be like veal, which is finer meat than beef, or like the kid, which is better than the goat. In short, let it be what it will, so it comes quickly, for the weight of armour and the fatigue of travel are not to be supported without recruiting food."

Thereupon they laid the cloth at the inn-door, for the benefit of the fresh air, and the landlord brought him a piece of that salt fish, but ill-watered and as ill-dressed ; and, as for the bread, it was as mouldy and brown as the Knight's armour : but it would have made one laugh to have seen him eat ; for, having his helmet on, with his beaver lifted up, it was impossible for him to feed himself without help, so that one of those ladies had that office ; but there was no giving him drink that way, and he must have gone without it, had not the innkeeper bored a cane, and setting one end of it to his mouth, poured the wine in at the other ; all which the Knight suffered patiently, because he would not cut the ribbons that fastened his helmet.

### III.

## SANCHO PANZA BECOMES A SQUIRE.

In the meantime, Don Quixote earnestly solicited one of his neighbours, a country labourer, and a good honest fellow, if we may call a poor man honest, for he was poor indeed, poor in purse, and poor in brains ; and, in short, the knight talked so long to him, plied him with so many arguments, and made him so fair promises, that at last the poor silly clown consented to go along with him, and become his squire.

Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote forgot not to tell him, that it was likely such an adventure would present itself, as might secure him the conquest of some island, in the time he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to

be made governor of the place. Allured with these large promises, and many others, Sancho Panza (for that was the name of the fellow) forsook his wife and children to be his neighbour's squire.

This done, Don Quixote made it his business to furnish himself with money ; for which purpose, selling one house, mortgaging another, and losing by all, he at last got a pretty good sum together. He also borrowed a target of a friend, and having patched up his headpiece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his squire notice of the day and hour when he intended to set out, that he might also furnish himself with what he thought necessary ; but, above all, he charged him to provide himself with a wallet ; which Sancho promised him to do, telling him he would also take his ass along with him, which, being a very good one, might be a great ease to him, for he was not used to travel much a-foot. The mentioning of the ass made the noble knight pause awhile ; he mused, and pondered whether he had ever read of any knight-errant whose squire used to ride upon an ass ; but he could not remember any precedent for it ; however, he gave him leave at last to bring his ass, hoping to mount him more honourably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet.

Sancho Panza, without bidding either his wife or children good-bye ; and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his housekeeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by anybody, and made such haste, that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued. As for Sancho Panza, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knapsack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle, having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island, which his master had promised him.

Don Quixote happened to strike into the same road which he took the time before, that is, the plains of Montiel, over which he travelled with less inconveniency than when he went alone, by reason it was yet early in the morning ; at which time the sunbeams,

being almost parallel to the surface of the earth, and not directly darted down, as in the middle of the day, did not prove so offensive. As they jogged on, "I beseech your worship, Sir Knight-errant," quoth Sancho to his master, "be sure you do not forget what you promised me about the island; for, I dare say, I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big." "You must know, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered: now, I am not only resolved to keep up that laudable

custom, but even to improve it, and outdo my predecessors in generosity: for whereas sometimes, or rather most commonly, other knights delayed rewarding their squires till they were grown old, and worn out with service, bad days, worse nights, and all manner of hard duty, and then put them off with some title, either of Count, or at least Marquis, if thou and I do but live, it may happen, that before we have passed six days together, I may conquer some kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out most luckily for thee; and then would I presently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for so strange accidents and revolutions,



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

#### THE WINDMILL ADVENTURE.

"Sancho ran as fast as his ass could drive, to help his master."

so sudden and so unforeseen, attend the profession of chivalry, that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have promised."

#### IV.

#### THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS.

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and, as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter, and, having deprived them

of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils: for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven." "What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long-extended arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size, that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray, look better, sir," quoth Sancho; "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills, and the arms you fancy, are their sails, which, being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."

"It is a sign," cried Don Quixote, "thou art but little acquainted with adventures. I tell thee they are giants; and therefore, if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful, unequal combat against them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them; far from that.

"Stand, cowards," cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all."

At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied,

"Base miscreants," cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance." He most devoutly recommended himself to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so, covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled about with such swiftness, that the

rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow he and Rozinante had received. "Mercy on me!" cried Sancho, "did I not give your worship fair warning? did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded, that cursed necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and books, has transformed these giants into windmills, to deprive me of the honour of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me; but, in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword."

"Amen, say I," replied Sancho; and so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slipped with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice; for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventures in one so mightily frequented. However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and, as he was making his complaint about it to his squire:

"I have read," said he, "friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak tree, or at least tore down a massy oak branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the surname of The Pounder or Bruiser. I tell thee this, because I intend to tear up the next oak, or crab-tree we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform



Photo: Lacoste.

PRESENTATION OF DOROTHEA TO DON QUIXOTE

such wondrous deeds, that thou wilt esteem thyself particularly happy in having had the honour to behold them."

"Heaven grant you may," cried Sancho.

"I believe it all, because your worship says it. But, if it please you, sit a little more upright in your saddle; you ride sidelong, methinks; but that, I suppose, proceeds from your being bruised by the fall,"

"It does so," replied Don Quixote;

"and, if I do not complain, it is because a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds."

V.

ADVENTURE WITH THE  
FRIARS.

*[They passed that night under the trees, and went on their way next morning.]*

As they were talking, they spied coming towards them two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted on two

dromedaries, for the mules on which they rode were so high and stately, that they seemed little less. They wore riding-masks, with glasses at the eyes, against the dust, and umbrellas to shelter them from the sun. After them came a coach, with four or five men on horseback, and two muleteers on foot.

There proved to be in the coach a Biscayan lady, who was going to Sevil to meet her husband, that was there in order to embark for the Indies, to take possession of a considerable post. Scarce had Don Quixote perceived the monks, who were not of the same company, though they went the same way, but he cried to his squire, "Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever was known; for, without question, those two black things that move towards us must be some necromancers, that are carrying away by force some princess in that coach; and it is my duty to prevent so great an injury."

"I fear me this will prove a worse job than the windmills," quoth Sancho. "'Slife, sir, do not you see these are Benedictine friars, and it is likely the coach belongs to some travellers that are in it; therefore once more take warning, and do not you be led away by the Devil."

"I have already told thee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "thou art miserably ignorant in matters of adventures; what I say is true, and thou shalt find it so presently." This said, he spurred on his horse, and posted himself just in the middle of the road where the monks were to pass: and when they came within hearing,

"Cursed implements of hell," cried he in a loud and haughty tone, "immediately release those high-born princesses, whom you are violently conveying away in the coach, or else prepare to meet with instant death, as the just punishment of your pernicious deeds."

The monks stopped their mules, no less astonished at the figure, than at the expressions of the speaker.

"Sir knight," cried they, "we are no such persons as you are pleased to term us, but religious men of the order

of St. Benedict, that travel about our affairs, and are wholly ignorant whether or no there are any princesses carried away by force in that coach."

"I am not to be deceived with fair words," replied Don Quixote; "I know you well enough, perfidious caitiffs"; and immediately, without expecting their reply, he set spurs to Rozinante and ran so furiously, with his lance couched, against the first monk, that, if he had not prudently flung himself off to the ground, the knight would certainly have laid him either dead or grievously wounded. The other, observing the discourteous usage of his companion, clapped his heels to his over-grown mule's flanks, and scoured over the plain as if he had been running a race with the wind. Sancho Panza no sooner saw the monk fall, but he nimbly skipped off his ass, and running to him, began to strip him immediately, but then the two muleteers, who waited on the monks, came up to him, and asked why he offered to strip him? Sancho told them that this belonged to him as lawful plunder, being the spoils won in battle by his lord and master Don Quixote. The fellows, with whom there was no jesting, not knowing what he meant by his spoils and battle, and seeing Don Quixote at a good distance in deep discourse by the side of the coach, fell both upon poor Sancho, threw him down, tore his beard from his chin, trampled on his stomach, thumped and mauled him in every part of his carcase, and there left him sprawling without breath or motion.

In the meanwhile the monk, scared out of his wits, and as pale as a ghost, got upon his mule again as fast as he could, and spurred after his friend, who stayed for him at a distance, expecting the issue of this strange adventure: but, being unwilling to stay to see the end of it, they made the best of their way, making more signs of the Cross than if the Devil had been posting after them.

Don Quixote, as I said, was all that while engaged with the lady in the coach. "Lady," cried he, "your discretion is now at liberty to dispose of your beautiful self as you please; for the presumptuous

arrogance of those who attempted to enslave your person lies prostrate in the dust, overthrown by this my strenuous arm ; and that you may not be at a loss for the name of your deliverer, know I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, by profession a knight-errant and adventurer, captive to that peerless beauty Donna Dulcinea del Toboso. nor do I desire any other recompense for the service I have done you, but that you return to Toboso to present yourselves to that lady, and let her know what I have done to purchase your deliverance." To this strange talk, a certain Biscainer, the lady's squire, gentleman-usher, or what you will please to call him, who rode along with the coach, listened with great attention ; and perceiving that Don Quixote not only stopped the coach, but would have it presently go back to Toboso, he bore briskly up to him, and laying hold on his lance.

"Get gone," cried he to him in bad Spanish and worse Biscayan ; "get gone, thou knight, and Devil go with thou ; or, by He who me create, if thou do not leave the coach, me kill thee now so sure as me be a Biscayan."

Don Quixote, who made shift to understand him well enough, very calmly made him this answer.

"Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, ere this I would have chastised thy insolence and temerity, thou inconsiderable mortal."

"What ! me no gentleman ? " replied the Biscainer, "I swear thou be liar, as me be Christian. If thou throw away lance, and draw sword, me will make no more of thee than cat does of mouse. me will show thee me be Biscayan, and gentleman by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman in spite of Devil ; and thou lie if thou say contrary "

"I will try titles with you as the man said," replied Don Quixote : and, with that, throwing away his lance, he drew his sword, grasped his target, and attacked the Biscainer, fully bent on his destruction. The Biscainer seeing him come on so furiously, would gladly have alighted, not trusting to his mule, which was one of those scurvy jades that are let out to hire ; but all he had time

to do was only to draw his sword, and snatch a cushion out of the coach, to serve him instead of a shield ; and immediately they assaulted one another with all the fury of mortal enemies. The bystanders did all they could to prevent their fighting ; but it was in vain, for the Biscainer swore in his gibberish, he would kill his very lady, and all those who presumed to hinder him, if they would not let him fight.

The lady in the coach being extremely affrighted at these passages, made her coachman drive out of harm's way, and at a distance was an eye-witness of the furious combat. At the same time the Biscainer let fall such a mighty blow on Don Quixote's shoulder, over his target, that had not his armour been sword-proof, he would have cleft him down to the very waist. The knight feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud.

"Oh ! lady of my soul, Dulcinea ! flower of all beauty, vouchsafe to succour your champion in this dangerous combat, undertaken to set forth your worth."

The breathing out of this short prayer, the gripping fast of his sword, the covering of himself with his shield, and the charging of his enemy, was but the work of a moment ; for Don Quixote was resolved to venture the fortune of the combat all upon one blow. The Biscainer, who read his design in his dreadful countenance, resolved to face him with equal bravery, and stand the terrible shock with uplifted sword, and covered with the cushion, not being able to manage his jaded mule, who defying the spur, and not being cut out for such pranks, would move neither to the right nor to the left. While Don Quixote, with his sword aloft, was rushing upon the wary Biscainer, with a full resolution to cleave him asunder, all the spectators stood trembling with terror and amazement, expecting the dreadful event of those prodigious blows which threatened the two desperate combatants : the lady in the coach, with the women, were making a thousand vows and offerings to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that Providence might

deliver them and the squire out of the great danger that threatened them. . . .

\* \* \*

*At this point the original historian leaves off "pretending he could find nothing more recorded of the wondrous achievements of Don Quixote." Our Author, however, happily found the continuation of the encounter on an old manuscript—Here it is . . .*

Such were the bold and formidable looks of the two enraged combatants that, with uplifted arms and with destructive steel, they seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and the infernal mansions; while the spectators seemed wholly lost in fear and astonishment. The choleric Biscainer discharged the first blow, and that with such a force and so desperate a fury that, had not his sword turned in his hand, that single stroke had put an end to the dreadful combat and all our Knight's adventures.

But fate, that reserved him for greater things, so ordered it, that his enemy's sword turned in such a manner, that though it struck him on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side of his head, carrying away with it a great part of his helmet, and one half of his ear, which, like a dreadful ruin, fell together to the ground. Assist me, ye powers!—but it is in vain! The fury which then engrossed the breast of our hero of La Mancha is not to be expressed; words would but wrong it: for what colour of speech can be lively enough to give but a slight sketch or faint image of his unutterable rage?

Exerting all his valour, he raised himself upon his stirrups, and, at the same instant, gripping his sword fast with both hands, he discharged such a tremendous blow full on the Biscainer's cushion and his head, that in spite of so good a defence, the blood gushed out at his mouth, nose, and ears all at once; and he tottered so in his saddle, that he had fallen to the ground immediately, had he not caught hold of the neck of his mule: but the dull beast itself, being roused out of its stupidity with that terrible blow, began to run about the fields; and the Biscainer, having lost his stirrups and his hold, with

two or three wincings the mule shook him off, and threw him on the ground.

Don Quixote beheld the disaster of his foe with the greatest tranquillity and unconcern imaginable; and, seeing him down, slipped nimbly from his saddle, and running to him, set the point of his sword to his throat, and bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscainer was so stunned that he could make him no reply; and Don Quixote had certainly made good his threats, so provoked was he, had not the ladies in the coach, who, with great uncasiness and fear, beheld the sad transaction, hastened to beseech Don Quixote very earnestly to spare his life.

"Truly, beautiful ladies," said the victorious Knight, with a deal of loftiness and gravity, "I am willing to grant your request; but upon condition that this same knight shall pass his word of honour to go to Toboso, and there present himself, in my name, before the peerless lady Donna Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him as she shall see convenient."

The lady, who was frightened almost out of her senses, promised in her squire's behalf a punctual obedience to the Knight's commands.

"Let him live then," replied Don Quixote, "Upon your word, and owe to your intercession that pardon which I might justly deny his arrogance."

SANCHO PANZA perceiving the danger was over, and ere the knight put his foot in the stirrup fell on his knees before him, and kissing his hand, "If it please your worship," cried he, "my good Lord Don Quixote, I beseech you make me governor of the island you have won in this dreadful and bloody fight; for, though it were never so great, I find myself able to govern it as well as the best he that ever went about to govern an island in the world." "Brother Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "these are no adventures of islands; these are only re-encounters on the road, where little is to be got besides a broken head, or the loss of an ear: therefore have patience, and some adventure will offer itself, which will not only enable me to prefer thee to a government, but even to something more considerable."

# MODERN PAINTERS

JOHN RUSKIN

**T**HE aim which Ruskin set before him in writing "*Modern Painters*" was to show that Turner was the greatest landscape-painter of all time. His method was to demonstrate that Turner's pictures, better than all others, represented the effects of Nature, and to compare his work with that of other artists, more especially the moderns. By degrees, however, so many of the ancient masters made their way into his scheme, that the title of the book became completely a misnomer.

It was a part and parcel of his plan to show what the scenes of Nature really look like, and how every artist except Turner fails to reproduce them with fidelity—and so it came to pass that many of the finest pages of the book are found within the scope of two divisions—first, the descriptions of the myriad aspects of sea, land, and sky; and, secondly, the translation into language—the word-painting—of the greatest pictures of all ages.

Now, Ruskin was a poet—a poet, that is, in feeling—none the less because he expressed himself in prose and not in verse. Indeed, it is not too much to say that never poet had a greater gift for putting into words a real or a pictured scene, and of touching it with all the hues of glamour and romance.

It is natural, therefore, in selecting extracts, to take examples from these two supreme divisions of his work. Our first extracts, accordingly, are examples of his Nature-pictures, while the last is a description of a painting.

## I.

### THE SKY.

**T**HERE is not a moment of any day of our lives, when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite

certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he is always with them; but the sky is for all: bright as it is, it is not

"too bright nor good

For human nature's daily food."

it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart—for soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful—never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

\* \* \* \*

If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says, it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; and another, it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell one of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted as unseen; or, if the apathy

be ever shaken off even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary.

And yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

\* \* \*

#### *The Rain-Cloud.*

We habitually think of the rain-cloud only as dark and grey; not knowing that we owe to it perhaps the fairest, though not the most dazzling, of the hues of heaven. Often in our English mornings, the rain-clouds in the dawn form soft, level fields, which melt imperceptibly into the blue; or, when of less extent, gather into apparent bars, crossing the sheets of broader cloud above; and all these bathed throughout in an unspeakable light of pure rose-colour, and purple, and amber, and blue; not shining, but

misty-soft; the barred masses, when seen nearer, composed of clusters or tresses of cloud, like floss silk; looking as if each knot were a little swathe or sheaf of lighted rain.

\* \* \* \*

Aqueous vapour or mist, suspended in the atmosphere, becomes visible exactly as dust does in the air of a room. In the shadows, you not only cannot see the dust itself, because



*From a drawing by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.*

JOHN RUSKIN.

Born in 1819 he died at Coniston in 1900.

The great Victorian art critic and prose poet.

unilluminated, but you can see other objects through the dust, without obscurity; the air being thus actually rendered more transparent by a deprivation of light. Where a sunbeam enters, every particle of dust becomes visible, and a palpable interruption to the sight; so that a transverse sunbeam is a real obstacle to the vision—you cannot see things clearly through it.

In the same way, wherever vapour is illuminated by transverse rays, there it becomes visible as a whiteness more or less affecting the purity of the blue, and destroying it exactly in proportion to the degree of illumination. But where vapour is in shade, it has very little effect on the sky, perhaps making it a little deeper and greyer than it otherwise would be, but not, itself, unless very dense, distinguishable or felt as mist.

\* \* \* \*

#### *Mystery of Clouds.*

Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are ?

That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation—why is it so heavy, and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendour of morning when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more ? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks—why are *they* so light, their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps ? Why will these melt away, not as the sun *rises*, but as he *descends*, and leave the stars of twilight clear ; while the valley vapour gains again upon the earth, like a shroud ?

Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines ; nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet—and yet—slowly ; now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil ; now fading, now gone ; we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them, and weaves itself among their branches, to and fro ? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus ? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough ?

And yonder filmy crescent bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit,

the highest of all the hills—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest—how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow—nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it—poised as a white bird hovers over its nest ? Or those war clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire—how is their barbed strength bridled ? What bits are those they are champing with their vapourous lips, flinging off flakes of black foam ?

Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven—out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning ; the sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies ? Where are set the measures of their march ? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening—what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace ; what hand has reined them back by the way in which they came ?

I know not if the reader will think at first that questions like these are easily answered. So far from it, I rather believe that some of the mysteries of the clouds never will be understood by us at all. “ Knowest thou the balancings of the clouds ? ” Is the answer ever to be one of pride ? The wondrous works of Him, who is perfect in knowledge ? Is *our* knowledge ever to be so ? . . . . .

For my own part, I enjoy the mystery, and perhaps the reader may. I think he ought. He should not be less grateful for summer rain, or see less beauty in the clouds of morning, because they come to prove him with hard questions ; to which perhaps, if we look close at the heavenly scroll, we may find also a syllable or two of answer, illuminated here and there.

\* \* \* \*

#### *The Mists.*

On some isolated mountain at day-break, when the night mists first rise from off the plain, watch their white and lake-like fields, as they float in level bays, and winding gulfs, about the islanded summits of the lower hills,

untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels how the foam of their undulating surface parts, and passes away, and down under their depths the glittering city and green pastures lie like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their grey shadows upon the plain.

Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they crouch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills; whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back, back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above in the serene heaven like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless, and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below.

Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piled, with every instant, higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapours, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their grey network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds, and the motion of the leaves, together; and then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, among the shoulders of the hills; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipice, as a hawk

pauses over his prey; and then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapour swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain, let down to the valley, swinging from the burdened clouds in black bending fringes, or, pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go.

\* \* \* \*

#### *The Storm Drift.*

And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapour, now gone, now gathered again—while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood; and then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter, brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them.

And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire: watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning—their long avalanches cast



RAPHAEL'S CARTOON OF THE APOSTLES.  
See Ruskm's criticism given in the text.

*Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.*

down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them, and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath, as it passes by, until the whole heaven, one scarlet canopy, is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels: and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men! . . . . .

## II

## RAPHAEL'S CARTOON.

*The following is a typical example of Ruskin's power of realising a scene in words, and is also an excellent specimen of his satire, of his gift for holding up to ridicule anything which excited his dislike.*

\* \* \* \*

I suppose there is no event in the whole life of Christ to which, in hours of doubt or fear, men turn with more anxious thirst to know the close facts of it, or with more earnest and passionate dwelling upon every syllable of its recorded narrative, than Christ's showing Himself to His disciples at the Lake of Galilee. There is something pre-eminently open, natural, full fronting our disbelief, in this manifestation. The others, recorded after the resurrection, were sudden, phantom-like, occurring to men in profound sorrow and wearied agitation of heart; not, it might seem, safe judges of what they saw. But the agitation was now over. They had gone back to their daily work, thinking still their business lay net-wards, unmeshed from the literal rope and drag. "Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a-fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee."

True words enough, and having far echo beyond those Galilean hills. That night they caught nothing; but when

the morning came, in the clear light of it, behold! a figure stood on the shore. They were not thinking of anything but their fruitless hauls. They had no guess who it was. It asked them simply if they had caught anything. They say, No, and it tells them to cast again. And John shades his eyes from the morning sun with his hand to look who it is; and though the glistening of the sea, too, dazzles him, he makes out who it is at last; and poor Simon, not to be outrun this time, tightens his fisher's coat about him, and dashes in over the nets. One would have liked to see him swim those hundred yards, and stagger to his knees upon the beach. .

Well, the others get to the beach, too, in time, in such slow way as men in general do get in this world to its true shore, much impeded by that wonderful "dragging the net with fishes"; but they get there—seven of them in all; first the Denier, and then the slowest believer, and then the quickest believer, and then the two throne-seekers, and two more, we know not who.

They sit down on the shore, face to face with Him, and eat their broiled fish as He bids. And then to Peter, all dripping still, shivering, and amazed, staring at Christ in the sun, on the other side of the coal-fire thinking a little perhaps of what happened by another coal-fire, when it was colder, and having had no word changed with him by his Master, since that look of His—to him so amazed, comes the question, "Simon, lovest thou Me?"

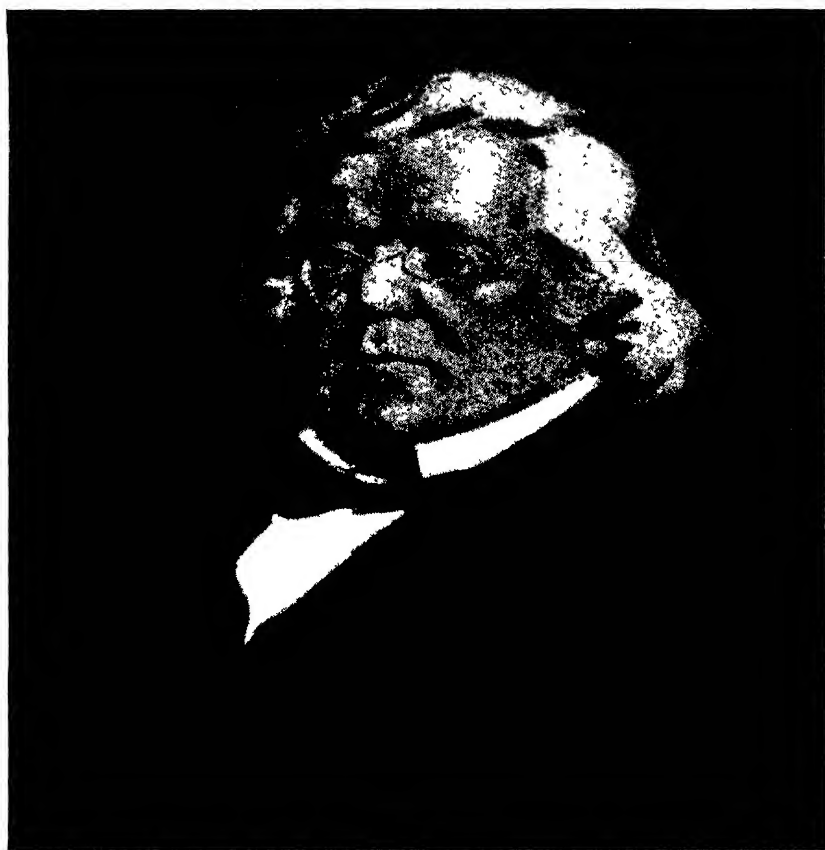
Try to feel that a little; and think of it till it is true to you: and then take up that infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy—Raphael's cartoon of the charge to Peter. Note first the bold fallacy—the putting *all* the Apostles there, a mere lie to serve the Papal heresy of the Petric supremacy, by putting them all in the background while Peter receives the charge, and making them all witnesses to it. Note the handsomely curled hair and neatly tied sandals of the men who had been out all night in the sea-mists, and on the slimy decks; note their convenient dresses for going a-fishing, with trains that lie a yard along the ground, and

goodly fringes — all made to match ; an apostolic fishing costume. Note how Peter especially (whose chief glory was in his wet coat *girt* about him, and naked limbs) is enveloped in folds and fringes so as to kneel and hold his keys with grace. No fire of coals at all, nor lonely mountain shore, but a pleasant Italian landscape, full of villas and churches, and a flock of sheep to be pointed at ; and the whole group of Apostles, not round

Christ, as they would have been naturally but straggling away in a line, that they may be shown. The simple truth is, that the moment we look at the picture we feel our belief of the whole thing taken away. There is visibly no possibility of that group ever having existed, in any place or on any occasion. It is all a mere mythic absurdity and faded concoction of fringes, muscular arms, and curly heads of Greek philosophers.

# VANITY FAIR

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY



*After a drawing by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.*

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

*He was, indeed, feeling discouraged by the fact that at the age of thirty-five, he was still regarded as a merely fugitive writer. "Vanity Fair" appeared in monthly parts with yellow covers and with the sub-title, "Pen and Pencil Sketches of English Society," afterwards changed to "A novel without a hero." He wrote all the parts in his new home in Younger Street, Kensington. The title has always been considered one of the best in English Fiction. Thackeray sought long for it, and, when it occurred to him in the middle of the night "I jumped out of bed," he related to a friend, "and ran three times round the room, uttering as I went: 'Vanity Fair! Vanity Fair! Vanity Fair!'"*

*Before he wrote "Vanity Fair" in 1847-48 Thackeray's literary fame had only begun to be established and was not widespread.*

*At once Thackeray began to hear his praises sounded. Abraham Hayward reviewed the earlier numbers in the*

"*Edinburgh Review*" and declared that the novel was "immeasurably superior" to the author's other works. Edward FitzGerald wrote in a letter, in May, 1847: "Thackeray is progressing greatly in his line: he publishes a novel in Nos.—'Vanity Fair'—which began dull, I thought, but gets better every number." In September Mrs. Carlyle wrote to her husband: "I brought away the last four numbers of 'Vanity Fair,' and read one of them during the night. Very good indeed, beats Dickens out of the world."

Thackeray was not a patient critic of human foibles, he had a tendency to exaggerate what he disliked, but he did create characters who were amazingly, even horribly, alive. Lord Steyne, Becky Sharp, Rawdon Crawley may have been caricatures, but they could neither be mistaken nor ignored. His brush was too violent upon his canvas, his sentiment has been considered too cheap, his malice, perhaps, too venomous, yet he did contrive to gather together a troop of consummate actors.

Part of the continuous popularity of "*Vanity Fair*" is due to the natural way in which events occur as they would in everyday life. We are not troubled by an excess of method, the author seems to be ambling and rambling through the story, stopping to gossip with the characters and poking fun at his own exaggerations. No woman could have been so foolish as Amelia or so ingenious as Becky, but these exaggerations are done very deliberately in order to force the point of the story. The author sets out to ask whether one can really get more out of the world, even by being as clever as Becky, than one can get while being as silly as Amelia.

The descriptions of Waterloo and the Brussels ball are very popular, but perhaps the most striking and characteristic episode is provided by the incarceration of Rawdon Crawley in the spunging-house and the unpleasant incidents which followed his release. Here, as in the Waterloo scene, Becky is revealed in her true colours quite as convincingly as in any other passage of the book.

## I.

## RAWDON CRAWLEY IS INCARCERATED IN THE SPUNGING-HOUSE.

FRIEND RAWDON drove over then to Mr. Moss's mansion in Cursitor Street, and was duly inducted into that dismal place of hospitality. Morning was breaking over the cheerful housetops of Chancery Lane as the rattling cab woke up the echoes there. A little pink-eyed Jew-boy, with a head as ruddy as the rising morn, let the party into the house, and Rawdon was welcomed to the ground-floor apartments by Mr. Moss, his travelling companion and host, who cheerfully asked him if he would like a glass of something warm after his drive.

The Colonel was not so depressed as some mortals would be, who, quitting a palace and a *placens uxor*, find themselves barred into a spunging-house; for, if the truth must be told, he had been a lodger at Mr. Moss's establishment once or twice before. We have not thought it necessary in the previous course of this narrative to mention these trivial little domestic incidents: but the reader may be assured that they can't unfrequently occur in the life of a man who lives on nothing a year.

Upon his first visit to Mr. Moss, the Colonel, then a bachelor, had been liberated by the generosity of his aunt; on the second mishap, little Becky, with the greatest spirit and kindness, had borrowed a sum of money from Lord Southdown, and had coaxed her husband's creditor (who was her shawl, velvet-gown, lace pocket-handkerchief, trinket, and gim-crack purveyor, indeed) to take a portion of the sum claimed, and Rawdon's promissory note for the remainder: so on both these occasions the capture and release had been conducted with the utmost gallantry on all sides, and Moss and the Colonel were therefore on the very best of terms.

"You'll find your old bed, Colonel, and everything comfortable," that gentleman said, "as I may honestly say. You may be pretty sure it's kep' aired, and

by the best of company, too. It was slep' in the night afore last by the Honourable Capting Famish, of the Fiftieth Dragoons, whose mar took him out after a fortnight, jest to punish him, she said. But, Law bless you, I promise you he punished my champagne, and had a party 'ere every night—reglar tip-top swells, down from the clubs and the West End—Capting Ragg, the Honourable Deuceace, who lives in the Temple, and some fellers as knows a good glass of wine, I warrant you. I've got a Doctor of Diwinity upstairs, five gents in the coffee-room, and Mrs. Moss has a tably-dy-hoty at half-past five, and a little cards or music afterwards, when we shall be most happy to see you."

"I'll ring when I want anything," said Rawdon, and went quietly to his bedroom. He was an old soldier, we have said, and not to be disturbed by any little shocks of fate. A weaker man would have sent off a letter to his wife on the instant of his capture. "But what is the use of disturbing her night's rest?" thought Rawdon. "She won't know whether I am in my room or not. It will be time enough to write to her when she has had her sleep out, and I have had mine. It's only a hundred-and-seventy, and the deuce is in it if we can't raise that." And so, thinking about little Rawdon (whom he would not have know that he was in such a queer place), the Colonel turned into the bed lately occupied by Captain Famish, and fell asleep. It was ten o'clock when he woke up, and the ruddy-headed youth brought him, with conscious pride, a fine silver dressing-case, wherewith he might perform the operation of shaving. . . . The Colonel's breakfast was served to him in the same dingy



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#### BECKY'S WILES

Joseph Sedley, to the astonishment of his family, has fallen a ready victim to the artifices of Becky, who uses all her wiles to keep him by her side.

and gorgeous plate ware. Miss Moss, a dark-eyed maid in curl-papers, appeared with the teapot, and, smiling, asked the Colonel how he had slep'? and she brought him in the *Morning Post*, with the names of all the great people who had figured at Lord Steyne's entertainment the night before. It contained a brilliant account of the festivities, and of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's admirable personifications.

After a lively chat with this lady (who sat on the edge of the breakfast table in an easy attitude displaying the drapery of her stocking and an ex-white satin shoe, which was down at heel), Colonel Crawley called for pens and ink, and paper; and being asked how many sheets, chose one which was brought to him between Miss Moss's own finger and thumb. . . .

Three hours, he calculated, would be

the utmost time required, before Becky should arrive and open his prison doors. . . .

But the day passed away, and no messenger returned—no Becky. Mr. Moss's tably-dy-hoty was served at the appointed hour of half-past five, when such of the gentlemen lodging in the house as could afford to pay for the banquet came and partook of it in the splendid front parlour before described and with which Mr. Crawley's temporary lodging communicated, when Miss M. (Miss Hem, as her papa called her) appeared without the curl-papers of the morning, and Mrs. Hem did the honours of a prime boiled leg of mutton and turnips, of which the Colonel ate with a very faint appetite. Asked whether he would "stand" a bottle of champagne for the company, he consented, and the ladies drank to his 'ealth, and Mr. Moss, in the most polite manner, "looked towards him."

In the midst of this repast, however, the door-bell was heard; young Moss, of the ruddy hair, rose up with the keys and answered the summons, and coming back, told the Colonel that the messenger had returned with a bag, a desk, and a letter, which he gave him. "No ceremony, Colonel, I beg," said Mrs. Moss with a wave of her hand, and he opened the letter rather tremulously. It was a beautiful letter, highly scented, on a pink paper, and with a light green seal.

"MON PAUVRE CHER PETIT (Mrs. Crawley wrote),

"I could not sleep *one wink* for thinking of what had become of *my odious old monstre*: and only got to rest in the morning after sending for Mr. Blench (for I was in a fever), who gave me a composing draught and left orders with Finette that I should be disturbed *on no account*. So that my poor old man's messenger, who had *bien mauvaise mine* Finette says, and *sentait le genèvre*, remained in the hall for some hours waiting my bell. You may fancy my state when I read your poor dear old ill-spelt letter.

"Ill as I was, I instantly called for the carriage, and as soon as I was dressed (though I couldn't drink a drop of chocolate—I assure you I couldn't without my *monstre* to bring it to me), I drove *ventre à terre* to Nathan's. I saw him—I wept—I

cried—I fell at his odious knees. Nothing would mollify the horrid man. He would have all the money, he said, or keep my poor monstre in prison. I drove home with the intention of paying that *triste visite chez mon oncle* (when every trinket I have should be at your disposal, though they would not fetch a hundred pounds, for some, you know are with *ce chez oncle* already), and found Milor there with the Bulgarian old sheep-faced monstre who had come to compliment me upon last night's performances. . . .

"When they were gone, I went down on my knees to Milor; told him we were going to pawn everything, and begged and prayed him to give metwohundred pounds. He pish'd and pshaw'd in a fury—told me not to be such a fool as to pawn—and said he would see whether he could lend me the money. At last he went away, promising that he would send it me in the morning: when I will bring it to my poor old monstre with a kiss from his affectionate

BECKY.

"I am writing in bed. Oh, I have such a headache and such a heartache!"

When Rawdon read over this letter, he turned so red and looked so savage, that the company at the *table d'hôte* easily perceived that bad news had reached him. All his suspicions, which he had been trying to banish, returned upon him. She could not even go out and sell her trinkets to free him. She could laugh and talk about compliments paid to her, whilst he was in prison. Who had put him there? Wenham had walked with him. Was there. . . . He could hardly bear to think of what he suspected. Leaving the room hurriedly, he ran into his own—opened his desk, wrote two hurried lines, which he directed to Sir Pitt or Lady Crawley, and bade the messenger carry them at once to Gaunt Street, bidding him to take a cab, and promising him a guinea if he was back in an hour.

In the note he besought his dear brother and sister, for the sake of God; for the sake of his dear child and his honour; to come to him and relieve him from his difficulty. He was in prison: he wanted a hundred pounds to set him free—he entreated them to come to him.

He went back to the dining-room after despatching his messenger, and called for more wine. He laughed and

talked with a strange boisterousness, as the people thought. Sometimes he laughed madly at his own fears, and went on drinking for an hour; listening all the while for the carriage which was to bring his fate back.

At the expiration of that time, wheels were heard whirling up to the gate—the young janitor went out with his gate-keys. It was a lady whom he let in at the bailiff's door.

"Colonel Crawley," she said, trembling very much. He, with a knowing look, locked the outer door upon her—then unlocked and opened the inner one, and calling out, "Colonel, you're wanted," led her into the back parlour, which he occupied.

Rawdon came in from the dining-parlour where all those people were carousing, into his back room; a flare of coarse light following him into the apartment where the lady stood, still very nervous.

"It is I, Rawdon," she said in a timid voice, which she strove to render cheerful. "It is Jane." Rawdon was quite overcome by that kind voice and presence. He ran up to her—caught her in his arms—gasped out some inarticulate words of thanks, and fairly sobbed on her shoulder. She did not know the cause of his emotion.

The bills of Mr. Moss were quickly settled, perhaps to the disappointment of that gentleman, who had counted on



*Chas. Hamner  
May 197*

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#### LORD STEYNE RECEIVES PUNISHMENT.

Rawdon Crawley has just discovered that his wife, Becky, has been carrying on an intrigue with Lord Steyne. During a furious quarrel, he almost strangles the peer and flings him bleeding to the ground.

having the Colonel as his guest over Sunday at least; and Jane, with beaming smiles and happiness in her eyes, carried away Rawdon from the bailiff's house, and they went homewards in the cab in which she had hastened to his release. . . .

Rawdon left her and walked home rapidly. It was nine o'clock at night. He ran across the streets, and the great squares of Vanity Fair, and at length came up breathless opposite his own house. . . .

He could hear laughter in the upper rooms. He was in the ball-dress in which he had been captured the night before. He went silently up the stairs; leaning against the banisters at the stairhead. Nobody was stirring in the house besides—all the servants had been sent away. Rawdon heard laughter within—laughter and singing. Becky was singing a snatch of the song of the night before; a hoarse voice shouted "Brava! Brava!" it was Lord Steyne's.

Rawdon opened the door and went in. A little table with a dinner was laid out—and wine and plate. Steyne was hanging over the sofa on which Becky sat. The wretched woman was in a brilliant full toilet, her arms and all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings; and the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her. He had her hand in his, and was bowing over it to kiss it, when Becky started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of Rawdon's white face. At the next instant she tried a smile, a horrid smile, as if to welcome her husband: and Steyne rose up, grinding his teeth, pale, and with fury in his looks.

He, too, attempted a laugh—and came forward holding out his hand. "What, come back! How d'ye do, Crawley?" he said, the nerves of his mouth twitching as he tried to grin at the intruder.

There was that in Rawdon's face which caused Becky to fling herself before him. "I am innocent, Rawdon," she said; "before God, I am innocent." She clung hold of his coat, of his hands: her own were all covered with serpents, and rings, and baubles. "I am innocent. Say I am innocent," she said to Lord Steyne.

He thought a trap had been laid for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. "You innocent! Damn you," he screamed out. "You innocent! Why, every trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by —! You're as innocent as your mother, the ballet-girl, and your husband the bully. Don't think to frighten me as you have

done others. Make way, sir, and let me pass;" and Lord Steyne seized up his hat, and with flame in his eyes, and looking his enemy fiercely in the face, marched upon him, never for a moment doubting that the other would give way.

But Rawdon Crawley springing out, seized him by the neckcloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed and bent under his arm. "You lie, you dog!" said Rawdon. "You lie, you coward and villain!" And he struck the Peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Becky could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious.

"Come here," he said. She came up at once.

"Take off those things." She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms, and the rings from her shaking fingers, and held them all in a heap, quivering and looking up at him. "Throw them down," he said, and she dropped them. He tore the diamond ornament out of her breast, and flung it at Lord Steyne. It cut him on his bald forehead. Steyne wore the scar to his dying day.

"Come upstairs," Rawdon said to his wife. "Don't kill me, Rawdon," she said. He laughed savagely. "I want to see if that man lies about the money as he has about me. Has he given you any?"

"No," said Rebecca, "that is —"

"Give me your keys," Rawdon answered, and they went out together.

Rebecca gave him all the keys but one: and she was in hopes that he would not have remarked the absence of that. It belonged to the little desk which Amelia had given her in early days, and which she kept in a secret place. But Rawdon flung open boxes and wardrobes, throwing the multifarious trumpery of their contents here and there, and at last he found the desk. The woman was forced to open it. It contained papers, love-letters many years old—all sorts of small trinkets, and woman's memoranda. And it contained a pocket-book with bank-notes. Some of these were dated ten

years back, too, and one was quite a fresh one—a note for a thousand pounds which Lord Steyne had given her.

“Did he give you this?” Rawdon said.

“Yes,” Rebecca answered.

“I’ll send it to him to-day,” Rawdon said (for day had dawned again, and many hours had passed in this search), “and I will pay Briggs, who was kind to the boy, and some of the debts. You will let me know where I shall send the rest to you. You might have spared me a hundred pounds, Becky, out of all this—I have always shared with you.”

“I am innocent,” said Becky. And he left her without another word. . . .

## II.

### AFTER THE QUARREL.

THE mansion of Sir Pitt Crawley, in Great Gaunt Street, was just beginning to dress itself for the day, as Rawdon, in his evening costume, which he had now worn two days, passed by the scared female who was scouring the steps, and entered into his brother’s study. Lady Jane, in her morning-gown, was up and above stairs in the nursery superintending the toilettes of her children, and listening to the morning prayers which the little creatures performed at her knee. . . . Rawdon sat down in the study before the Baronet’s table, set out with the orderly blue books and the letters, the neatly docketed bills and symmetrical pamphlets. . . .

Punctually, as the shrill-toned bell of the marble study clock began to chime nine, Sir Pitt made his appearance, fresh, neat, smugly shaved, with a waxy clean face, and a stiff shirt collar, his scanty hair combed and oiled, trimming his nails as he descended the stairs majestically, in a starched cravat and a grey flannel dressing-gown—a real old English gentleman, in a word—a model of neatness and every propriety. He started when he saw poor Rawdon in his study in tumbled clothes, with bloodshot eyes, and his hair over his face. He thought his brother was not sober, and had been out all night on some orgy. “Good gracious, Rawdon,” he said, with

a blank face, “what brings you here at this time of the morning? Why ain’t you at home?”

“Home,” said Rawdon, with a wild laugh. “Don’t be frightened, Pitt. I’m not drunk. Shut the door; I want to speak to you.”

Pitt closed the door and came up to the table, where he sat down in the other armchair—that one placed for the reception of the steward, agent, or confidential visitor who came to transact business with the Baronet—and trimmed his nails more vehemently than ever.

“Pitt, it’s all over with me,” the Colonel said, after a pause. “I’m done.”

“I always said it would come to this,” the Baronet cried peevishly, and beating a tune with his clean-trimmed nails. “I warned you a thousand times. I can’t help you any more. Every shilling of my money is tied up. Even the hundred pounds that Jane took you last night were promised to my lawyer to-morrow morning; and the want of it will put me to great inconvenience. I don’t mean to say that I won’t assist you ultimately. But as for paying your creditors in full, I might as well hope to pay the National Debt. It is madness, sheer madness, to think of such a thing. You must come to a compromise. It’s a painful thing for the family: but everybody does it. There was George Kitley, Lord Ragland’s son, went through the Court last week, and was what they call white-washed, I believe. Lord Ragland would not pay a shilling for him, and——”

“It’s not money I want,” Rawdon broke in. “I’m not come to you about myself. Never mind what happens to me——”

“What is the matter, then?” said Pitt, somewhat relieved.

“It’s the boy,” said Rawdon, in a husky voice. “I want you to promise me that you will take charge of him when I’m gone. . . . If it wasn’t for little Rawdon I’d have cut my throat this morning, and that damned villain’s too.”

Sir Pitt instantly guessed the truth, and surmised that Lord Steyne was the person whose life Rawdon wished to take. The Colonel told his senior briefly, and in broken accents, the circumstances of

the case. "It was a regular plan between that scoundrel and her," he said. "The bailiffs were put upon me: I was taken as I was going out of his house: when I wrote to her for money, she said she was ill in bed, and put me off to another day. And when I got home I found her in diamonds and sitting with that villain alone." He then went on to describe

I must leave him to you and Jane, Pitt—only it will be a comfort to me if you will promise me to be his friend."

The elder brother was much affected, and shook Rawdon's hand with a cordiality seldom exhibited by him. Rawdon passed his hand over his shaggy eyebrows. "Thank you, brother," said he. "I know I can trust your word."

"I will, upon my honour," the Baronet said. And thus, and almost mutely, this bargain was struck between them.

Then Rawdon took out of his pocket the little pocket-book which he had discovered in Becky's desk! and from which he drew a bundle of the notes which it contained. "Here's six hundred," he said. "you didn't know I was so rich. I want you to give the money to Briggs, who lent it to us—and who was kind to the boy and I've always felt ashamed of having taken the poor old woman's money. And here's some more I've only kept back a few pounds—which Becky may as well have, to get on with." As he spoke he took hold of the other notes to give to his brother: but his hand shook, and he was so agitated that the pocket-book fell from him, and out of it the thousand-pound note which had been the last of the un-



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#### SIR PITT CRAWLEY PROPOSES TO BECKY.

*An incident in Becky's earlier career.*

Much to Becky's consternation and amazement, Sir Pitt Crawley has just asked her to be his wife. But although she would have given her soul for the chance, she has to confess that she is already married to his brother.

hurriedly the personal conflict with Lord Steyne. To an affair of that nature, of course, he said, there was but one issue: and after his conference with his brother, he was going away to make the necessary arrangements for the meeting which must ensue. "And as it may end fatally with me," Rawdon said with a broken voice, "and as the boy has no mother,

lucky Becky's winnings.

Pitt stooped and picked them up, amazed at so much wealth. "Not that," Rawdon said, "I hope to put a bullet into the man whom that belongs to." He had thought to himself, it would be a fine revenge to wrap a ball in the note, and kill Steyne with it. . . .

Rawdon Crawley hurried on from

Great Gaunt Street, and knocking at the great bronze Medusa's head which stands on the portal of Gaunt House, brought out the purple Silenus in a red and silver waistcoat who acts as porter of that palace. The man was scared also by the Colonel's dishevelled appearance, and barred the way as if afraid that the other was going to force it. But Colonel Crawley only took out a card and enjoined him particularly to send it in to Lord Steyne, and to mark the address written on it, and say that Colonel Crawley would be all day after one o'clock at the Regent Club in St. James's Street—not at home. The fat red-faced man looked after him with astonishment as he strode away; so did the people in their Sunday clothes who were out so early; the charity boys with shining faces, the green-grocer lolling at his door, and the publican shutting his shutters in the sunshine, against service commenced. The people joked at the cabstand about his appearance, as he took a carriage there, and told the driver to drive him to Knightsbridge barracks.

All the bells were jangling and tolling as he reached that place. He might have seen his old acquaintance Amelia on her way from Brompton to Russell Square had he been looking out. Troops of schools were on their march to church, the shiny pavement and outsides of

coaches in the suburbs were thronged with people out upon their Sunday pleasure; but the Colonel was much to busy to take heed of these phenomena, and, arriving at Knightsbridge, speedily made his way up to the room of his old friend and comrade Captain Macmurdo, who Crawley found, to his satisfaction, was in barracks. . . .



*Christy Hammonds*  
197.

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#### RAWDON'S COURTSHIP.

Rawdon Crawley, having fallen in love with Becky, suddenly discovers a passion for his aunt's society, and spends much time at her house listening to Becky's singing

His room was hung round with boxing, sporting and dancing pictures, presented to him by comrades as they retired from the regiment, and married and settled into quiet life. And as he was now nearly fifty years of age, twenty-four of which he had passed in the corps, he had a

singular museum. He was one of the best shots in England, and, for a heavy man, one of the best riders; indeed, he and Crawley had been rivals when the latter was in the army. To be brief, Mr. Macmurdo was lying in bed, reading in *Bell's Life* an account of that very fight between the Tutbury Pet and the Barking Butcher, which has been before mentioned—a venerable bristly warrior, with a little close-shaved grey head, with a silk nightcap, a red face and nose, and a great dyed moustache.

When Rawdon told the Captain he wanted a friend, the latter knew perfectly well on what duty of friendship he was called to act, and indeed had conducted scores of affairs for his acquaintances with the greatest prudence and skill. . . .

"What's the row about, Crawley, my boy?" said the old warrior. "No more gambling business, hey, like that when we shot Captain Marker?"

"It's about—about my wife," Crawley answered, casting down his eyes and turning very red.

The other gave a whistle. "I always said she'd throw you over," he began; indeed there were bets in the regiment and at the clubs regarding the probable fate of Colonel Crawley, so lightly was his wife's character esteemed by his comrades and the world; but seeing the savage look with which Rawdon answered the expression of this opinion, Macmurdo did not think fit to enlarge upon it further.

"Is there no way out of it, old boy?" the Captain continued in a grave tone. "Is it only suspicion, you know, or— or what is it? Any letters? Can't you keep it quiet? Best not make any noise about a thing of that sort if you can help it." . . .

"There's no way but one out of it," Rawdon replied, "and there's only a way out of it for one of us, Mac—do you understand? I was put out of the way: arrested: I found 'em alone together. I told him he was a liar and a coward, and knocked him down and thrashed him."

"Serve him right," Macmurdo said. "Who is it?"

Rawdon answered it was Lord Steyne.

"The deuce! a Marquis! they said he—that is, they said you——"

"What the devil do you mean?" roared out Rawdon; "do you mean that you ever heard a fellow doubt about my wife, and didn't tell me, Mac?"

"The world's very censorious, old boy," the other replied. "What the deuce was the good of my telling you what any tomfools talked about?"

"It was damned unfriendly, Mac," said Rawdon, quite overcome; and, covering his face with his hands, he gave way to an emotion, the sight of which caused the tough old campaigner opposite him to wince with sympathy. "Hold up, old boy," he said; "great man or not, we'll put a bullet in him, damn him. As for the women, they're all so."

"You don't know how fond I was of that one," Rawdon said, half inarticulately. "Damme, I followed her like a footman. I gave up everything I had to her. I'm a beggar because I would marry her. By Jove, sir, I've pawned my own watch in order to get her anything she fancied: and she she's been making a purse for herself all the time, and grudged me a hundred pound to get me out of quod." He then fiercely and incoherently, and with an agitation under which his counsellor had never before seen him labour, told Macmurdo the circumstances of the story. His adviser caught at some stray hints in it.

"She may be innocent after all," he said. "She says so. Steyne has been a hundred times alone with her in the house before."

"It may be so," Rawdon answered sadly; "but this don't look very innocent": and he showed the Captain the thousand-pound note which he had found in Becky's pocket-book. "This is what he gave her, Mac: and she kep' it unknown to me: and with this money in the house, she refused to stand by me when I was locked up." The Captain could not but own that the secreting of the money had a very ugly look.

Whilst they were engaged in their conference, Rawdon despatched Captain Macmurdo's servant to Curzon Street, with an order to the domestic there to give up a bag of clothes of which the

Colonel had great need. And during the man's absence, and with great labour and a Johnson's Dictionary, which stood them in much stead, Rawdon and his second composed a letter, which the latter was to send to Lord Steyne. Captain Macmurdo had the honour of waiting upon the Marquis of Steyne, on the part of Colonel Rawdon Crawley, and begged to intimate that he was empowered by the Colonel to make any arrangements for the meeting which, he had no doubt, it was his Lordship's intention to demand, and which the circumstances of the morning had rendered inevitable. . . .

By the time this note was composed, the Captain's servant returned from his mission to Colonel Crawley's house in Curzon Street, but without the carpet-bag and portmanteau for which he had been sent: and with a very puzzled and odd face.

"They won't give 'em up," said the man; "there's a regular shinty in the house; and everything at sixes and sevens. The landlord's come in and took possession. The servants was a drinkin' up in the drawing-room. They said—they said you had gone off with the plate, Colonel"—the man added after a pause: "One of the servants is off already. And Simpson, the man as was very noisy and drunk indeed, says nothing shall go out of the house until his wages is paid up."

The account of this little revolution in Mayfair astonished and gave a little gaiety to an otherwise very *triste* conversation. The two officers laughed at Rawdon's discomfiture.

"I'm glad the little 'un isn't at home," Rawdon said, biting his nails. "You remember him, Mac, don't you, in the Riding School? How he sat the kicker to be sure! didn't he?"

"That he did, old boy," said the good-natured Captain.

Little Rawdon was then sitting, one of fifty gown boys, in the chapel of Whitefriars School: thinking, not about the sermon, but about going home next Saturday, when his father would certainly tip him, and perhaps would take him to the play.

"He's a regular trump, that boy," the father went on, still musing about his son. "I say, Mac, if anything goes wrong—if I drop—I should like you to—to go and see him, you know; and say that I was very fond of him, and that And—dash it—old chap, give him these gold sleeve-buttons: it's all I've got." He covered his face with his black hands: over which the tears rolled and made furrows of white. Mr. Macmurdo had also occasion to take off his silk nightcap and rub it across his eyes.

"Go down and order some breakfast," he said to his man in a loud cheerful voice. "What'll you have, Crawley? Some devilled kidneys and a herring—let's say. And, Clay, lay out some dressing things for the Colonel: we were always pretty much of a size, Rawdon, my boy, and neither of us ride so light as we did when we first entered the corps." With which, and leaving the Colonel to dress himself, Macmurdo turned round towards the wall, and resumed the perusal of *Bell's Life*, until such time as his friend's toilette was complete, and he was at liberty to commence his own.

This, as he was about to meet a lord, Captain Macmurdo performed with particular care. He waxed his mustachios into a state of brilliant polish, and put on a tight cravat and a trim buff waistcoat: so that all the young officers in the mess-room, whither Crawley had preceded his friend, complimented Mac on his appearance at breakfast, and asked if he was going to be married that Sunday.

### III.

#### BECKY FINDS TROUBLE.

Becky did not rally from the state of stupor and confusion in which the events of the previous night had plunged her intrepid spirit, until the bells of the Curzon Street chapels were ringing for afternoon service, and rising from her bed she began to ply her own bell, in order to summon the French maid who had left her some hours before.

Mrs. Rawdon Crawley rang many times in vain; and though, on the last occasion, she rang with such vehemence as to pull down the bell-rope, Made-

moiselle Fifine did not make her appearance—no, not though her mistress, in a great pet, and with the bell-rope in her hand, came out to the landing-place with her hair over her shoulders, and screamed out repeatedly for her attendant.

The truth is, she had quitted the premises for many hours, and upon that permission which is called French leave among us. After picking up the trinkets in the drawing-room, Mademoiselle had ascended to her own apartments, packed and corded her own boxes there, tripped out and called a cab for herself, brought down her trunks with her own hand, and without ever so much as asking the aid of any of the other servants, who would probably have refused it, as they hated her cordially, and without wishing any one of them good-bye, had made her exit from Curzon Street.

The game, in her opinion, was over in that little domestic establishment. Fifine went off in a cab, . . . she secured not only her own property, but some of her mistress's (if indeed that lady could be said to have any property at all)—and not only carried off the trinkets before alluded to, and some favourite dresses on which she had long kept her eye, but four richly gilt Louis Quatorze candlesticks, six gilt Albums, Keepsakes, and Books of Beauty, a gold enamelled snuff-box which had once belonged to Madame du Barri, and the sweetest little inkstand and mother-of-pearl blotting-book, which Becky used when she composed her charming little pink notes, had vanished from the premises in Curzon Street together with Mademoiselle Fifine, and all the silver laid on the table for the little *festin* which Rawdon interrupted. . . .

Hearing a buzz and a stir below, and indignant at the impudence of those servants who would not answer her summons, Mrs. Crawley flung her morning robe round her, and descended majestically to the drawing-room, whence the noise proceeded.

The cook was there with blackened face, seated on the beautiful chintz sofa by the side of Mrs. Raggles, to whom she was administering Maraschino. The page with the sugar-loaf buttons, who carried

about Becky's pink notes, and jumped about her little carriage with such alacrity, was now engaged putting his fingers into a cream dish; the footman was talking to Raggles, who had a face full of perplexity and woe—and yet, though the door was open, and Becky had been screaming a half dozen of times a few feet off, not one of her attendants had obeyed her call. "Have a little drop, do'ee now, Mrs. Raggles," the cook was saying as Becky entered, the white cashmere dressing-gown flouncing around her.

"Simpson! Trotter!" the mistress of the house cried in great wrath. "How dare you stay here when you heard me call? How dare you sit down in my presence? Where's my maid?" The page withdrew his fingers from his mouth with a momentary terror: but the cook took off a glass of Maraschino, of which Mrs. Raggles had had enough, staring at Becky over the little gilt glass as she drained its contents. The liquor appeared to give the odious rebel courage.

"Your sofy, indeed!" Mrs. Cook said. "I'm a settin' on Mrs. Raggles's sofy. Don't you stir, Mrs. Raggles, Mum. I'm a settin' on Mr. and Mrs. Raggles's sofy, which they bought with honest money, and very dear it cost 'em, too. And I'm thinkin' if I set here until I'm paid my wages, I shall set a precious long time, Mrs. Raggles: and set I will, too—ha! ha!" and with this she filled herself another glass of the liquor, and drank it with a more hideously satirical air.

"Trotter! Simpson! turn that drunken wretch out," screamed Mrs. Crawley.

"I shawn't," said Trotter the footman: "turn out yourself. Pay our selleries, and turn me out too. We'll go fast enough."

"Are you all here to insult me?" cried Becky in a fury; "when Colonel Crawley comes home I'll——"

At this the servants burst into a hoarse haw-haw, in which, however, Raggles, who still kept a most melancholy countenance, did not join. "He ain't a coming back," Mr. Trotter resumed. "He sent for his things, and I wouldn't

let 'em go, although Mr. Raggles would : and I don't believe he's no more a Colonel than I am. He's hoff : and I suppose you're a goin' after him. You're no better than swindlers, both on you. Don't be a bullying *me*. I won't stand it. Pay us our selleries, I say. Pay us our selleries." . . .

"Mr. Raggles," said Becky, in a passion of vexation, "you will not surely let me be insulted by that drunken man?" "Hold your noise, Trotter; do now," said Simpson the page. He was affected by his mistress's deplorable situation, and succeeded in preventing an outrageous denial of the epithet "drunken" on the footman's part.

"O Mam," said Raggles, "I never thought to live to see this year day. I've known the Crawley family ever since I was born. I lived butler with Miss Crawley for thirty years; and I little thought one of that family was a goin' to ruing me—yes, ruing me"—said the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes. "Har you a goin' to pay me? You've lived in this 'ouse four year. You've 'ad my substance : my plate and linning. You ho me a milk and butter bill of two 'undred pound, you must 've noo-laid heggs for your homlets, and cream for your spanil dog."

"She didn't care what her own flesh and blood had," interposed the cook. "Many's the time he'd have starved but for me."

"He's a charaty boy now, Cooky," said Mr. Trotter, with a drunken "Ha! ha!"—and honest Raggles continued, in a lamentable tone, an enumeration of his griefs. All he said was true. Becky and her husband had ruined him. He had bills coming due next week and no means to meet them. He would be sold up and turned out of his shop and his house, because he had trusted to the Crawley family. His tears and lamentations made Becky more peevish than ever.

"You all seem to be against me," she said bitterly. "What do you want? I can't pay you on Sunday. Come back to-morrow, and I'll pay you everything. I thought Colonel Crawley had settled with you. He will to-morrow. I declare to you upon my honour that he left home

this morning with fifteen hundred pounds in his pocket-book. He has left me nothing. Apply to him. Give me a bonnet and shawl and let me go out and find him. There was a difference between us this morning. You all seem to know it. I promise you upon my word that you shall all be paid. He has got a good appointment. Let me go out and find him."

This audacious statement caused Raggles and the other personages present to look at one another with a wild surprise, and with it Rebecca left them. She went upstairs and dressed herself, this time without the aid of her French maid. She went into Rawdon's room, and there saw that a trunk and bag were ready for removal, with a pencil direction that they should be given when called for; then she went into the French-woman's garret; everything was clean, and all the drawers emptied there. She bethought herself of the trinkets which had been left on the ground, and felt certain that the woman had fled. "Good Heaven! was ever such ill luck as mine?" she said; "to be so near, and to lose all. Is it all too late?" No; there was one chance more.

#### IV.

#### BECKY'S SCHEME.

She dressed herself, and went away unmolested this time, but alone. It was four o'clock. She went swiftly down the streets (she had no money to pay for a carriage), and never stopped until she came to Sir Pitt Crawley's door, in Great Gaunt Street. Where was Lady Jane Crawley? She was at church. Becky was not sorry. Sir Pitt was in his study, and had given orders not to be disturbed—she must see him—she slipped by the sentinel in livery at once, and was in Sir Pitt's room before the astonished Baronet had even laid down the paper.

He turned red and started back from her with a look of great alarm and horror.

"Do not look so," she said. "I am not guilty, Pitt, dear Pitt; you were my friend once. Before God, I am not guilty. I seem so. Everything is

against me. And oh! at such a moment! just when all my hopes were about to be realised—just when happiness was in store for us—

"Is this true, what I see in the paper, then?" Sir Pitt said—a paragraph in which had greatly surprised him.

"It is true. Lord Steyne told me on Friday night, the night of that fatal ball. He has been promised an appointment any time these six months. Mr. Martyr, the Colonial Secretary, told him yesterday that it was made out. That unlucky arrest ensued; that horrible meeting. I was only guilty of too much devotedness to Rawdon's service. I have received Lord Steyne alone a hundred times before. I confess I had money of which Rawdon knew nothing. Don't you know how careless he is of it, and could I dare to confide it to him?" And so she went on with a perfectly connected story, which she poured into the ears of her perplexed kinsman.

It was to the following effect. Becky owned, and with perfect frankness, but deep contrition, that having remarked Lord Steyne's partiality for her (at mention of which Pitt blushed), and being secure of her own virtue, she had determined to turn the great peer's attachment to the advantage of herself and her family. "I looked for a peerage for you, Pitt," she said (the brother-in-law again turned red). "We have talked about it. Your genius and Lord Steyne's interest made it more than probable, had not this dreadful calamity come to put an end to all our hopes. But, first, I own that it was my object to rescue my dear husband—him whom I love in spite of all his ill-usage and suspicions of me—to remove him from the poverty and ruin which was impending over us. I saw Lord Steyne's partiality for me," she said, casting down her eyes. "I own that I did everything in my power to make myself pleasing to him, and as far as an honest woman may, to secure his—his esteem. It was only on Friday morning that the news arrived of the death of the Governor of Coventry Island, and my Lord instantly secured the appointment for my dear husband. It was intended as a surprise for him—he was

to see it in the papers to-day. Even after that horrid arrest took place (the expenses of which Lord Steyne generously said he would settle, so that I was in a manner prevented from coming to my husband's assistance), my Lord was laughing with me, and saying that my dearest Rawdon would be consoled when he read of his appointment in the paper, in that shocking spun—bailiff's house. And then—then he came home. His suspicions were excited—the dreadful scene took place between my Lord and my cruel, cruel Rawdon—and, O my God, what will happen next? Pitt, dear Pitt! pity me, and reconcile us!" And as she spoke she flung herself down on her knees, and bursting into tears, seized hold of Pitt's hand, which she kissed passionately.

It was in this very attitude that Lady Jane, who returning from church, ran to her husband's room directly she heard Mrs. Rawdon Crawley was closeted there, found the Baronet and his sister-in-law.

"I am surprised that woman has the audacity to enter this house," Lady Jane said, trembling in every limb, and turning quite pale. (Her Ladyship had sent out her maid directly after breakfast, who had communicated with Raggles and Rawdon Crawley's household, who had told her all, and a great deal more than they knew, of that story, and many others besides.) "How dare Mrs. Crawley to enter the house of an honest family!"

Sir Pitt started back, amazed at his wife's display of vigour. Becky still kept her kneeling posture, and clung to Sir Pitt's hand.

"Tell her that she does not know all. Tell her that I am innocent, dear Pitt," she whimpered out.

"Upon my word, my love, I think you do Mrs. Crawley injustice," Sir Pitt said; at which speech Rebecca was vastly relieved. "Indeed I believe her to be——"

"To be what?" cried out Lady Jane, her clear voice thrilling, and her heart beating violently as she spoke. "To be a wicked woman—a heartless mother, a false wife! She never loved her dear little boy, who used to fly here and tell me of her cruelty to him. She never came into

a family but she strove to bring misery with her, and to weaken the most sacred affections with her wicked flattery and falsehoods. She has deceived her husband, as she has deceived everybody; her soul is black with vanity, worldliness, and all sorts of crime. I tremble when I touch her. I keep my children out of her sight. I——”

“Lady Jane!” cried Sir Pitt, starting up, “this is really language——”

“I have been a true and faithful wife to you, Sir Pitt,” Lady Jane continued intrepidly; “I have kept my marriage vow as I made it to God, and have been obedient and gentle as a wife should. But righteous obedience has its limits, and I declare that I will not bear that—that woman again under my roof: if she enters it, I and my children will leave it. She is not worthy to sit down with Christian people. You—you must choose, sir, between her and me”; and with this my Lady swept out of the room, fluttering with her own audacity, and leaving Rebecca and Sir Pitt not a little astonished at it.

As for Becky, she was not hurt; nay, she was pleased. “It was the diamond clasp you gave me,” she said to Sir Pitt, reaching him out her hand; and before she left him (for which event you may be sure my Lady Jane was looking out from her dressing-room window in the upper storey) the Baronet had promised to go and seek out his brother, and endeavour to bring about a reconciliation. . . .

V.

THE LAST OF RAWDON.

The crowds were pouring out of church as Rawdon and his friend passed down St. James’s Street and entered into their Club.

The old bucks and habitués, who ordinarily stand gaping and grinning out of the great front window of the Club, had not arrived at their posts as yet—the newspaper-room was almost empty. One man was present whom Rawdon did not know; another to whom he owed a little score for whist, and whom, in consequence, he did not care to meet; a third was reading the *Royalist* (a

periodical famous for its scandal and its attachment to Church and King) Sunday paper at the table, and, looking up at Crawley with some interest, said, “Crawley, I congratulate you.”

“What do you mean?” said the Colonel.

“It’s in the *Observer* and the *Royalist* too,” said Mr. Smith.

“What?” Rawdon cried, turning very red. He thought that the affair with Lord Steyne was already in the public prints. Smith looked up, wondering and smiling at the agitation which the Colonel exhibited as he took up the paper, and trembling, began to read.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown (the gentleman with whom Rawdon had the outstanding whist account) had been talking about the Colonel just before he came in.

“It has come just in the nick of time,” said Smith. “I suppose Crawley had not a shilling in the world.”

“It’s a wind that blows everybody good,” Mr. Brown said. “He can’t go away without paying me a pony he owes me.”

“What’s the salary?” asked Smith.

“Two or three thousand,” answered the other. “But the climate’s so infernal, they don’t enjoy it long. Liverseege died after eighteen months of it: and the man before went off in six weeks, I hear.”

“Some people say his brother is a very clever man. I always found him a d—— bore,” Smith ejaculated. “He must have good interest, though. He must have got the Colonel the place.”

“He!” said Brown, with a sneer. “Pooh. It was Lord Steyne got it.”

“How do you mean?”

“A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband,” answered the other enigmatically, and went to read his papers.

Rawdon, for his part, read in the *Royalist* the following astonishing paragraph:—

“GOVERNORSHIP OF COVENTRY ISLAND. —H M.S. *Yellowjack*, Commander Jaunders, has brought letters and papers from Coventry Island. H.E. Sir Thomas Liverseege had fallen a victim to the prevailing fever at Swampton. His loss is deeply felt in the flourishing colony. We hear that the Governorship has been offered to Colonel Rawdon Crawley, C.B., a distinguished

Waterloo officer. We need not only men of acknowledged bravery but men of administrative talents, to superintend the affairs of our colonies, and we have no doubt that the gentleman selected by the Colonial Office to fill the lamented vacancy which has occurred at Coventry Island is admirably calculated for the post which he is about to occupy."

"Coventry Island! where was it? who had appointed him to the government? You must take me out as your secretary, old boy," Captain Macmurdo said, laughing; and as Crawley and his friend sat wondering and perplexed over the announcement, the Club waiter brought in to the Colonel a card, on which the name of Mr. Wenham was engraved, who begged to see Colonel Crawley.

The Colonel and his aide-de-camp went out to meet the gentleman, rightly conjecturing that he was an emissary of Lord Steyne. "How d'ye do, Crawley? I am glad to see you," said Mr. Wenham, with a bland smile and grasping Crawley's hand with great cordiality.

"You come, I suppose, from——"

"Exactly," said Mr. Wenham.

"Then this is my friend Captain Macmurdo, of the Life Guards Green."

"Delighted to know Captain Macmurdo, I'm sure," Mr. Wenham said, and tendered another smile and shake of the hand to the second, as he had done to the principal. Mac put out one finger, armed with a buckskin glove, and made a very frigid bow to Mr. Wenham over his high cravat. He was, perhaps, discontented at being put in communication with a *pékin*, and thought that Lord Steyne should have sent him a Colonel at the very least.

"As Macmurdo acts for me, and knows what I mean," Crawley said, "I had better retire and leave you together."

"Of course," said Macmurdo.

"By no means, my dear Colonel," Mr. Wenham said; "the interview which I had the honour of requesting was with you personally, though the company of Captain Macmurdo cannot fail to be also most pleasing. In fact, Captain, I hope that our conversation will lead to none but the most agreeable results, very

different from those which my friend Colonel Crawley appears to anticipate."

"Humph!" said Captain Macmurdo.

Mr. Wenham resumed, "You have seen this gratifying announcement in the papers this morning, Colonel? Government has secured a most valuable servant, and you, if you accept office, as I presume you will, an excellent appointment. Three thousand a year, delightful climate, excellent government-house, all your own way in the Colony, and a certain promotion. I congratulate you with all my heart. I presume you know, gentlemen, to whom my friend is indebted for this piece of patronage?"

"Hanged if I know," the Captain said: his principal turned very red.

"To one of the most generous and kindest men in the world, as he is one of the greatest—to my excellent friend the Marquis of Steyne."

"I'll see him d—— before I take his place," growled out Rawdon.

"You are irritated against my noble friend," Mr. Wenham calmly resumed: "and now, in the name of common sense and justice, tell me why!"

"Why?" cried Rawdon in surprise.

"Why? Dammy!" said the Captain, ringing his stick in the ground.

"Dammy, indeed," said Mr. Wenham with the most agreeable smile; "still, look at the matter as a man of the world—as an honest man, and see if you have not been in the wrong. You come home from a journey, and find—what?—my Lord Steyne supping at your house in Curzon Street with Mrs. Crawley. Is the circumstance strange or novel? Has he not been a hundred times before in the same position? Upon my honour and word as a gentleman" (Mr. Wenham here put his hand on his waistcoat with a parliamentary air) "I declare I think that your suspicions are monstrous and utterly unfounded, and that they injure an honourable gentleman who has proved his goodwill towards you by a thousand benefactions, and a most spotless and innocent lady."

"You don't mean to say that—that Crawley's mistaken?" said Mr. Macmurdo.

"I believe that Mrs. Crawley is as

innocent as my wife, Mrs. Wenham," Mr. Wenham said, with great energy.

"I will tell you what happened," Mr. Wenham continued with great solemnity; "I was sent for this morning by my Lord Steyne, and found him in a pitiable state, as, I need hardly inform Colonel Crawley, any man of age and infirmity would be after a personal conflict with a man of your strength. I say to your face, it was a cruel advantage you took of that strength, Colonel Crawley. It was not only the body of my noble and excellent friend which was wounded—his heart, sir, was bleeding. A man whom he had loaded with benefits and regarded with affection, had subjected him to the foulest indignity. What was this very appointment, which appears in the journals of to-day, but a proof of his kindness to you? When I saw his Lordship this morning I found him in a state pitiable indeed to see. and as anxious as you are to revenge the outrage committed upon him, by blood. You know he has given his proofs, I presume, Colonel Crawley."

"He has plenty of pluck," said the Colonel. "Nobody ever said he hadn't."

"His first order to me was to write a letter of challenge, and to carry it to Colonel Crawley. One of or other us," he said, "must not survive the outrage of last night."

Crawley nodded. "You're coming to the point, Wenham," he said.

"I tried my utmost to calm Lord Steyne. Good God! sir," I said, "how I regret that Mrs. Wenham and myself had not accepted Mrs. Crawley's invitation to sup with her!"

"She asked you to sup with her?" Captain Macmurdo said.

"After the Opera. Here's the note of invitation—stop—no, this is another paper—I thought I had it, but it's of no consequence, and I pledge you my word to the fact. If we had come—and it was only one of Mrs. Wenham's headaches which prevented us—she suffers under them a good deal, especially in the spring—if we had come, and you had returned home, there would have been no quarrel, no insult, no suspicion—and so it is positively because my poor wife has a headache that you are to bring

death down upon two men of honour, and plunge two of the most excellent and ancient families in the kingdom into disgrace and sorrow."

Mr. Macmurdo looked at his principal with the air of a man profoundly puzzled: and Rawdon felt with a kind of rage that his prey was escaping him. He did not believe a word of the story, and yet, how discredit or disprove it.

Mr. Wenham continued with the same fluent oratory, which in his place in Parliament he had so often practised—"I sate for an hour or more by Lord Steyne's bedside, beseeching, imploring Lord Steyne to forego his intention of demanding a meeting. . . . In fine, I implored him not to send the challenge."

"I don't believe one word of the whole story," said Rawdon, grinding his teeth. "I believe it a d—lie, and that you're in it, Mr. Wenham. If the challenge don't come from him, by Jove, it shall come from me."

Mr. Wenham turned deadly pale at this savage interruption of the Colonel, and looked towards the door.

But he found a champion in Captain Macmurdo. That gentleman rose up with an oath, and rebuked Rawdon for his language. "You put the affair into my hands, and you shall act as I think fit, by Jove, and not as you do. You have no right to insult Mr. Wenham with this sort of language; and dammy, Mr. Wenham, you deserve an apology. And as for a challenge to Lord Steyne, you may get somebody else to carry it, I won't. If my Lord, after being thrashed, chooses to sit still, dammy let him. And as for the affair with—with Mrs. Crawley, my belief is, there's nothing proved at all: that your wife's innocent, as innocent as Mr. Wenham says she is: and at any rate, you would be a d—fool not to take the place and hold your tongue."

"Captain Macmurdo, you speak like a man of sense," Mr. Wenham cried out, immensely relieved—"I forget any words that Colonel Crawley has used in the irritation of the moment."

"I thought you would," Rawdon said, with a sneer.

"Shut your mouth, you old stoopid,"

the Captain said good-naturedly. "Mr. Wenham ain't a fighting man; and quite right, too."

"This matter, in my belief," the Steyne emissary cried, "ought to be buried in the most profound oblivion. A word concerning it should never pass these doors. I speak in the interests of my friend, as well as of Colonel Crawley, who persists in considering me his enemy."

"I suppose Lord Steyne won't talk about it very much," said Captain Macmurdo; "and I don't see why our side should. The affair ain't a very pretty one, any way you take it; and the less said about it the better. It's you are thrashed, and not us; and if you are satisfied, why, I think, we should be."

Mr. Wenham took his hat upon this, and Captain Macmurdo following him to the door, shut it upon himself and Lord Steyne's agent, leaving Rawdon chafing within. When the two were on the other side, Macmurdo looked hard at the other ambassador, and with an expression of anything but respect on his round jolly face.

"You don't stick at a trifle, Mr. Wenham," he said.

"You flatter me, Captain Macmurdo," answered the other, with a smile. "Upon my honour and conscience now, Mrs. Crawley did ask us to sup after the Opera."

"Of course; and Mrs. Wenham had one of her headaches. I say, I've got a thousand-pound note here, which I will give you if you will give me a receipt, please; and I will put the note up in an envelope for Lord Steyne. My man shan't fight him. But we had rather not take his money."

"It was all a mistake—all a mistake, my dear sir," the other said, with the utmost innocence of manner: and was bowed down the Club steps by Captain Macmurdo, just as Sir Pitt Crawley ascended them. There was a slight acquaintance between these two gentlemen; and the Captain, going back with the Baronet to the room where the latter's brother was, told Sir Pitt, in confidence, that he had made the affair all right between Lord Steyne and the Colonel.

Sir Pitt was well pleased, of course, at this intelligence; and congratulated his brother warmly upon the peaceful issue of the affair, making appropriate moral remarks upon the evils of duelling, and the unsatisfactory nature of that sort of settlement of disputes.

And after this preface, he tried with all his eloquence to effect a reconciliation between Rawdon and his wife. He recapitulated the statements which Becky had made, pointed out the probabilities of their truth, and asserted his own belief in her innocence.

But Rawdon would not hear of it. "She has kept money concealed from me these ten years," he said. "She swore, last night only, she had none from Steyne. She knew it was all up, directly I found it. If she's not guilty, Pitt, she's as bad as guilty; and I'll never see her again—never."

"Poor old boy," Macmurdo said, shaking his head.

Rawdon Crawley resisted for some time the idea of taking the place which had been procured for him by so odious a patron: and was also for removing the boy from the school where Lord Steyne's interest had placed him. He was induced, however, to acquiesce in these benefits by the entreaties of his brother and Macmurdo: but mainly by the latter pointing out to him what a fury Steyne would be in, to think that his enemy's fortune was made through his means. . . .

The bailiffs and brokers seized upon poor Raggles in Curzon Street, and the late fair tenant of that poor little mansion was in the meanwhile—where? Who cared? Who asked after a day or two? Was she guilty or not? We all know how charitable the world is, and how the verdict of Vanity Fair goes when there is doubt. Some people said she had gone to Naples in pursuit of Lord Steyne; whilst others averred that his Lordship quitted that city, and fled to Palermo on hearing of Becky's arrival; some said she was living in Bierstadt; and had become a *dame d'honneur* to the Queen of Bulgaria; some that she was at Boulogne; and others, at a boarding-school at Cheltenham.



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THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH PLEADING FOR HIS LIFE BEFORE JAMES II.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A., IN THE MANCHESTER CITY ART GALLERY.

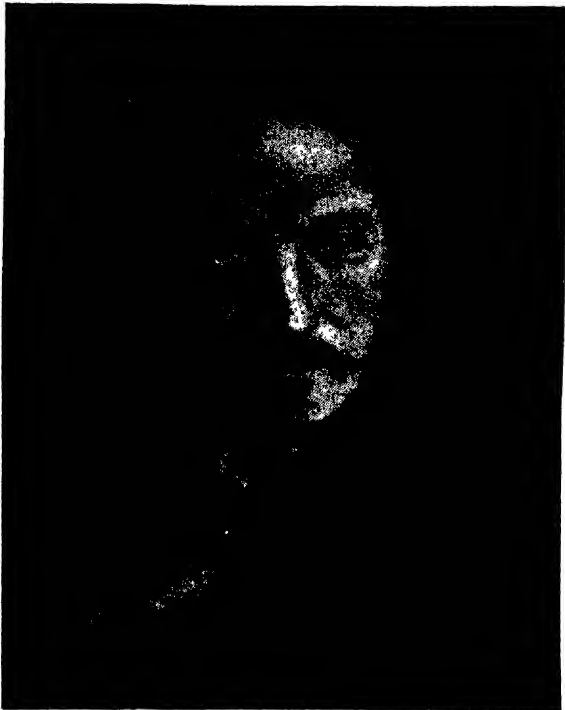
Monmouth, his arms bound behind him with a silken cord, "crawled to the King's feet. He begged for life, only life, life at any price. He owned that he had been guilty of a great crime."



# THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE

R. L. STEVENSON

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From a drawing by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born at Edinburgh in November, 1850. Ill-health led him to cruise among the islands of the Pacific, and he arrived at Samoa in 1889. During the few remaining years of his life he lived at Vailima, a kind of chief among the natives and beloved by all. Here he died in 1894.

"The Master of Ballantrae" is, perhaps, Stevenson's finest work. It is not only a highly sensational story, with strong pathos and ingenious suspense, but Stevenson is, perhaps, even more attractive here as a dexterous dissector of character. James, the Master of Ballantrae, was always trying to show how clever and

wicked he was, how popular he was, with what a kingly nature, yet what a martyr to misfortune, how much hurt in his vanity by buffets which he did not acknowledge to deserve. Yet he was greedy, treacherous and selfish, so convinced of his own superiority that he recognised no laws, human or divine, no right but that of his own desires. Henry, his brother, on the other hand, was cold and sincere, persistently misjudged, incapable of inspiring affection, brave in adversity, reft of happiness by a natural lack of human kindness. In outline the story is this:—

In the memorable year 1745 there dwelt four persons in the house of Durrisdeer on the Solway shore. The eighth lord was prematurely old and spent most of his time by the fireside. His elder son, James, Master of Ballantrae, was full of dash and devilry, while Henry, the younger, was more honest and less attractive. With them lived Miss Alison Graeme, an orphan, whose wealth designed her for marriage with the Master. News came of Prince Charles' landing, and the laird decided, like so many others, that one son should fight for the Prince, while the other remained at home to keep in favour with the House of Hanover. Both were eager to go, so they decided to settle the matter by tossing a guinea; the Master won and set out with his men, heedless of the tears and pleadings of his sweetheart. After Culloden a tenant returned, announcing that he was the sole survivor from Durrisdeer; then odd accusations of treachery were brought against Henry, and Alison was moved by pity to marry him, though she did not profess to love him.

Meanwhile the Master has escaped to sea and been taken by pirates; he became their leader and, after some eighteen

months, escaped with a fellow-captive, the Irish Chevalier Burke; they wandered through American swamps, burying their booty there, and eventually made their way to Paris. Thence Burke came to Durrisdeer to ask for funds for the Master, and Henry gave him no less than £8,000 in seven years without mentioning it to his wife or father. These payments were a heavy drain on the estate and exposed him to a reputation for meanness. One letter demanding money miscarried, and the Master arrived in person to demand money, protesting that he ran grave risks as a Jacobite in returning home. It leaked out that he was perfectly safe, having become a Government spy, but even that did not kill Alison's regard for him, and the two brothers fought a duel about her; this episode, a masterpiece of graphic and dramatic writing, we reproduce here. The duel follows on a family consultation, in which Henry had revealed to his father that the Master was a spy. The Master was left for dead, and his body disappeared.

ON the evening of the interview referred to, the Master went abroad; he was abroad a great deal of the next day also, that fatal 27th; but where he went, or what he did, we never concerned ourselves to ask until next day. If we had done so, and by any chance found out, it might have changed all. But as all we did was done in ignorance, and should be so judged, I shall so narrate these passages as they appeared to us in the moment of their birth, and reserve all that I since discovered for the time of its discovery. For I have now come to one of the dark parts of my narrative, and must engage the reader's indulgence for my patron. . . .

Mrs. Henry withdrew, as was now her custom, very early. We had set ourselves of late to pass the evening with a game of cards; another mark that our visitor was wearying mightily of the life at Durrisdeer; and we had not been long at this when my old lord slipped from his place beside the fire, and was off without a word to seek the warmth of bed. The three thus left together had neither love nor courtesy to share; not

one of us would have sat up one instant to oblige another; yet from the influence of custom, and as the cards had just been dealt, we continued the form of playing out the round. I should say we were late sitters; and though my lord had departed earlier than was his custom, twelve was already gone some time upon the clock, and the servants long ago in bed. Another thing I should say, that although I never saw the Master anyway affected with liquor, he had been drinking freely, and was perhaps (although he showed it not) a trifle heated.

Anyway, he now practised one of his transitions; and so soon as the door closed behind my lord, and without the smallest change of voice, shifted from ordinary civil talk into a stream of insult.

"My dear Henry, it is yours to play," he had been saying, and now continued: "it is a very strange thing how, even in so small a matter as a game of cards, you display your rusticity. You play, Jacob, like a bonnet-laird, or a sailor in a tavern. The same dullness, the same petty greed, *cette lenteur d'h.b.t. qui me fait rager*; it is strange I should have such a brother. Even Square-toes has a certain vivacity when his stake is imperilled; but the dreariness of a game with you I positively lack language to depict."

Mr. Henry continued to look at his cards, as though very maturely considering some play; but his mind was elsewhere.

"Dear God, will this never be done?" cries the Master. "*Quel lourdeau!* But why do I trouble you with French expressions, which are lost on such an ignoramus? A *lourdeau*, my dear brother, is as we might say a bumpkin, a clown, a clodpole: a fellow without grace, lightness, quickness; any gift of pleasing, any natural brilliancy: such a one as you shall see, when you desire, by looking in the mirror. I tell you these things for your good, I assure you; and besides, Square-toes" (looking at me and stifling a yawn), "it is one of my diversions in this very dreary spot to toast you and your master at the fire like

chestnuts I have great pleasure in your case, for I observe the nickname (rustic as it is) has always the power to make you writhe. But sometimes I have more trouble with this dear fellow here, who seems to have gone to sleep upon his cards. Do you not see the applicability of the epithet I have just explained, dear Henry? Let me show you. For instance, with all those solid qualities which I delight to recognise in you, I never knew a woman who did not prefer me — nor, I think," he continued, with the most silken deliberation, "I think — who did not continue to prefer me."

Mr. Henry laid down his cards. He rose to his feet very softly, and seemed all the while like a person in deep thought. "You coward!" he said gently, as if to himself. And then, with neither hurry nor any particular violence, he struck the Master in the mouth.

The Master sprang to his feet like one transfigured; I had never seen the man so beautiful. "A blow!" he cried. "I would not take a blow from God Almighty!"

"Lower your voice," said Mr. Henry. "Do you wish my father to interfere for you again?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," I cried, and sought to come between them.

The Master caught me by the shoulder, held me at arm's length, and still addressing his brother: "Do you know what this means?" said he.

"It was the most deliberate act of my life," says Mr. Henry.

"I must have blood, I must have blood for this," says the Master.

"Please God it shall be yours," said Mr. Henry; and he went to the wall and

took down a pair of swords that hung there with others, naked. These he presented to the Master by the points "Mackellar shall see us play fair," said Mr. Henry. "I think it very needful"

"You need insult me no more," said the Master, taking one of the swords at random. "I have hated you all my life."

"My father is but newly gone to bed," said Mr. Henry. "We must go somewhere forth of the house."

"There is an excellent place in the long

shrubbery," said the Master.

"Gentlemen," said I, "shame upon you both! Sons of the same mother, would you turn against the life she gave you?"

"Even so, Mackellar," said Mr. Henry, with the same perfect quietude of manner he had shown throughout.

"It is what I will prevent," said I.

And now here is a blot upon my life. At these words of mine the Master turned his blade against my bosom; I saw the light run along the steel; and I threw up my arms and fell to my knees before him on the floor. "No, no," I cried, like a baby.

"We shall have no more trouble with him," said the Master. "It is



*Photo: Hollinger.*

MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

a good thing to have a coward in the house "

"We must have light," said Mr. Henry, as though there had been no interruption.

"This trembler can bring a pair of candles," said the Master.

To my shame be it said, I was still so blinded with the flashing of that bare sword that I volunteered to bring a lantern.

"We do not need a l-l-lantern," says the Master, mocking me. "There is no breath of air. Come, get to your feet, take a pair of lights, and go before. I am close behind with this"—making the blade glitter as he spoke.

I took up the candlesticks and went before them, steps that I would give my hand to recall; but a coward is a slave at the best; and even as I went, my teeth smote each other in my mouth. It was as he had said: there was no breath stirring, a windless stricture of frost had bound the air; and as we went forth in the shine of the candles, the blackness was like a roof over our heads. Never a word was said; there was never a sound but the creaking of our steps along the frozen path. The cold of the night fell about me like a bucket of water; I shook as I went with more than terror; but my companions, bare-headed like myself, and fresh from the warm hall, appeared not even conscious of the change.

"Here is the place," said the Master. "Set down the candles."

I did as he bid me, and presently the flames went up, as steady as in a chamber, in the midst of the frosted trees, and I beheld these two brothers take their places.

"The light is something in my eyes," said the Master.

"I will give you every advantage," replied Mr. Henry, shifting his ground, "for I think you are about to die." He spoke rather sadly than otherwise, yet there was a ring in his voice.

"Henry Durie," said the Master, "two words before I begin. You are a fencer, you can hold a foil; you little know what a change it makes to hold a sword! And by that I know you are to fall. But see how strong is my

situation! If you fall, I shift out of this country to where my money is before me. If I fall, where are you? My father, your wife—who is in love with me, as you very well know—your child even, who prefers me to yourself:—how will these avenge me! Had you thought of that, dear Henry?" He looked at his brother with a smile; then made a fencing-room salute.

Never a word said Mr. Henry, but saluted too, and the swords rang together.

I am no judge of the play; my head, besides, was gone with cold and fear and horror; but it seems that Mr. Henry took and kept the upper hand from the engagement, crowding in upon his foe with a contained and glowing fury. Nearer and nearer he crept upon the man, till of a sudden the Master leaped back with a little sobbing oath; and I believe the movement brought the light once more against his eyes. To it they went again, on the fresh ground; but now methought closer, Mr. Henry pressing more outrageously, the Master beyond doubt with shaken confidence. For it is beyond doubt he now recognised himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear; or he had never attempted the foul stroke. I cannot say I followed it, my untrained eye was never quick enough to seize details, but it appears he caught his brother's blade with his left hand, a practice not permitted. Certainly Mr. Henry only saved himself by leaping on one side; as certainly the Master, lunging in the air, stumbled on his knee, and before he could move the sword was through his body.

I cried out with a stifled scream, and ran in; but the body was already fallen to the ground, where it writhed a moment like a trodden worm, and then lay motionless.

"Lock at his left hand," said Mr. Henry.

"It is all bloody," said I.

"On the inside?" said he.

"It is cut on the inside," said I.

"I thought so," said he, and turned his back.

I opened the man's clothes; the heart was quite still, it gave not a flutter.

"God forgive us, Mr. Henry!" said I. "He is dead."

"Dead?" he repeated, a little stupidly; and then with a rising tone, "Dead? dead?" says he, and suddenly cast his bloody sword upon the ground.

"What must we do?" said I. "Be yourself, sir. It is too late now; you must be yourself."

He turned and stared at me. "Oh, Mackellar!" says he, and put his face in his hands.

I plucked him by the coat. "For God's sake, for all our sakes, be more courageous!" said I. "What must we do?"

He showed me his face with the same stupid stare. "Do?" says he. And with that his eye fell on the body, and "Oh!" he cries out, with his hand to his brow, as if he had never remembered; and, turning from me, made off towards the house of Durrissdeer at a strange stumbling run.

I stood a moment mused; then it seemed to me my duty lay most plain on the side of the living; and I ran after him, leaving the candles on the frosty ground and the body lying in their light under the trees. But run as I pleased, he had the start of me, and was got into the house, and up to the hall, where I found him standing before the fire with his face once more in his hands, and as he so stood he visibly shuddered.

"Mr. Henry, Mr. Henry," I said, "this will be the ruin of us all."

"What is this that I have done?" cries he, and then looking upon me with a countenance that I shall never forget, "Who is to tell the old man?" he said.

The word knocked at my heart; but it was no time for weakness. I went and poured him out a glass of brandy. "Drink that," said I, "drink it down." I forced him to swallow it like a child; and, being still perished with the cold of the night, I followed his example.

"It has to be told, Mackellar," said he. "It must be told." And he fell suddenly in a seat—my old lord's seat by the chimney-side—and was shaken with dry sobs.

Dismay came upon my soul: it was plain there was no help in Mr. Henry.

"Well," said I, "sit there, and leave all to me." And taking a candle in my hand, I set forth out of the room in the dark house. There was no movement; I must suppose that all had gone unobserved; and I was now to consider how to smuggle through the rest with the like secrecy. It was no hour for scruples; and I opened my lady's door without so much as a knock, and passed boldly in.

"There is some calamity happened," she cried, sitting up in bed.

"Madam," said I, "I will go forth again into the passage; and do you get as quickly as you can into your clothes. There is much to be done."

She troubled me with no questions, nor did she keep me waiting. Ere I had time to prepare a word of that which I must say to her, she was on the threshold signing me to enter.

"Madam," said I, "if you cannot be very brave, I must go elsewhere; for if no one helps me to-night, there is an end of the house of Durrissdeer."

"I am very courageous," said she; and she looked at me with a sort of smile, very painful to see, but very brave too.

"It has come to a duel," said I.

"A duel?" she repeated. "A duel! Henry and——"

"And the Master," said I. "Things have been borne so long, things of which you know nothing, which you would not believe if I should tell. But to-night it went too far, and when he insulted you——"

"Stop," said she. "He? Who?"

"Oh! madam," cried I, my bitterness breaking forth, "do you ask me such a question? Indeed, then, I may go elsewhere for help; there is none here!"

"I do not know in what I have offended you," said she. "Forgive me; put me out of this suspense."

But I dared not tell her yet; I felt not sure of her; and at the doubt, and under the sense of impotence it brought with it, I turned on the poor woman with something near to anger.

"Madam," said I, "we are speaking of two men; one of them insulted you, and you ask me which. I will help you

to the answer. With one of these men you have spent all your hours: has the other reproached you? To one you have been always kind; to the other, as God sees me and judges between us two, I think not always: has his love ever failed you? To-night one of these two men told the other, in my hearing—the hearing of a hired stranger—that you were in love with him. Before I say one word, you shall answer your own question: Which was it? Nay, madam, you shall answer me another: If it has come to this dreadful end, whose fault is it?”

She stared at me like one dazzled. “Good God!” she said once, in a kind of bursting exclamation; and then a second time in a whisper to herself. “Great God! In the name of mercy, Mackellar, what is wrong?” she cried. “I am made up; I can hear all.”

“You are not fit to hear,” said I. “Whatever it was, you shall say first it was your fault.”

“Oh!” she cried, with a gesture of wringing her hands, “this man will drive me mad! Can you not put me out of your thoughts?”

“I think not once of you,” I cried. “I think of none but my dear unhappy master.”

“Ah!” she cried, with her hand to her heart, “is Henry dead!”

“Lower your voice,” said I. “The other.”

I saw her sway like something stricken by the wind; and I know not whether in cowardice or misery, turned aside and looked upon the floor. “These are dreadful tidings,” said I at length, when her silence began to put me in some fear; “and you and I behave to be the more bold if the house is to be saved.” Still she answered nothing. “There is Miss Katharine, besides,” I added; “unless we bring this matter through, her inheritance is like to be of shame.”

I do not know if it was the thought of her child or the naked word shame, that gave her deliverance; at least, I had no sooner spoken than a sound passed her lips, the like of it I never heard; it was as though she had lain buried under a hill and sought to move that burthen.

And the next moment she had found a sort of voice.

“It was a fight,” she whispered. “It was not——?” and she paused upon the word.

“It was a fair fight on my dear master's part,” said I. “As for the other, he was slain in the very act of a foul stroke.”

“Not now!” she cried.

“Madam,” said I, “hatred of that man glows in my bosom like a burning fire; ay, even now he is dead. God knows, I would have stopped the fighting, had I dared. It is my shame I did not. But when I saw him fall, if I could have spared one thought from pitying of my master, it had been to exult on that deliverance.”

I do not know if she marked; but her next words were, “My lord?”

“That shall be my part,” said I.

“You will not speak to him as you have to me?” she asked.

“Madam,” said I, “have you not someone else to think of! Leave my lord to me.”

“Someone else?” she repeated.

“Your husband,” said I. She looked at me with a countenance illegible. “Are you going to turn your back on him?” I asked.

Still she looked at me; then her hand went to her heart again. “No,” said she.

“God bless you for that word!” I said. “Go to him now, where he sits in the hall; speak to him—it matters not what you say; give him your hand; say, ‘I know all’; if God gives you grace enough, say, ‘Forgive me.’”

“God strengthen you, and make you merciful,” said she. “I will go to my husband.”

“Let me light you there,” said I, taking up the candle.

“I will find my way in the dark,” she said, with a shudder, and I think the shudder was at me.

So we separated—she down stairs to where a little light glimmered in the hall-door, I along the passage to my lord's room. It seems hard to say why, but I could not burst in on the old man as I could on the young woman; with whatever reluctance, I must knock. But

his old slumbers were light, or perhaps he slept not; and at the first summons I was bidden enter.

He, too, sat up in bed; very aged and bloodless he looked; and whereas he had a certain largeness of appearance when dressed for daylight, he now seemed frail and little, and his face (the wig being laid aside) not bigger than a child's. This daunted me; nor less, the haggard surmise of misfortune in his eye. Yet his voice was even peaceful as he inquired my errand. I set my candle down upon a chair, leaned on the bed-foot, and looked at him.

"Lord Durrisdeer," said I, "it is very well known to you that I am a partisan in your family."

"I hope we are none of us partisans," said he. "That you love my son sincerely, I have always been glad to recognise."

"Oh! my lord, we are past the hour of these civilities," I replied. "If we are to save anything out of the fire, we must look the fact in its bare countenance. A partisan I am; partisans we have all been; it is as a partisan that I am here in the middle of the night to plead before you. Hear me; before I go, I will tell you why."

"I would always hear you, Mr. Mackellar," said he, "and that at any hour, whether of the day or night, for I would be always sure you had a reason. You spoke once before to very proper purpose; I have not forgotten that."



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#### THE MASTER AND HIS BROTHER FIGHT A DUEL.

*From a painting by Wal Paget.*

"I am here to plead the cause of my master," I said. "I need not tell you how he acts. You know how he is placed. You know with what generosity he has always met your other—met your wishes," I corrected myself, stumbling at that name of son. "You know—you must know—what he has suffered—what he has suffered about his wife."

"Mr. Mackellar!" cried my lord, rising in bed like a bearded lion.

"You said you would hear me," I

continued. "What you do not know, what you should know, one of the things I am here to speak of, is the persecution he must bear in private. Your back is not turned before one whom I dare not name to you falls upon him with the most unfeeling taunts, twits him—pardon me, my lord—twits him with your partiality, calls him Jacob, calls him clown, pursues him with ungenerous raillery, not to be borne by man. And let but one of you appear, instantly he changes; and my master must smile and courtesy to the man who has been feeding him with insults; I know, for I have shared in some of it, and I tell you the life is insupportable. All these months it has endured; it began with the man's landing; it was by the name of Jacob that my master was greeted the first night."

My lord made a movement as if to throw aside the clothes and rise. "If there be any truth in this——" said he.

"Do I look like a man lying?" I interrupted, checking him with my hand.

"You should have told me at first," he said.

"Ah, my lord! indeed I should, and you may well hate the face of this unfaithful servant!" I cried.

"I will take order," said he, "at once." And again made the movement to rise.

Again I checked him. "I have not done," said I. "Would God I had! All this my dear, unfortunate patron has endured without help or countenance. Your own best word, my lord, was only gratitude. Oh, but he was your son, too! He had no other father. He was hated in the country, God knows how unjustly. He had a loveless marriage. He stood on all hands without affection or support—dear, generous, ill-fated, noble heart!"

"Your tears do you much honour and me much shame," says my lord, with a palsied trembling. "But you do me some injustice. Henry has been ever dear to me, very dear. James (I do not deny it, Mr. Mackellar), James is perhaps dearer; you have not seen my James in quite a favourable light; he has suffered

under his misfortunes; and we can only remember how great and how unmerited these were. And even now his is the more affectionate nature. But I will not speak of him. All that you say of Henry is most true; I do not wonder, I know him to be very magnanimous; you will say I trade upon the knowledge? It is possible, there are dangerous virtues; virtues that tempt the encroacher. Mr. Mackellar, I will make it up to him! I will take order with all this. I have been weak; and, what is worse, I have been dull."

"I must not hear you blame yourself, my lord, with that which I have yet to tell upon my conscience," I replied. "You have not been weak; you have been abused by a devilish dissembler. You saw yourself how he had deceived you in the matter of his danger; he has deceived you throughout in every step of his career. I wish to pluck him from your heart; I wish to force your eyes upon your other son; ah, you have a son there!"

"No, no," said he, "two sons—I have two sons."

I made some gesture of despair that struck him; he looked at me with a changed face. "There is much worse behind?" he asked, his voice dying as it rose upon the question.

"Much worse," I answered. "This night he said these words to Mr. Henry: 'I have never known a woman who did not prefer me to you, and I think who did not continue to prefer me.'"

"I will hear nothing against my daughter," he cried; and from his readiness to stop me in this direction, I conclude his eyes were not so dull as I had fancied, and he had looked not without anxiety upon the siege of Mrs. Henry.

"I think not of blaming her," cried I. "It is not that. These words were said in my hearing to Mr. Henry; and if you find them not yet plain enough, these others but a little after: 'Your wife, who is in love with me.'"

"They have quarrelled?" he said.

I nodded.

"I must fly to them," he said, beginning once again to leave his bed.

"No, no!" I cried holding forth my hands.

"You do not know," said he. "These are dangerous words."

"Will nothing make you understand, my lord?" said I.

His eyes besought me for the truth.

I flung myself on my knees by the bedside. "Oh, my lord," cried I, "think on him you have left; think of this poor sinner whom you begot, whom your wife bore to you, whom we have none of us strengthened as we could; think of him, not of yourself; he is the other sufferer — think of him! That is the door for sorrow — Christ's door, God's door: oh! it stands open. Think of him, even as he thought of you. 'Who is to tell the old man?' — these were his words. It was for that I came; that is why I am here pleading at your feet."

"Let me get up," he cried, thrusting me aside, and was on his feet before myself. His voice shook like a sail in the wind, yet he spoke with a good loudness; his face was like the snow, but his eyes were steady and dry. "Here is too much speech," said he. "Where was it?"

"In the shrubbery," said I.

"And Mr. Henry?" he asked. And when I had told him he knotted his old face in thought.

"And Mr. James?" says he.

"I have left him lying," said I, "beside the candles."

"Candles?" he cried. And with that he ran to the window, opened it, and looked abroad. "It might be spied from the road."

"Where none goes by at such an hour," I objected.

"It makes no matter," he said. "One might. Hark!" cries he. "What is that?"

It was the sound of men very guardedly rowing in the bay; and I told him so.

"The free-traders," said my lord. "Run at once, Mackellar; put these



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#### THE RETURN OF THE MASTER.

"It was the bird of ill-omen back again."

From a painting by Wal Paget.

candles out I will dress in the meanwhile; and when you return we can debate on what is wisest."

I groped my way downstairs, and out at the door. From quite a far way off a sheen was visible, making points of brightness in the shrubbery; in so black a night it might have been remarked for miles, and I blamed myself bitterly for my incaution. How much more sharply when I reached the place! One of the candlesticks was overthrown, and that taper quenched. The other burned steadily by itself, and made a broad space of light upon the frosted ground. All within that circle seemed by the force of contrast and the overhanging blackness, brighter than by day. And there was the bloodstain in the midst; and a little farther off Mr. Henry's sword, the pommel of which was of silver; but of the body, not a trace. My heart thumped upon my ribs, the hair stirred upon my scalp, as I stood there staring—so strange was the sight, so dire the fears it awakened. I looked right and left; the ground was so hard it told no story. I stood and listened till my ears ached, but the night was hollow about me like an empty church; not even a ripple stirred upon the shore; it seemed you might have heard a pin drop in the county.

I put the candle out, and the blackness fell about me groping dark; it was like a crowd surrounding me; and I went back to the house of Durrissdeer, with my chin upon my shoulder, startling, as I went, with craven suppositions. In the door a figure moved to meet me, and I had near screamed with terror ere I recognised Mrs. Henry.

"Have you told him?" says she.

"It was he who sent me," said I. "It is gone. But why are you here?"

"It is gone!" she repeated. "What is gone?"

"The body," said I. "Why are you not with your husband?"

"Gone?" said she. "You cannot have looked. Come back."

"There is no light now," said I. "I dare not."

"I can see in the dark. I have been standing here so long—so long,"

said she. "Come, give me your hand."

We returned to the shrubbery hand in hand, and to the fatal place.

"Take care of the blood," said I.

"Blood?" she cried, and started violently back.

"I suppose it will be," said I. "I am like a blind man."

"No," said she, "nothing! Have you not dreamed?"

"Ah, would to God we had!" cried I.

She spied the sword, picked it up, and, seeing the blood, let it fall again with her hands thrown wide. "Ah!" she cried. And then, with an instant courage, handled it the second time, and thrust it to the hilt into the frozen ground. "I will take it back and clean it properly," says she, and again looked about her on all sides. "It cannot be that he was dead?" she added.

"There was no flutter of his heart," said I, and then remembering: "Why are you not with your husband?"

"It is no use," said she; "he will not speak to me."

"Not speak to you?" I repeated. "Oh! you have not tried."

"You have a right to doubt me," she replied, with a gentle dignity.

At this, for the first time, I was seized with sorrow for her. "God knows, madam," I cried, "God knows I am not so hard as I appear; on this dreadful night who can veneer his words? But I am a friend to all who are not Henry Durie's enemies."

"It is hard, then, you should hesitate about his wife," said she.

I saw all at once, like the rending of a veil, how nobly she had borne this unnatural calamity, and how generously my reproaches.

"We must go back and tell this to my lord," said I.

"Him I cannot face," she cried.

"You will find him the least moved of all of us," said I.

"And yet I cannot face him," said she.

"Well," said I, "you can return to Mr. Henry; I will see my lord."

As we walked back, I bearing the candlesticks, she the sword—a strange

burthen for that woman—she had another thought. “Should we tell Henry?” she asked.

“Let my lord decide,” said I.

My lord was nearly dressed when I came to his chamber. He heard me with a frown. “The free-traders,” said he. “But whether dead or alive?”

“I thought him——” said I, and paused, ashamed of the word.

“I know; but you may very well have been in error. Why should they remove him if not living?” he asked. “Oh! here is a great door of hope. It must be given out that he departed—as he came—without any note of preparation. We must save all scandal.”

I saw he had fallen, like the rest of us, to think mainly of the house. Now that all the living members of the family were plunged in irremediable sorrow, it was strange how we turned to that conjoint abstraction of the family itself, and sought to bolster up the airy nothing of its reputation: not the Duries only, but the hired steward himself.

“Are we to tell Mr. Henry?” I asked him.

“I will see,” said he. “I am going first to visit him; then I go forth with you to view the shrubbery and consider.”

We went downstairs into the hall. Mr. Henry sat by the table with his head upon his hand, like a man of stone. His wife stood a little back from him, her hand at her mouth; it was plain she could not move him. My old lord walked very steadily to where his son was sitting; he had a steady countenance, too, but methought a little cold. When he was quite come up, he held out both his hands and said, “My son!”

With a broken, strangled cry, Mr. Henry leaped up and fell on his father's neck, crying and weeping, the most pitiful sight that ever a man witnessed. “Oh! father,” he cried, “you know I loved him; you know I loved him in the beginning; I could have died for him—you know that! I would have given my life for him and you. Oh! say you know that. Oh! say you can forgive me. O father, father, what have I done—what have I done? And we used to be

bairns together!” and wept and sobbed, and fondled the old man, and clutched him about the neck, with the passion of a child in terror.

And then he caught sight of his wife (you would have thought for the first time), where she stood weeping to hear him, and in a moment had fallen at her knees. “And O, my lass,” he cried, “you must forgive me too! Not your husband—I have only been the ruin of your life. But you knew me when I was a lad; there was no harm in Henry Durie then; he meant aye to be a friend to you. It's him—it's the old bairn that played with you—oh, can ye never, never forgive him?”

Throughout all this my lord was like a cold, kind spectator with his wits about him. At the first cry, which was indeed enough to call the house about us he had said to me over his shoulder, “Close the door.” And now he nodded to himself.

“We may leave him to his wife now,” says he. “Bring a light, Mr. Mackellar.”

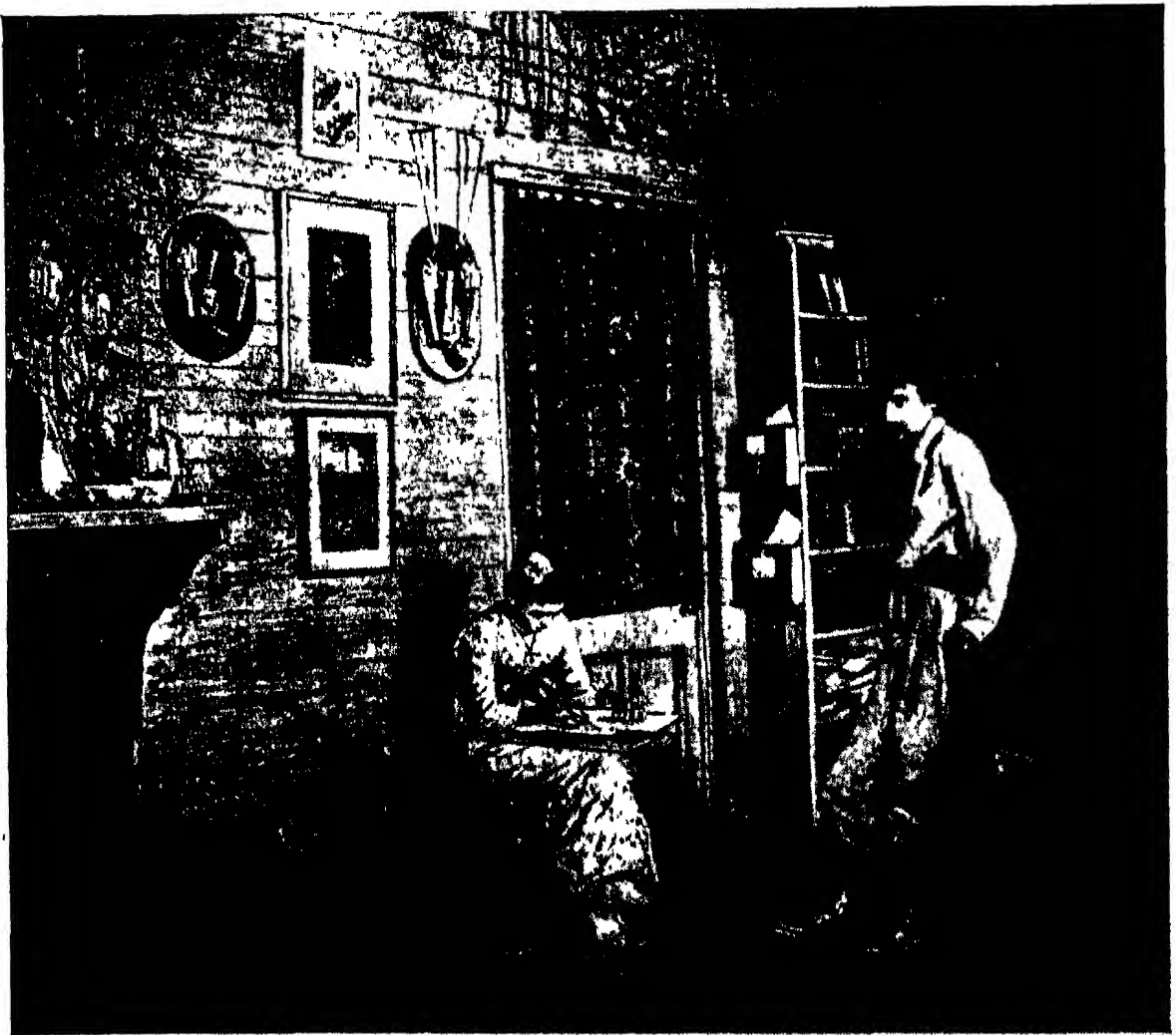
Upon my going forth again with my lord, I was aware of a strange phenomenon; for though it was quite dark, and the night not yet old, methought I smelt the morning. At the same time there went a tossing through the branches of the evergreens, so that they sounded like a quiet sea, and the air puffed at times against our faces, and the flame of the candle shook. We made the more speed, I believe, being surrounded by this bustle; visited the scene of the duel, where my lord looked upon the blood with stoicism; and passing farther on toward the landing-place, came at last upon some evidences of the truth. For, first of all, where there was a pool across the path, the ice had been trodden in, plainly by more than one man's weight; next, and but a little farther, a young tree was broken, and down by the landing-place, where the traders' boats were usually beached, another stain of blood marked where the body must have been infallibly set down to rest the bearers.

This stain we set ourselves to wash away with the sea-water, carrying it in my lord's hat; and as we were thus

engaged there came up a sudden moaning gust and left us instantly benighted.

"It will come to snow," says my lord ;  
"and the best thing that we could hope.  
Let us go back now ; we can do nothing  
in the dark."

*[The Master proved to be alive, returning many years after the death of the old laird. The scene then shifts to America, where thrilling adventures occur, the two brothers being finally buried in the same grave.]*



STEVENSON IN HIS STUDY AT VAILIMA, DICTATING TO  
HIS STEP-DAUGHTER, MRS. STRONG.

# SELECTIONS FROM DON JUAN

LORD BYRON



Photo: Rischgitz Collection

LORD BYRON.

Into this work Byron put the whole of himself: his revolt against society, his international liberalism, his scorn, his mockery, his wit, his poetry, and what Swinburne called his "excellency of sincerity and strength." Professor John Nichol says: "He has swept into the pages of his poem the experiences of thirty years of a life so crowded with vitality that our sense of the plethora of power which it exhibits makes us ready to condone its lapses."

But many of Byron's critics did not condone his lapses. The opinions which

"Don Juan" evoked are eloquent, by their variety, of the greatness of the work. Shelley had seen some of the yet unpublished cantos and wrote of the poem: "It sets him not only above, but far above, all the poets of the day. Every word has the stamp of immortality. . . ." The professional critics had other views. "Blackwood's Magazine" charged the poet with "brutally outraging all the best feelings of humanity." Lord Jeffrey said that "Don Juan" had "a tendency to destroy all belief in the reality of virtue." But another critic adured Byron to stick to "Don Juan" as the only sincere thing he had ever written, and from Weimar came Goethe's massive verdict: "It is a work full of soul, bitterly savage in its

misanthropy, exquisitely delicate in its tenderness." To conclude, Professor Nichol says that even now "'Don Juan' is emphatically the poem of intelligent men of middle age, who have grown weary of mere sentiment, and yet retain enough of sympathetic feeling to desire at times to recall it." Of all poems in our language "Don Juan" is the most difficult to describe, because it is the personal testament of a man whose character still defies analysis. Like "Childe Harold," "Don Juan" is a narrative poem describing the wanderings of its hero—an epic which abounds in

*every kind of literary material: wit, satire, description, characterisation, self-communing, dreaming. The following passages are representative, and must speak for themselves.*

## FROM DON JUAN

### I.

#### SWEET THINGS.

'Tis sweet to hear  
At midnight on the blue and moon't deep  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,  
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;

'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;  
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep  
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high  
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark  
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come,

'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,  
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum  
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes  
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth  
Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes  
From civic revelry to rural mirth;  
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,

Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,

Sweet is revenge—especially to women,  
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen. . . . .

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,  
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,

Like Adam's recollection of his fall;  
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—all's known—

And life yie'ds nothing further to recall  
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,  
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven  
Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven. . . . .

### II.

#### THE STORM.

##### XLIX

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down  
Over the waste of waters, like a veil,  
Which, if withdrawn, would but disc'ose the frown  
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail  
'Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,  
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,  
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had I fear  
Been their familiar, and now Death was here. . . . .

##### L.I

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, bencoops, spars,  
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose  
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,  
For yet they strove, although of no great use:  
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,  
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;  
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,  
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

##### L.II

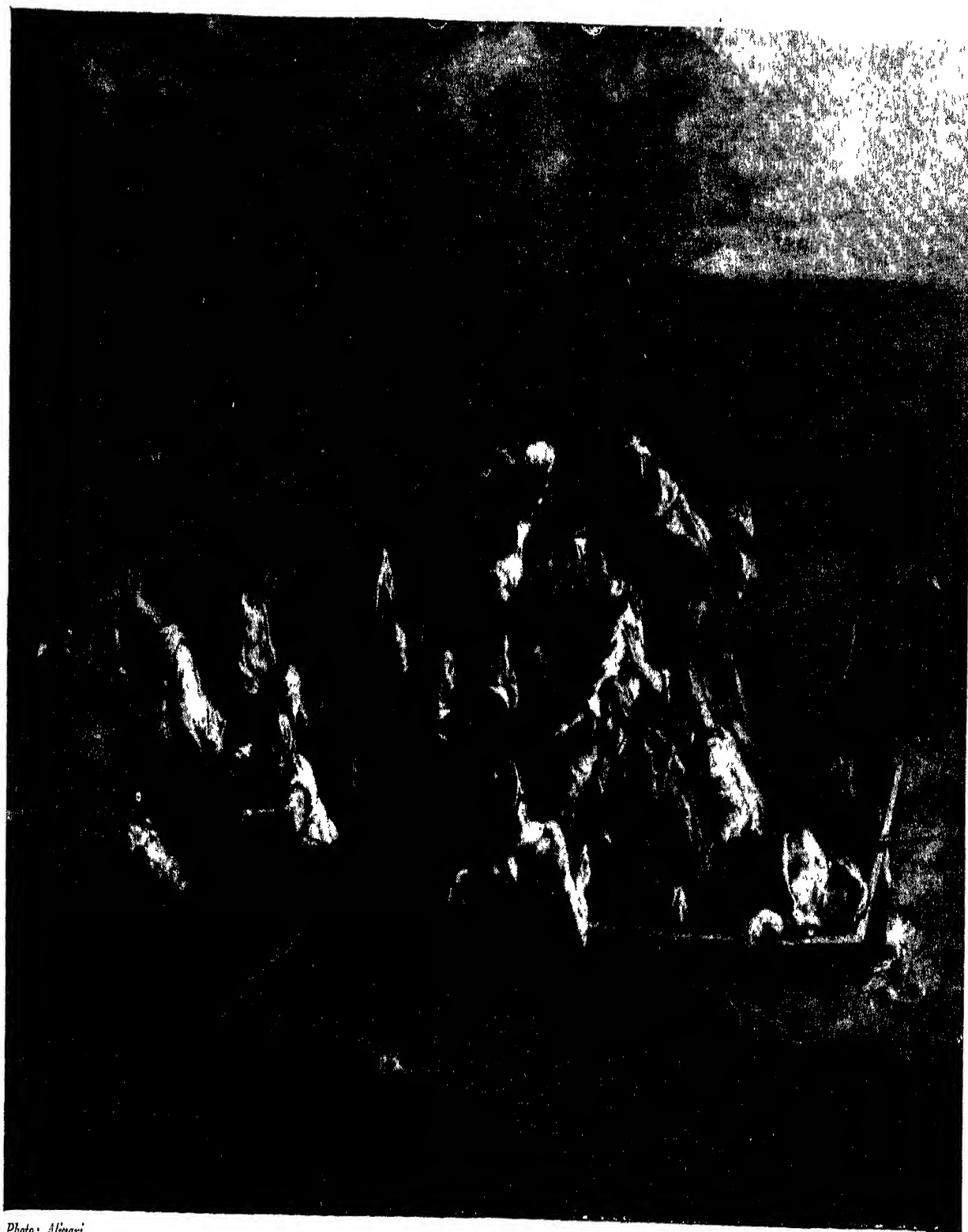
Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—  
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave—  
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave;  
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,  
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,  
Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he die.

##### L.III

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,  
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash  
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,  
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash  
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,  
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony. . . .

##### LXX

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,  
And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child:



*Photo: Alinari.*

THE SHIPWRECK OF DON JUAN.  
From the painting by Delacroix in the Louvre, Paris.

The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,  
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—  
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)  
What could they do? and hunger's rage grew wild.  
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,  
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating

## LXXI

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,  
And Juan, who had still refused, because  
The creature was his father's dog that died,  
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,  
With some remorse received (though first denied)  
As a great favour one of the fore-paws,  
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who  
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

## LXXII

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun  
Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,  
They lay like carcasses; and hope was none,  
Save in the breeze that came not; savagely  
They glared upon each other—all was done,  
Water, and wine, and food—and you might see  
The longings of the cannibal arise  
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes

## LXXIII

At length one whisper'd his companion, who  
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,  
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,  
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;  
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,  
'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found:  
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,  
And who should die to be his fellow's food.

## LXXV

The lots were made, and mark'd and mix'd, and handed,  
In silent horror, and their distribution  
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,  
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;

None in particular had sought or planned it,  
'Twas nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,  
By which none were permitted to be neuter—  
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor. . . .

## LXXIX

'Twas better that he did not; for, in fact,  
The consequence was awful in the extreme,  
For they, who were most ravenous in the act,  
Went raging mad—Lord! how they did blaspheme:  
And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,  
Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream,  
Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,  
And, with hyena-laughter, died despairing. . . . .

## LXXXV

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer  
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,  
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,  
And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,  
They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher  
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet  
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking  
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

## LXXXVI

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,  
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd:  
Their throats were ovens, their swollen tongues were black,  
As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd  
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back  
A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd  
To taste of heaven—If this be true, indeed,  
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

## XCVI

With twilight it again came on to blow,  
But not with violence; the stars shone out,  
The boat made way; yet now they were so low,  
They knew not where nor what they were about;

Some fancied they saw land, and some said  
 "No!"  
 The frequent fog-banks gave them cause  
 to doubt—  
 Some swore that they heard breakers,  
 others guns,  
 And all mistook about the latter once.

## XCVII

As morning broke, the light wind died  
 away,  
 When he who had the watch sung out and  
 swore,  
 If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's  
 ray,  
 He wish'd that land he never might see  
 more;  
 And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a  
 bay,  
 Or thought they saw, and shaped their  
 course for shore,  
 For shore it was, and gradually grew  
 distinct, and high, and palpable to  
 view. . . . .

## CI

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,  
 Still set them onwards to the welcome  
 shore,  
 Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and  
 pale:  
 Their living freight was now reduced to  
 four,  
 And three dead, whom their strength could  
 not avail  
 To heave into the deep with those before,  
 Though the two sharks still follow'd them,  
 and dash'd  
 The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

## CII

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat  
 had done  
 Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd  
 them to  
 Such things a mother had not known her  
 son  
 Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew:  
 By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one  
 by one  
 They perish'd, until wither'd to these  
 few,  
 But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,  
 In washing down Pedrillo with salt  
 water. . . . .

## CVIII

There, breathless, with his digging nails  
 he clung  
 Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,  
 From whose reluctant roar his life he  
 wrung,  
 Should suck him back to her insatiate  
 grave:

And there he lay, full length, where he  
 was flung,  
 Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,  
 With just enough of life to feel its pain,  
 And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in  
 vain.

## CIX

With slow and staggering effort he arose,  
 But sunk again upon his bleeding knee  
 And quivering hand; and then he look'd  
 for those  
 Who long had been his mates upon the  
 sea,  
 But none of them appear'd to share his  
 woes,  
 Save one, a corpse from out the famish'd  
 three,  
 Who died two days before, and now had  
 found  
 An unknown barren beach for burial  
 ground.

## CX

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun  
 fast,  
 And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the  
 sand  
 Swam round and round, and all his senses  
 pass'd:  
 He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd  
 hand  
 Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-  
 mast),  
 And, like a wither'd lily, on the land  
 His slender frame and pallid aspect lay  
 As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of  
 clay.

## III.

## THE ISLES OF GREECE.

## I

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace—  
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their sun, is set. . . .

## 3

The mountains look on Marathon—  
 And Marathon looks on the sea;  
 And musing there an hour alone,  
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free;  
 For standing on the Persians' grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

## 4

A king sate on the rocky brow  
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
 And men in nations; all were his!  
 He counted them at break of day—  
 And when the sun set, where were they?

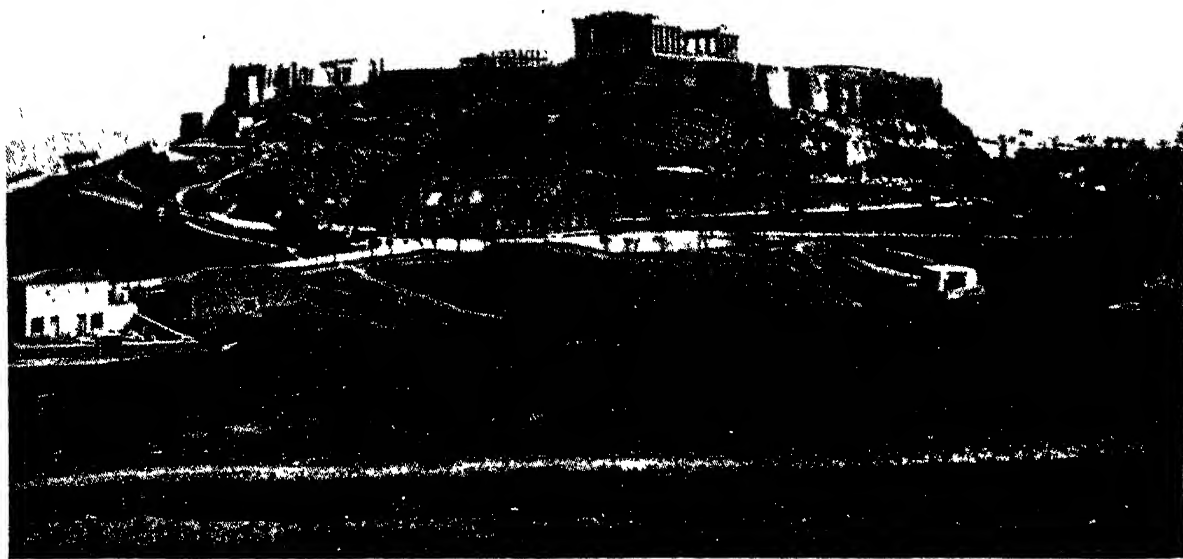


Photo: Alinari.

"THEY BLOOM WITH AN ETERNAL FRESHNESS."

The Temples on the Acropolis at Athens.

## 5

And where are they? and where art  
thou,  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

## 6

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

## 7

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?  
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ:

## 8

What, silent still? and silent all?  
Ah! no; the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, "Let one living head,  
But one arise—we come, we come!"  
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

## IV.

## AVE MARIA!

## CI

T' our tale.—The feast was over, the slaves  
gone,  
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired;  
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,  
And every sound of revelry expired;  
The lady and her lover, left alone,  
The rosy flood of twilight's sky admired;—  
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,  
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is  
worthiest thee!

## CII

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!  
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft  
Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
While swung the deep bell in the distant  
tower,  
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,  
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd  
with prayer.

## CIII

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!  
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!  
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare  
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!  
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!  
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty  
dove—  
What though 'tis but a pictured image?—  
strike—  
That painting is no idol—'tis too like.

## V.

## HAIDÉE'S DREAM.

*In the course of his adventures Don Juan is shipwrecked and flung on an island in the Pacific. He is found and nursed back to life by Haidée, the young daughter of the pirate Lambro. At the time he is away on a lengthy voyage of piracy. Don Juan and Haidée have lived together some months ere Lambro comes back. Just as he returns, furious and annoyed to find a stranger in his home, Haidée has the following dream :—*

The world was not for them, nor the world's  
art  
For beings passionate as Sappho's song ;  
Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so  
intense,  
It was their very spirit—not a sense.

## XXVIII

They should have lived together deep in  
woods,  
Unseen as sings the nightingale ; they  
were  
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes  
Call'd social, haunts of Hate, and Vice,  
and Care :  
How lonely every freeborn creature broods !



DON JUAN, SHIPWRECKED ON THE CYCLADES, DISCOVERED BY HAIDÉE, THE PIRATE'S DAUGHTER.

From the painting by Ford Maddox Brown in the Luxembourg.

## XXVII

Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in  
heart,  
Why did they not then die ?—they had  
lived too long  
Should an hour come to bid them breathe  
apart,  
Years could but bring them cruel things or  
wrong ;

The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair ;  
The eagle soars alone ; the gull and crow  
Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

## XXIX

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving  
sleep,  
Haidée and Juan their siesta took,  
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,



HAIDÉE MOURNED HER LOVER, JUAN, AND "MANY A GREEK MAID SIGHS  
O'ER HER NAME."

From the painting by Charles Muller in the Lille Museum.

For ever and anon a something shook  
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would  
creep ;  
And Haidée's sweet lips murmur'd like a  
brook  
A wordless music, and her face so fair  
Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with  
the air. . . . .

XXXI

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-  
shore,  
Chain'd to a rock ; she knew not how, but  
stir  
She could not from the spot, and the loud  
roar  
Grew, and each wave rose roughly,  
threatening her ;  
And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to  
pour,  
Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they  
were  
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and  
high—  
Each broke to drown her, yet she could not  
die.

XXXII

Anon—she was released, and then she  
stray'd  
O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding  
feet,

And stumbled almost every step she made ;  
And something roll'd before her in a sheet,  
Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid :  
'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to  
meet  
Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed  
and grasp'd,  
And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

XXXIII

The dream changed :—in a cave she stood,  
its walls  
Were hung with marble icicles ; the work  
Of ages on its water-tretted halls,  
Where waves might wash, and seals might  
breed and lurk ;  
Her hair was dripping, and the very balls  
Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears,  
and mirk  
The sharp rocks look'd below each drop  
they caught,  
Which froze to marble as it fell—she  
thought.

XXXIV

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,  
Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead  
brow,  
Which she essay'd in vain to clear (how  
sweet  
Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they  
now !)

Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat  
Of his quench'd heart; and the sea dirges  
low  
Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,  
And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

## xxxv

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face  
Faded, or alter'd into something new—  
Like to her father's features, till each trace  
More like and like to Lambro's aspect  
grew—

With all his keen worn look and Grecian  
grace;  
And starting, she awoke, and what to view?  
Oh! Powers of Heaven! what dark eye  
meets she there?

'Tis—'tis her father's—fix'd upon the pair!

## xxxvi

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,  
With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see  
Him whom she deem'd a habitant where  
dwell

The ocean-buried, risen from death, to be  
Perchance the death of one she loved too  
well:

Dear as her father had been to Haidée,  
It was a moment of that awful kind—  
I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

## xxxvii

Up Juan sprung to Haidée's bitter shriek,  
And caught her falling, and from off the  
wall  
Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to  
wreak  
Vengeance on him who was the cause of  
all:  
Then Lambro, who till now forbore to  
speak,  
Smiled scornfully, and said, "Within my  
call,  
A thousand scimitars await the word;  
Put up, young man, put up your silly  
sword."

## xxxviii

And Haidée clung around him; "Juan,  
'tis—

'Tis Lambro—'tis my father! Kneel with  
me—

He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.  
Oh! dearest father, in this agony  
Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss  
Thy garment's hem with transport, can  
it be

That doubt should mingle with my filial  
joy?

Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this  
boy."



Photo. Rischgitz Collection.

## LADY BYRON

### THE POET'S WIFE

*In less than four years Byron had run through much of his property and sold Newstead Abbey, had married a great heiress, Miss Milbanke, and had, after exactly a year, been left by her. The story of Byron's disastrous marriage ended in the crash of the poet's social reputation, and his departure from England, never to return. The cause of the separation is an unsolved mystery.*

## DARKNESS.

*This great poem, written shortly after the poet's separation from his wife (see previous page), is one of the finest of Byron's shorter poems; here, says Professor Saintsbury, he "has attained to the true sublime."*

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.  
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars

Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;

Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,

And men forgot their passions in the dread  
Of this their desolation, and all hearts  
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:  
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,

The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons, cities were consumed,

And men were gather'd round their blazing homes

To look once more into each other's face;  
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye

Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:

A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;  
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour  
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks

Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.

The brows of men by the despairing light  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits

The flashes fell upon them; some lay down

And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest

Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;

And other hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up

With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of a past world; and then again

With curses cast them down upon the dust,

And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd

And terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes

Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd

And twined themselves among the multitude,

Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food:

And War, which for a moment was no more,

Did glut himself again—a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart  
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;

All earth was but one thought—and that was death

Immediate and inglorious; and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men

Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;

The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,  
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,

And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,

Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead

Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,

But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand

Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.

The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two

Of an enormous city did survive

And they were enemies: they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place

Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things

For an unholy usage; they raked up,  
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands

The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame

Which was a mockery; then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld

Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—

Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow

Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,

The populous and the powerful was a lump,

Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,

A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,

And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;

Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropp'd

They slept on the abyss without a surge—  
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave.

The moon, their mistress, had expired before;

The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,

And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need

Of aid from the n—She was the Universe.

# MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND



Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.

## THE ELECTION: CANVASSING FOR VOTES

Macaulay vividly describes life in London in the seventeenth century; the passages reprinted here are amongst the most interesting in his famous history.

From the painting by Hogarth, in the Soanes Museum.

*Macaulay's aim in his History was to write the History of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which was within the memory of men still living. "I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers"*

*His endeavour was "to relate the history*

*of the people as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the change of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations."*

*This great project was never carried out. It was cut short by Macaulay's death, when the narrative of the reign of William the Third was barely finished; so that the history proper, as he schemed it, covers a period of only sixteen years. The work is, therefore, strictly speaking, not a history of England at all; it remains, like the torso of a majestic statue, a magnificent fragment and no more.*

*The third chapter is a description of*

*the state of England under Charles the Second, so original as to be in truth unique; it is one of the most readable that Macaulay ever wrote. The amount of research in collecting the innumerable details which make up the painting of the narrative may be judged from Macaulay's own statement, that often a day's work in the library provided him with half a line. The extract which we give below, dealing with the state of London, is an excellent example of this masterpiece of descriptive writing.*

*Fortunately, the reigns of James and William, which are told in full, contain a succession of some of the most striking scenes in English history—the Battle of the Boyne, the massacre of Glencoe, the trial of the seven Bishops, the plot of Titus Oates. Macaulay was one of the greatest of all story-tellers; such examples as the fate of Monmouth, of Judge Jeffreys and the Bloody Assize, which the reader has before him in these pages are as vivid as anything in Livy; His style, in verve, vivacity, and picturesque effect, lends interest even to the slightest incidents; so that the crash of thrones and the convulsions of the State are hardly more absorbing than his account of how Captain Kidd turned pirate, or how another corsair founded the Bank of England.*

## I.

## DESCRIPTION OF LONDON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

WHOEVER examines the maps of London which were published towards the close of the reign of Charles the Second will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed. The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. . . . Chelsea, which is now peopled by more than forty thousand human beings, was a quiet country village with about a thousand inhabitants. On the north, cattle fed, and sportsmen wandered with dogs and guns, over the site of the borough of Marylebone, and over far the greater part of the space now covered

by the boroughs of Finsbury and of the Tower Hamlets.

Islington was almost a solitude; and poets loved to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of the monster London. On the south the capital is now connected with its suburb by several bridges; in 1685, a single line of irregular arches, overhung by piles of mean and crazy houses, and garnished, after a fashion worthy of the naked barbarians of Dahomey, with scores of mouldering heads, impeded the navigation of the river.

*[Macaulay describes the City proper as it was in 1685, and the great fire which "had, in a few days, covered a space of little less than a square mile with the ruins of eighty-nine churches and of thirteen thousand houses."]*

**Wren's London.**

But the City had risen again with a celerity which had excited the admiration of neighbouring countries. Unfortunately, the old lines of the streets had been to a great extent preserved; and those lines, originally traced in an age when even princesses performed their journeys on horseback, were often too narrow to allow wheeled carriages to pass each other with ease, and were therefore ill adapted for the residence of wealthy persons in an age when a coach and six was a fashionable luxury. . . . On the sites of the ancient parish churches had arisen a multitude of new domes, towers, and spires which bore the mark of the fertile genius of Wren. In every place save one the traces of the great devastation had been completely effaced. But the crowds of workmen, the scaffolds and the masses of hewn stone were still to be seen where the noblest of Protestant temples was slowly rising on the ruins of the old Cathedral of St. Paul. . . .

*[Macaulay proceeds to describe the residences of the City merchants, where the heads of great firms "live splendidly and hospitably." "Those mansions of the great old burghers which still exist have been turned into counting-houses and ware-*



CLAUDE DUVAL.  
From the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A.

*Photo: Ruschke's Collection.*

*houses. They sometimes stand in retired and gloomy courts, and are accessible only by inconvenient passages: but their dimensions are ample, and their aspect stately.”]*

Almost all the noble families of England had long migrated beyond the walls. The district where most of their town houses stood lies between the City and the regions which are now considered as fashionable. . . . The stately dwellings on the south and west of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Piazza of Covent Garden, Southampton Square, which is now called Bloomsbury Square, and King's Square in Soho Fields, which is now called Soho Square, were among the favourite spots.

Foreign princes were carried to see Bloomsbury Square, as one of the wonders of England. Soho Square, which had just been built, was to our ancestors a subject of pride with which their posterity will hardly sympathise. Monmouth Square had been the name while the fortunes of the Duke of Monmouth flourished; and on the southern side towered his mansion.

#### **Regent Street in the Country.**

He who then rambled to what is now the gayest and most crowded part of Regent Street found himself in a solitude, and was sometimes so fortunate as to have a shot at a woodcock. On the north the Oxford road ran between hedges. Three or four hundred yards to the south were the garden walls of a few great houses which were considered as quite out of town. On the west was a meadow renowned for a spring from which, long afterwards, Conduit Street was named. On the east was a field not to be passed without a shudder by any Londoner of that age. There, as in a place far from the haunts of men, had been dug, twenty years before, when the great plague was raging, a pit into which the dead carts had nightly shot corpses by scores. It was popularly believed that the earth was deeply tainted with infection, and could not be disturbed without imminent risk to human life. No foundations were laid there

till two generations had passed without any return of the pestilence, and till the ghastly spot had long been surrounded by buildings

We should greatly err if we were to suppose that any of the streets and squares then bore the same aspect as at present. The great majority of the houses, indeed, have, since that time, been wholly, or in great part, rebuilt. If the most fashionable parts of the capital could be placed before us, such as they then were, we should be disgusted by their squalid appearance, and poisoned by their noisome atmosphere. In Covent Garden a filthy and noisy market was held close to the dwellings of the great. Fruit women screamed, carters fought, cabbage stalks and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and of the Bishop of Durham.

The centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields was an open space where the rabble congregated every evening, within a few yards of Cardigan House and Winchester House, to hear mountebanks harangue, to see bears dance, and to set dogs at oxen. Rubbish was shot in every part of the area. Horses were exercised there. The beggars were as noisy and importunate as in the worst governed cities of the Continent. A Lincoln's Inn mumper was a proverb. The whole fraternity knew the arms and liveries of every charitably disposed grandee in the neighbourhood, and, as soon as his lordship's coach and six appeared, came hopping and crawling in crowds to persecute him. These disorders lasted, in spite of many accidents, and of some legal proceedings, till, in the reign of George the Second, Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, was knocked down and nearly killed in the middle of the square. Then at length palisades were set up, and a pleasant garden laid out.

Saint James's Square was a receptacle for all the offal and cinders, for all the dead cats and dead dogs of Westminster. At one time a cudgel player kept the ring there. At another time an impudent squatter settled himself there, and built a shed for rubbish under the windows of

the gilded saloons in which the first magnates of the realm, Norfolks, Ormonds, Kents, and Pembrokes, gave banquets and balls. It was not till these nuisances had lasted through a whole generation, and till much had been written about them, that the inhabitants applied to Parliament for permission to put up rails, and to plant trees.

### ***Street Humours and Perils.***

When such was the state of the region inhabited by the most luxurious portion of society, we may easily believe that the great body of the population suffered what would now be considered as insupportable grievances. The pavement was detestable; all foreigners cried shame upon it. The drainage was so bad that in rainy weather the gutters soon became torrents. Several facetious poets have commemorated the fury with which these black rivulets roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and greengrocers. This flood was profusely thrown to right and left by coaches and carts. To keep as far from the carriage road as possible was therefore the wish of every pedestrian. The mild and timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel. If he was a mere bully he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montague House.

The houses were not numbered. There would indeed have been little advantage in numbering them; for of the coachmen, chairmen porters, and errand boys of London, a very small proportion could read. It was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were therefore distinguished by painted signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets. The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of Saracens' Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs, which dis-

appeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people.

When the evening closed in, the difficulty and danger of walking about London became serious indeed. The garret windows were opened, and pails were emptied, with little regard to those who were passing below. Falls, bruises, and broken bones were of constant occurrence. For, till the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, most of the streets were left in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity: yet they were hardly so terrible to peaceable citizens as another class of ruffians. It was a favourite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude caresses to pretty women. Several dynasties of these tyrants had, since the Restoration, domineered over the streets. . . .

*[An exceedingly interesting description of the coffee houses of the time follows. No Parliament had sat for years; "the Municipal Council had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself."]*

### ***The Famous Coffee Houses.***

. . . Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth Estate of the realm. . . . Foreigners remarked that the coffee house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places

who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters.

There were houses near St. James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. . . .

At Will's, that celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether "Paradise Lost" ought not to have been in rhyme. . . . Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen, Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sate. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast.

There were coffee houses where the first medical men might be consulted. . . . There were Puritan coffee houses where no oath was heard, and where lankhaired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee houses where dark-eyed money changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.

#### *Coaching and Dangers of the Road.*

It was by the highways that both travellers and goods generally passed from place to place. And those highways

appear to have been far worse than might have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilisation which the nation had even then attained. On the best lines of communication the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the unclosed heath and fen which lay on both sides. . .

Pepys and his wife, travelling in their own coach, lost their way between Newbury and Reading. In the course of the same tour they lost their way near Salisbury, and were in danger of having to pass the night on the plain. It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and the left; and only a narrow track of firm ground rose above the quagmire. At such times obstructions and quarrels were frequent, and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would break the way.

It happened, almost every day, that coaches stuck fast, until a team of cattle could be procured from some neighbouring farm, to tug them out of the slough. But in bad seasons the traveller had to encounter inconveniences still more serious. Thoresby, who was in the habit of travelling between Leeds and the capital, has recorded, in his Diary, such a series of perils and disasters as might suffice for a journey to the Frozen Ocean or to the Desert of Sahara. On one occasion he learned that the floods were out between Ware and London, that passengers had to swim for their lives, and that a higgler had perished in the attempt to cross. In consequence of these tidings he turned out of the high road, and was conducted across some meadows, where it was necessary for him to ride to the saddle skirts in water. In the course of another journey he narrowly escaped being swept away by an inundation of the Trent. He was afterwards detained at Stamford four days, on account of the state of the roads, and then ventured to proceed only because fourteen members of the House of Commons, who were going up in a body to Parlia-



*Photo. Raschig's Collection.*

VISSCHER'S SEVENTEENTH CENTURY VIEW OF LONDON SHOWING LONDON BRIDGE.

ment, with guides and numerous attendants, took him into their company. . . .

People, in the time of Charles the Second, travelled with six horses, because with a smaller number there was great danger of sticking fast in the mire. Nor were even six horses always sufficient. Vanbrugh, in the succeeding generation, described with great humour the way in which a country gentleman, newly chosen a member of Parliament, went up to London. On that occasion all the exertions of six beasts, two of which had been taken from the plough, could not save the family coach from being imbedded in a quagmire. . . .

### *The Highwaymen.*

Whatever might be the way in which a journey was performed, the travellers, unless they were numerous and well armed, ran considerable risk of being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lay on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers of this class. Hounslow Heath, on the great Western Road, and Finchley Common, on the great North Road, were perhaps the most celebrated of these spots. The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping Forest, even in broad daylight. Seamen who had just been paid off at Chatham were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, celebrated near a hundred years earlier by the greatest of poets as the scene of the depredations of Poins and Falstaff.

The public authorities seem to have been often at a loss how to deal with the plunderers. At one time it was announced in the "Gazette" that several persons, who were strongly suspected of being highwaymen, but against whom there was not sufficient evidence, would be paraded at Newgate in riding dresses : their horses would also be shown : and all gentlemen who had been robbed were invited to inspect this singular exhibition. On another occasion a pardon was publicly offered to a robber if he would

give up some rough diamonds, of immense value, which he had taken when he stopped the Harwich mail. . . .

It was necessary to the success and even to the safety of the highwayman that he should be a bold and skilful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee houses and gaming houses, and betted with men of quality on the race ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class.

The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity, of their occasional acts of generosity and good nature, of their amours, of their miraculous escapes, of their desperate struggles, and of their manly bearing at the bar and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and, in return, not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves ; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner ; that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich ; that his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows of York.

### *Claude Duval.*

It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honour to be named first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders ; how at the head of his troop he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds ; how he took only one hundred, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath ; how his vivacious gallantry stole away the hearts of all women ; how his dexterity at sword and pistol made him a terror

to all men ; how, at length, in the year 1670, he was seized when overcome by wine ; how dames of high rank visited him in prison, and with tears interceded for his life ; how the King would have granted a pardon, but for the interference of Judge Morton, the terror of highwaymen, who threatened to resign his office unless the law were carried into full effect ; and how, after the execution, the corpse lay in state with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax lights, black hangings and mutes, till the same cruel Judge, who had intercepted the mercy of the crown, sent officers to disturb the obsequies. In these anecdotes there is doubtless a large mixture of fable ; but they are not on that account unworthy of being recorded ; for it is both an authentic and an important fact that such tales, whether false or true, were heard by our ancestors with eagerness and faith.

## II.

### THE FATE OF MONMOUTH.

*The Duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II., headed an insurrection in 1685. He was defeated at the battle of Sedgemoor. A terrible vengeance was taken on his followers, and Monmouth's own fate after he had been discovered hidden in a ditch is related here.*

#### **After the Battle.**

Of cowardice Monmouth had never been accused ; and, even had he been wanting in constitutional courage, it might have been expected that the defect would be supplied by pride and by despair. The eyes of the whole world were upon him. The latest generations would know how, in that extremity, he had borne himself. To the brave peasants of the West he owed it to show that they had not poured forth their blood for a leader unworthy of their attachment. . . . He had done that which could never be forgiven. He was in the grasp of one who never forgave.

But the fortitude of Monmouth was not that highest sort of fortitude which is derived from reflection and from self-respect ; nor had nature given him one of those stout hearts from which neither adversity nor peril can extort any sign

of weakness. His courage rose and fell with his animal spirits. . . . The spoiled darling of the court and of the populace, accustomed to be loved and worshipped wherever he appeared, was now surrounded by stern gaolers in whose eyes he read his doom. . . .

#### **The Craven Heart.**

As soon as he reached Ringwood he wrote to the King. The letter was that of a man whom a craven fear had made insensible to shame. He professed in vehement terms his remorse for his treason. . . . He begged in piteous terms that he might be admitted to the royal presence. There was a secret which he could not trust to paper, a secret which lay in a single word, and which, if he spoke that word, would secure the throne against all danger.

When it was known in London how he had abased himself the general surprise was great ; and no man was more amazed than Barillon, who had resided in England during two bloody proscriptions, and had seen numerous victims, both of the Opposition and of the Court, submit to their fate without womanish entreaties and lamentations. . . .

The King cannot be blamed for determining that Monmouth should suffer death. Every man who heads a rebellion against an established government stakes his life on the event : and rebellion was the smallest part of Monmouth's crime. He had declared against his uncle a war without quarter. In the manifesto put forth at Lyme, James had been held up to execration as an incendiary, as an assassin who had strangled one innocent man and cut the throat of another, and, lastly, as the poisoner of his own brother. To spare an enemy who had not scrupled to resort to such extremities would have been an act of rare, perhaps of blameable generosity. But to see him and not to spare him was an outrage on humanity and decency. This outrage the King resolved to commit. The arms of the prisoner were bound behind him with a silken cord ; and, thus secured, he was ushered into the presence of the implacable kinsman whom he had wronged.

Then Monmouth threw himself on the ground, and crawled to the King's feet. He wept. He tried to embrace his uncle's knees with his pinioned arms. He begged for life, only life, life at any price. He owned that he had been guilty of a great crime, but tried to throw the blame on others, particularly on Argyle, who would rather have put his legs into the boots than have saved his own life by such baseness. By the ties of kindred, by the memory of the late King, who had been the best and truest of brothers, the unhappy man adjured James to show some mercy. James gravely replied that this repentance was of the latest, that he was sorry for the misery which the prisoner had brought on himself, but that the case was not one for lenity. A Declaration, filled with atrocious calumnies, had been put forth. The regal title had been assumed. For treasons so aggravated there could be no pardon on this side of the grave. The poor terrified Duke vowed that he had never wished to take the crown, but had been led into that fatal error by others. As to the Declaration, he had not written it: he had not read it: he had signed it without looking at it: it was all the work of Ferguson, that bloody villain Ferguson. "Do you expect me to believe," said James, with a contempt but too well merited, "that you set your hand to a paper of such moment without knowing what it contained?" . . . It was Monday night. On Wednesday morning Monmouth was to die.

#### *The Hour Draws Near.*

He was greatly agitated. The blood left his cheeks; and it was some time before he could speak. Most of the short time which remained to him he wasted in vain attempts to obtain, if not a pardon, at least a respite. He wrote piteous letters to the King and to several courtiers, but in vain. Some Catholic divines were sent to him from court. But they soon discovered that, though he would gladly have purchased his life by renouncing the religion of which he had professed himself in an especial manner the defender, yet, if he was to die, he would as soon die without their

absolution as with it. . . . The two Bishops insisted on Monmouth's owning that, in drawing the sword against the government, he had committed a great sin; and, on this point, they found him obstinately heterodox. Nor was this his only heresy. He maintained that his connection with Lady Wentworth was blameless in the sight of God. He had been married, he said, when a child. He had never cared for his duchess. The happiness which he had not found at home he had sought in a round of loose amours, condemned by religion and morality. Henrietta had reclaimed him from a life of vice. To her he had been strictly constant. They had, by common consent, offered up fervent prayers for the divine guidance. After those prayers they had found their affection for each other strengthened; and they could then no longer doubt that, in the sight of God, they were a wedded pair. The Bishops were so much scandalised by this view of the conjugal relation that they refused to administer the sacrament to the prisoner. All that they could obtain from him was a promise that, during the single night which still remained to him, he would pray to be enlightened if he were in error. . . .

The hour drew near: all hope was over; and Monmouth had passed from pusillanimous fear to the apathy of despair. His children were brought to his room that he might take leave of them, and were followed by his wife. He spoke to her kindly, but without emotion. Though she was a woman of great strength of mind, and had little cause to love him, her misery was such that none of the bystanders could refrain from weeping. He alone was unmoved.

#### *The Tragic End.*

It was ten o'clock. The coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower was ready. Monmouth requested his spiritual advisers to accompany him to the place of execution; and they consented: but they told him that, in their judgment, he was about to die in a perilous state of mind, and that, if they attended him, it would be their duty to exhort him to the

last. As he passed along the ranks of the guards he saluted them with a smile, and mounted the scaffold with a firm tread. Tower Hill was covered up to the chimney tops with an innumerable multitude of gazers, who, in awful silence, broken only by sighs and the noise of weeping, listened for the last accents of the darling of the people. "I shall say little," he began. "I come here, not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England." The Bishops interrupted him, and told him that, unless he acknowledged resistance to be sinful, he was no member of their church. He went on to speak of his Henrietta. She was, he said, a young lady of virtue and honour. He loved her to the last, and he could not die without giving utterance to his feelings. The Bishops again interfered and begged him not to use such language. Some altercation followed. The divines have been accused of dealing harshly with the dying man. But they appear to have only discharged what, in their view, was a sacred duty. . . . They prayed with him long and fervently; and he joined in their petitions till they invoked a blessing on the King. He remained silent. "Sir," said one of the assistants, "do you not pray for the King with us?" Monmouth paused some time, and, after an internal struggle, exclaimed "Amen." But it was in vain that the prelates implored him to address to the soldiers and to the people a few words on the duty of obedience to the government. "I will make no speeches," he exclaimed. "Only ten words, my Lord." He turned away, called his servant, and put into the man's hand a toothpick case, the last token of ill-starred love. "Give it," he said, "to that person." He then accosted John Ketch the executioner, a wretch who had butchered many brave and noble victims, and whose name has, during a century and a half, been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office. "Here," said the Duke, "are six guineas for you. Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard that you struck him three or four times. My servant will give you some more gold if you do the work well." He then

undressed, felt the edge of the axe, expressed some fear that it was not sharp enough, and laid his head on the block. The divines in the meantime continued to ejaculate with great energy; "God accept your repentance, God accept your imperfect repentance."

The hangman addressed himself to his office. But he had been disconcerted by what the Duke had said. The first blow inflicted only a slight wound. The Duke struggled, rose from the block, and looked reproachfully at the executioner. The head sank down once more. The stroke was repeated again and again; but still the neck was not severed, and the body continued to move. Yells of rage and horror rose from the crowd. Ketch flung down the axe with a curse "I cannot do it," he said; "my heart fails me." "Take up the axe, man," cried the sheriff. "Fling him over the rails," roared the mob. At length the axe was taken up. Two more blows extinguished the last remains of life; but a knife was used to separate the head from the shoulders. The crowd was wrought up to such an ecstasy of rage that the executioner was in danger of being torn in pieces, and was conveyed away under a strong guard.

In the meantime many handkerchiefs were dipped in the Duke's blood, for, by a large part of the multitude, he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. . . .

### III.

#### THE BLOODY JEFFREYS.

*Macaulay's accounts of Judge Jeffreys and the Bloody Assize is as vivid as anything he ever wrote. James II was a Catholic, he attempted to rule as an absolute king, and have his own way in religious matters. We have quoted the result of a Protestant rebellion under Monmouth. Vengeance overtook his followers when five judges were sent into the country, headed by Jeffreys. The depravity of this man has passed into a proverb, and the name "the Bloody Assize" was given to Jeffreys' circuit, the memory of which is loaded with a vast mass*

of infamy. Macaulay's fourth chapter describes the man and his terrible works.

### **The Bloody Jeffreys.**

He was a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and to the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar, a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross-examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, all sense of the becoming, were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of the rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly have been rivalled in the fishmarket or the beargarden. . . . Impudence and ferocity sate upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed. Yet his brow and his eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment day. . . . There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously; and he loved to scare them into fits by dilating with luxuriant amplification on all the details of what they were to suffer. Thus, when he had the opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventurer to be whipped at the cart's tail, "Hangman," he would exclaim, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady! Scourge her soundly, man. Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas, a cold time for Madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!" He was hardly less facetious when he passed

judgment on poor Lodowick Muggleton, the drunken tailor who fancied himself a prophet. "Impudent rogue!" roared Jeffreys, "thou shalt have an easy, easy, easy punishment!" One part of this easy punishment was the pillory, in which the wretched fanatic was almost killed with brickbats.

[Jeffreys boasted that he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors together since the Conquest. It is certain that the number of persons whom he executed in one month, and in one shire, very much exceeded the number of all the political offenders who have been executed in our island since the Revolution. More than three hundred rebels were hanged, eight hundred more transported, and large numbers flogged, imprisoned, and fined.]

The first trial for treason was that of Alice Lisle, who was beheaded because two rebels had taken shelter in her house.]

### **Lady Alice Lisle.**

It was no easy matter in such a case to obtain a verdict for the crown. The witnesses prevaricated. The jury, consisting of the principal gentlemen of Hampshire, shrank from the thought of sending a fellow creature to the stake for conduct which seemed deserving rather of praise than of blame. Jeffreys was beside himself with fury. This was the first case of treason on the circuit; and there seemed to be a strong probability that his prey would escape him. He stormed, cursed, and swore in language which no well-bred man would have used at a race or a cockfight. One witness named Dunne, partly from concern for Lady Alice, and partly from fright at the threats and maledictions of the Chief Justice, entirely lost his head, and at last stood silent. "Oh how hard the truth is," said Jeffreys, "to come out of a lying Presbyterian knave." The witness, after a pause of some minutes, stammered a few unmeaning words. "Was there ever," exclaimed the judge, with an oath, "was there ever such a villain on the face of the earth? Dost thou believe that there is a God? Dost thou believe in hell fire? Of all the

witnesses that I ever met with I never saw thy fellow." Still the poor man, scared out of his senses, remained mute ; and again Jeffreys burst forth. " I hope, gentlemen of the jury, that you take notice of the horrible carriage of this fellow. How can one help abhorring both these men and their religion ? A Turk is a saint to such a fellow as this. A Pagan would be ashamed of such villainy. Oh blessed Jesus ! What a

though she knew Hickes to be in trouble when she took him in, she did not know or suspect that he had been concerned in the rebellion. He was a divine, a man of peace. It had, therefore, never occurred to her that he could have borne arms against the government ; and she had supposed that he wished to conceal himself because warrants were out against him for field preaching. The Chief Justice began to storm. " But



*Photo : Rischgitz Collection*

JUDGE JEFFREYS BULLYING BAXTER. 1685.

From the painting by E. M. Ward, R A.

generation of vipers do we live among ! " " I cannot tell what to say, my Lord," faltered Dunne. The judge again broke forth into a volley of oaths. " Was there ever," he cried, " such an impudent rascal ? Hold the candle to him that we may see his brazen face. You, gentlemen, that are of counsel for the crown, see that an information for perjury be preferred against this fellow." After the witnesses had been thus handled, the Lady Alice was called on for her defence. She began by saying, what may possibly have been true, that,

I will tell you. There is not one of those lying, snivelling, canting Presbyterians but, one way or another, had a hand in the rebellion. Presbytery has all manner of villainy in it. Nothing but Presbytery could have made Dunne such a rogue. Show me a Presbyterian ; and I'll show thee a lying knave." . . .

The jury retired, and remained long in consultation. The judge grew impatient. He could not conceive, he said, how, in so plain a case, they should even have left the box. He sent a messenger to tell them that, if they did not instantly

return, he would adjourn the court and lock them up all night. Thus put to the torture, they came, but came to say that they doubted whether the charge had been made out. Jeffreys expostulated with them vehemently, and, after another consultation, they gave a reluctant verdict of Guilty.

On the following morning sentence was pronounced. Jeffreys gave directions that Alice Lisle should be burned alive that very afternoon. This excess of barbarity moved the pity and indignation even of the class which was most devoted to the crown. The clergy of Winchester Cathedral remonstrated with the Chief Justice, who, brutal as he was, was not mad enough to risk a quarrel on such a subject with a body so much respected by the Tory party. He consented to put off the execution five days. During that time the friends of the prisoner besought James to show her mercy. Ladies of high rank interceded for her. Feversham, whose recent victory had increased his influence at court, and who, it is said, had been bribed to take the compassionate side, spoke in her favour. Clarendon, the King's brother-in-law, pleaded her cause. But all was vain. The utmost that could be obtained was that her sentence should be commuted from burning to beheading. She was put to death on a scaffold in the market place of Winchester, and underwent her fate with serene courage.

#### *Jeffreys at His Worst.*

Somersetshire, the chief seat of the rebellion, had been reserved for the last and most fearful vengeance. In this county two hundred and thirty-three prisoners were in a few days hanged, drawn, and quartered. At every spot where two roads met, on every market place, on the green of every large village which had furnished Monmouth with soldiers, ironed corpses clattering in the wind, or heads and quarters stuck on poles, poisoned the air, and made the traveller sick with horror. In many parishes the peasantry could not assemble in the house of God without seeing the ghastly face of a neighbour grinning at them over the

porch. The Chief Justice was all himself. His spirits rose higher and higher as the work went on. He laughed, shouted, joked, and swore in such a way that many thought him drunk from morning to night. But in him it was not easy to distinguish the madness produced by evil passions from the madness produced by brandy. A prisoner affirmed that the witnesses who appeared against him were not entitled to credit. One of them, he said, was a Papist, and another a prostitute. "Thou impudent rebel," exclaimed the judge, "to reflect on the King's evidence! I see thee, villain, I see thee already with the halter round thy neck." Another produced testimony that he was a good Protestant. "Protestant!" said Jeffreys; "you mean Presbyterian. I'll hold you a wager of it. I can smell a Presbyterian forty miles." One wretched man moved the pity even of bitter Tories. "My Lord," they said, "this poor creature is on the parish." "Do not trouble yourselves," said the Judge, "I will ease the parish of the burden." It was not only on the prisoners that his fury broke forth. Gentlemen and noblemen of high consideration and stainless loyalty, who ventured to bring to his notice any extenuating circumstance, were almost sure to receive what he called, in the coarse dialect which he had learned in the pothouses of Whitechapel, a lick with the rough side of his tongue. Lord Stawell, a Tory peer, who could not conceal his horror at the remorseless manner in which his poor neighbours were butchered, was punished by having a corpse suspended in chains at his park gate. In such spectacles originated many tales of terror, which were long told over the cider by the Christmas fires of the farmers of Somersetshire. Within the last forty years peasants, in some districts, well knew the accursed spots and passed them unwillingly after sunset.

*"Such havoc," continues Macaulay, "must have excited disgust even if the sufferers had been generally odious. But they were, for the most part, men of blameless life, and of high religious profession. They were regarded by themselves, and by a large*

*proportion of their neighbours, not as wrongdoers, but as martyrs who sealed with blood the truth of the Protestant religion.”]*

### **Heroic Martyrs.**

Abraham Holmes, a retired officer had his arm frightfully mangled and shattered in the battle of Sedgemoor, and as no surgeon was at hand, the stout old soldier amputated it himself. . . . He was tried and hanged. The people remarked with awe and wonder that the beasts which were to drag him to the gallows became restive and went back. Holmes himself doubted not that the Angel of the Lord, as in the old time, stood in the way sword in hand, invisible to human eyes, but visible to the inferior animals. “Stop, gentlemen,” he cried, “let me go on foot. There is more in this than you think. Remember how the ass saw him whom the prophet could not see.” He walked manfully to the gallows, harangued the people with a smile, prayed fervently that God would hasten the downfall of Anti-christ and the deliverance of England, and went up the ladder with an apology for mounting so awkwardly. “You see,” he said, “I have but one arm.”

Yet those rebels who were doomed to death were less to be pitied than some of the survivors. Several prisoners to whom Jeffreys was unable to bring home the charge of high treason were convicted of misdemeanours, and were sentenced to scourging not less terrible than that which Oates had undergone. A woman for some idle words, such as had been uttered by half the women in the districts where the war had raged, was condemned to be whipped through all the market towns in the county of Dorset. She suffered part of her punishment before Jeffreys returned to London : but, when he was no longer in the West, the gaolers, with the humane connivance of



Photo : W. A. Mansell & Co.

### **JUDGE JEFFREYS.**

The name “The Bloody Assize,” was given to Jeffreys’ circuit, the memory of which is loaded with a vast mass of infamy.

the magistrates, took on themselves the responsibility of sparing her any further torture. A still more frightful sentence was passed on a lad named Tutchin, who was tried for seditious words. He was, as usual, interrupted in his defence by ribaldry and scurrility from the judgment seat. “You are a rebel ; and all your family have been rebels since Adam. They tell me that you are a poet. I’ll cap verses with you.” The sentence was that the boy should be imprisoned seven years, and should, during that period, be flogged through every market town in Dorsetshire every year. . . .

Mercy was offered to some prisoners on condition that they would bear evidence against Prideaux. The unfortunate man lay long in gaol, and at length, overcome by fear of the gallows, consented to pay fifteen thousand pounds for his liberation. This great sum was received by Jeffreys.

He bought with it an estate, to which the people gave the name of Aceldama, from that accursed field which was purchased with the price of innocent blood.

#### IV.

### THE END OF JEFFREYS.

*The day of retribution for Jeffreys was near at hand; Macaulay's account is as follows:—*

#### **Retribution.**

In spite, however, of the well-meant efforts of the provisional government, the agitation grew hourly more formidable. It was heightened by an event which, even at this distance of time, can hardly be related without a feeling of vindictive pleasure. A scrivener who lived at Wapping, and whose trade was to furnish the seafaring men there with money at high interest, had some time before lent a sum on bottomry. The debtor applied to equity for relief against his own bond; and the case came before Jeffreys. The counsel for the borrower, having little else to say, said that the lender was a Trimmer. The Chancellor instantly fired. "A Trimmer! where is he? Let me see him. I have heard of that kind of monster. What is it made like?" The unfortunate creditor was forced to stand forth. The Chancellor glared fiercely on him, stormed at him, and sent him away half dead with fright. "While I live," the poor man said, as he tottered out of the court, "I shall never forget that terrible countenance." And now the day of retribution had arrived. The Trimmer was walking through Wapping, when he saw a well-known face looking out of the window of an alehouse. He could not be deceived. The eyebrows, indeed, had been shaved away. The dress was that of a common sailor from Newcastle, and was black with coal dust: but there was no mistaking the savage eye and mouth of Jeffreys. The alarm was given. In a moment the house was surrounded by hundreds of people shaking bludgeons

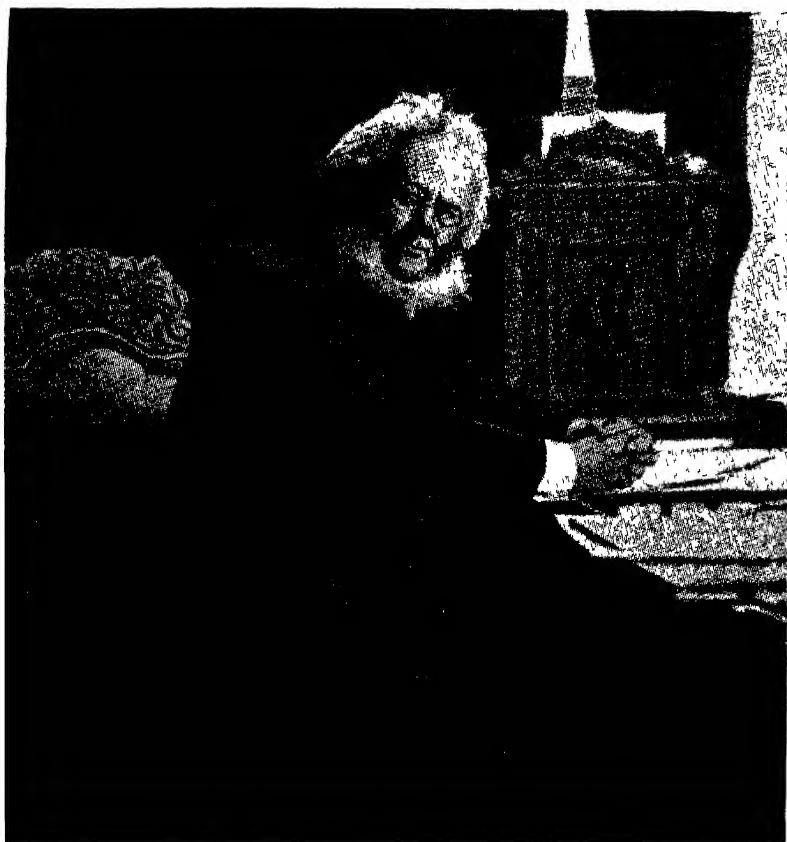
and bellowing curses. The fugitive's life was saved by a company of the trainbands; and he was carried before the Lord Mayor. The Mayor was a simple man who had passed his whole life in obscurity, and was bewildered by finding himself an important actor in a mighty revolution. The events of the last twenty-four hours, and the perilous state of the city which was under his charge, had disordered his mind and his body. When the great man, at whose frown, a few days before, the whole kingdom had trembled, was dragged into the justice room begrimed with ashes, half dead with fright, and followed by a raging multitude, the agitation of the unfortunate Mayor rose to the height. He fell into fits, and was carried to his bed, whence he never rose.

Meanwhile the throng without was constantly becoming more numerous and more savage. Jeffreys begged to be sent to prison. An order to that effect was procured from the Lords who were sitting at Whitehall; and he was conveyed in a carriage to the Tower. Two regiments of militia were drawn out to escort him, and found the duty a difficult one. It was repeatedly necessary for them to form, as if for the purpose of repelling a charge of cavalry, and to present a forest of pikes to the mob. The thousands who were disappointed of their revenge pursued the coach, with howls of rage, to the gate of the Tower, brandishing cudgels, and holding up halters full in the prisoner's view. The wretched man meantime was in convulsions of terror. He wrung his hands; he looked wildly out, sometimes at one window, sometimes at the other, and was heard even above the tumult, crying "Keep them off, gentlemen! For God's sake keep them off!" At length, having suffered far more than the bitterness of death, he was safely lodged in the fortress where some of his most illustrious victims had passed their last days, and where his own life was destined to close in unspeakable ignominy and horror.

# A DOLL'S HOUSE

IBSEN

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IBSEN IN HIS STUDY.

*It is to Henrik Ibsen that Europe owes the renaissance of dramatic literature; that he influenced the modern drama more than any other writer is certain. "There was no other writer of genius in the nineteenth century," says Mr. Edmund Gosse, "who was so bitter in dealing with human frailty as Ibsen was . . . that he probed deeper into the problems of life than any other modern dramatist is acknowledged." In his plays he was constantly attacking the ills of humanity, and railing against the social order of his day. "At the core of Ibsen's doctrine is an excessive individualism, a naked assertion of the right of every man to live his own life more or less in disregard of the rights of others,"*

*The theme of "The Doll's House" is a woman, Nora, in revolt; an assertion of her right to individual self-development. It was this play that revealed Ibsen to the British public, when it was first seen in London in 1889.*

*"The Doll's House," written when Ibsen was over fifty, earned him a European reputation, and caused people to say that he and Euripides were the only dramatists to understand women. Of course, no man has ever understood women, but Ibsen's Nora in "The Doll's House" is dramatically, convincingly alive. We may not like her—there was indeed a reluctance to present her on the British stage, a wide-spread idea that she conveyed unhealthy, decadent ideas.*

*The chief characters in the play are Torvald*

*Helmer and his wife Nora, and the action of the play takes place in their own house.*

*Dr. Rank is an intimate of both of them; almost a daily visitor. He has an incurable malady.*

*Mrs. Linde, a widow, is an old friend of Nora who calls on her after ten years' absence. They exchange confidences. Mrs. Linde, in straits, seeks a situation.*

*Nora's husband has been made manager of a bank. Nils Krogstad is a clerk in the bank, and is about to be dismissed through Torvald becoming bank manager. Krogstad holds a secret of Nora's and attempts to blackmail her. She, Nora, has committed forgery in years gone by for the sake of*

her husband, to provide funds to send him abroad during an illness. Krogstad threatens to reveal everything if he loses his position, and Nora's friend, Mrs. Linde, an old flame of his, is allowed to supplant him.

Nora in a poignant scene tells her friend of the forgery and the threatened disclosure which means ruin to her husband. Mrs. Linde wants to go at once and remonstrate with her old lover, but meanwhile the exposure lies in the letter-box in a letter written by Krogstad to Nora's husband. The two women conspire to keep the letter where it is until the blackmailer has been persuaded to recall it.

Helmer dotes on his wife, his "little lark," his "squirrel," his "feather-head." He loves her, but treats her as one incapable of ever growing up; as a Doll. Preparations are in hand for a dance; wild and distracted at the impending revelation, Nora in a rehearsal in her own house is being coached by her husband. Dr. Rank is present. Mrs. Linde has gone to see Krogstad to get the letter recalled. Helmer notices his wife's feverish excitement as she rehearses the Tarantella.

She makes him promise to devote the whole evening to coaching her; she employs every artifice to prevent him from going to the letter-box which contains her secret; she dances more and more wildly despite his appeals for more reserve. "My dear, darling Nora," he exclaims, "you are dancing as if your life depended on it." "So it does," she replies; and then explains that he must give her every single instant of his time until the performance, not open a single letter, not even open the letter-box.

Mrs. Linde arrives and tells Nora that Krogstad is away until the morrow, so she has not been able to pacify him. Nora replies: "You should have let it alone; you must prevent nothing. After all, it is splendid to be waiting for a wonderful thing to happen." Then she looks at her watch and says: "Seven hours till midnight; and then four-and-twenty hours till the next midnight. Then the Tarantella will be over. Twenty-four and seven? Thirty-one hours to live."

And the play proceeds to the climax, leaving the reader, at the end of the play,

confronted with the greatly disputed question—was Nora justified in her final act?

### ACT III.

(Dance music is heard in the room above. Mrs. LINDE is sitting at the table idly turning over the leaves of a book. Every now and then she listens intently for a sound at the outer door.)

Mrs. Linde (looking at her watch). Not yet—and the time is nearly up. Ah, there he is. (Goes into the hall and opens the outer door carefully. Light footsteps are heard on the stairs. She whispers.) Come in. There is no one here.

Krogstad (in the doorway). I found a note from you at home. What does this mean?

Mrs. Linde. It is absolutely necessary that I should have a talk with you.

Krogstad. Really? And is it absolutely necessary that it should be here?

Mrs. Linde. It is impossible where I live; there is no private entrance to my rooms. Come in; we are quite alone. The maid is asleep, and the Helmers are at the dance upstairs.

Krogstad (coming into the room). Are the Helmers really at a dance to-night?

Mrs. Linde. Yes, why not?

Krogstad. Certainly—why not?

Mrs. Linde. Now, Nils, let us have a talk.

Krogstad. Can we two have anything to talk about?

Mrs. Linde. We have a great deal to talk about.

Krogstad. I shouldn't have thought so.

Mrs. Linde. No, you have never properly understood me.

Krogstad. Was there anything else to understand except what was obvious to all the world—a heartless woman jilts a man when a more lucrative chance turns up?

Mrs. Linde. Do you believe I am as absolutely heartless as all that? And do you believe that I did it with a light heart?

Krogstad. Didn't you?

Mrs. Linde. You must not forget that I had a helpless mother and two little brothers. We couldn't wait for you,

Nils; your prospects seemed hopeless then.

*Krogstad* That may be so, but you had no right to throw me over for anyone else's sake.

*Mrs. Linde*. Indeed I don't know. Many a time did I ask myself if I had the right to do it.

*Krogstad* (*more gently*). When I lost you, it was as if all the solid ground went from under my feet. Look at me now—I am a shipwrecked man clinging to a bit of wreckage.

*Mrs. Linde*. But help may be near.

*Krogstad*. It was near; but then you came and stood in my way.

*Mrs. Linde*. Unintentionally, Nils. It was only to-day that I learnt it was your place I was going to take in the Bank.

*Krogstad*. I believe you, if you say so. But now that you know it, are you not going to give it up to me?

*Mrs. Linde*. No, because that would not benefit you in the least.

*Krogstad*. Oh, benefit, benefit — I would have done it whether or no.

*Mrs. Linde*. I have learnt to act prudently. Life, and hard, bitter necessity have taught me that.

*Krogstad*. And life has taught me not to believe in fine speeches.

*Mrs. Linde*. Then life has taught you something very reasonable. But deeds you must believe in?

*Krogstad*. What do you mean by that?

*Mrs. Linde*. You said you were like a shipwrecked man clinging to some wreckage.

*Krogstad*. I had good reason to say so.

*Mrs. Linde*. Well, I am like a shipwrecked woman clinging to some wreckage—no one to mourn for, no one to care for.

*Krogstad*. It was your own choice.

*Mrs. Linde*. There was no other choice—then.

*Krogstad*. Well, what now?

*Mrs. Linde*. Nils, how would it be if we two shipwrecked people could join forces?

*Krogstad*. What are you saying?

*Mrs. Linde*. Two on the same piece of wreckage would stand a better chance than each on their own.

*Krogstad*. Christine!

*Mrs. Linde*. What do you suppose brought me to town?

*Krogstad*. Do you mean that you gave me a thought?

*Mrs. Linde*. You seemed to me to imply that with me you might have been another man.

*Krogstad*. I am certain of it.

*Mrs. Linde*. Is it too late now?

*Krogstad*. Christine, are you saying this deliberately? Yes, I am sure you are. I see it in your face. Have you really the courage, then—?

*Mrs. Linde*. I want to be a mother to someone, and your children need a mother. We two need each other. Nils, I have faith in your real character—I can dare anything together with you.

*Krogstad* (*grasps her hands*). Thanks, thanks, Christine! Now I shall find a way to clear myself in the eyes of the world. Ah, but I forgot—

*Mrs. Linde* (*listening*). Hush! . . . Do you hear them up there? When that is over, we may expect them back.

*Krogstad*. Yes, yes—I will go. But it is all no use. Of course you are not aware what steps I have taken in the matter of the Helmers.

*Mrs. Linde*. Yes, I know all about that.

*Krogstad*. And in spite of that have you the courage to—?

*Mrs. Linde*. I understand very well to what lengths a man like you might be driven by despair.

*Krogstad*. If I could only undo what I have done!

*Mrs. Linde*. You cannot. Your letter is lying in the letter-box now.

*Krogstad*. Are you sure of that?

*Mrs. Linde*. Quite sure, but—

*Krogstad* (*with a searching look at her*). Is that what it all means?—that you want to save your friend at any cost? Tell me frankly. Is that it?

*Mrs. Linde*. Nils, a woman who has once sold herself for another's sake, doesn't do it a second time.

*Krogstad*. I will ask for my letter back.

*Mrs. Linde*. No, no.

*Krogstad*. Yes, of course I will. I will wait here till Helmer comes; I will tell him he must give me my letter back—that it only concerns my dismissal—that he is not to read it—

*Mrs. Linde.* No, Nils, you must not recall your letter.

*Krogstad.* But, tell me, wasn't it for that very purpose that you asked me to meet you here?

*Mrs. Linde.* In my first moment of fright, it was. But twenty-four hours have elapsed since then, and in that time I have witnessed incredible things in this house. Helmer must know all about it. This unhappy secret must be disclosed, they must have a complete understanding between them, which is impossible with all this concealment and falsehood going on.

*Krogstad.* Very well, if you will take the responsibility.

*Mrs. Linde (listening).* You must be quick and go! The dance is over; we are not safe a moment longer.

*Krogstad.* I will wait for you below.

*(Goes out through the outer door. The door between the room and the hall remains open.)*

*Mrs. Linde (tidying up the room and laying her hat and cloak ready) . . . I wish they would be quick and come— (Listens) Ah, there they are now. I must put on my things. (Takes up her hat and cloak. HELMER'S and NORA'S voices are heard outside: a key is turned, and HELMER brings NORA almost by force into the hall. She is in an Italian costume with a large black shawl round her; he is in evening dress, and a black domino which is flying open.)*

*Nora (hanging back in the doorway, and struggling with him.)* No, no, no! - don't take me in. I want to go upstairs again; I don't want to leave so early.

*Helmer.* But, my dearest Nora—

*Nora.* Please, Torvald dear—please, please—only an hour more.

*Helmer.* Not a single minute, my sweet Nora. You know that was our agreement. Come along into the room; you are catching cold standing there. *(He brings her gently into the room, in spite of her resistance.)*

*Mrs. Linde.* Good-evening.

*Nora.* Christine!

*Helmer.* You here, so late, Mrs. Linde?

*Mrs. Linde.* Yes, you must excuse me; I was anxious to see Nora in her dress.

*Nora.* Have you been sitting here waiting for me?

*Mrs. Linde.* Yes, unfortunately I came too late, you had already gone upstairs; and I thought I couldn't go away again without having seen you.

*Nora.* Torvald, you will repent not having let me stay, even if it were only for half an hour.

*Helmer.* Listen to her, Mrs. Linde! She had danced her Tarantella, and it had been a tremendous success, as it deserved—although possibly the performance was a trifle too realistic—a little more so, I mean, than was strictly compatible with the limitations of art. But never mind about that! The chief thing is, she had made a success—she had made a tremendous success. Do you think I was going to let her remain there after that, and spoil the effect? No, indeed! An exit ought always to be effective, Mrs. Linde; but that is what I cannot make Nora understand. Pooh, this room is hot. *(Throws his domino on a chair, and opens the door of the room.)* Hullo! it's all dark in here. Oh, of course—excuse me — *(He goes in, and lights some candles.)*

*Nora (in a hurried and breathless whisper).* Well?

*Mrs. Linde (in a low voice).* I have had a talk with him.

*Nora.* Yes, and —

*Mrs. Linde.* Nora, you must tell your husband all about it.

*Nora (in an expressionless voice).* I knew it.

*Mrs. Linde.* You have nothing to be afraid of so far as Krogstad is concerned; but you must tell him.

*Nora.* I won't tell him.

*Mrs. Linde.* Then the letter will.

*Nora.* Thank you, Christine. Now I know what I must do. Hush — !

*Helmer (coming in again).* Well, Mrs. Linde, have you admired her?

*Mrs. Linde.* Yes, and now I will say good-night.

*Helmer.* What, already?

*Mrs. Linde.* Well—good-night, Nora, and don't be self-willed any more.

*Helmer.* That's right, Mrs. Linde.

*Mrs. Linde.* Good-night, Mr. Helmer.

*Helmer (accompanying her to the door).*

Good-night, good-night I hope you will get home all right. I should be very happy to—but you haven't any great distance to go Good-night, good-night. (*She goes out; he shuts the door after her, and comes in again*) Ah!—at last we have got rid of her. She is a frightful bore, that woman.

*Nora.* Aren't you very tired, Torvald?

*Helmer.* No, not in the least.

*Nora.* Nor sleepy?

*Helmer.* Not a bit. On the contrary, I feel extraordinarily lively. And you? You really look both tired and sleepy.

*Nora.* Yes, I am very tired. I want to go to sleep at once.

*Helmer.* There, you see it was quite right of me not to let you stay there any longer.

*Nora.* Everything you do is quite right, Torvald.

*Helmer* (*kissing her on the forehead*). Now my little skylark is speaking reasonably.

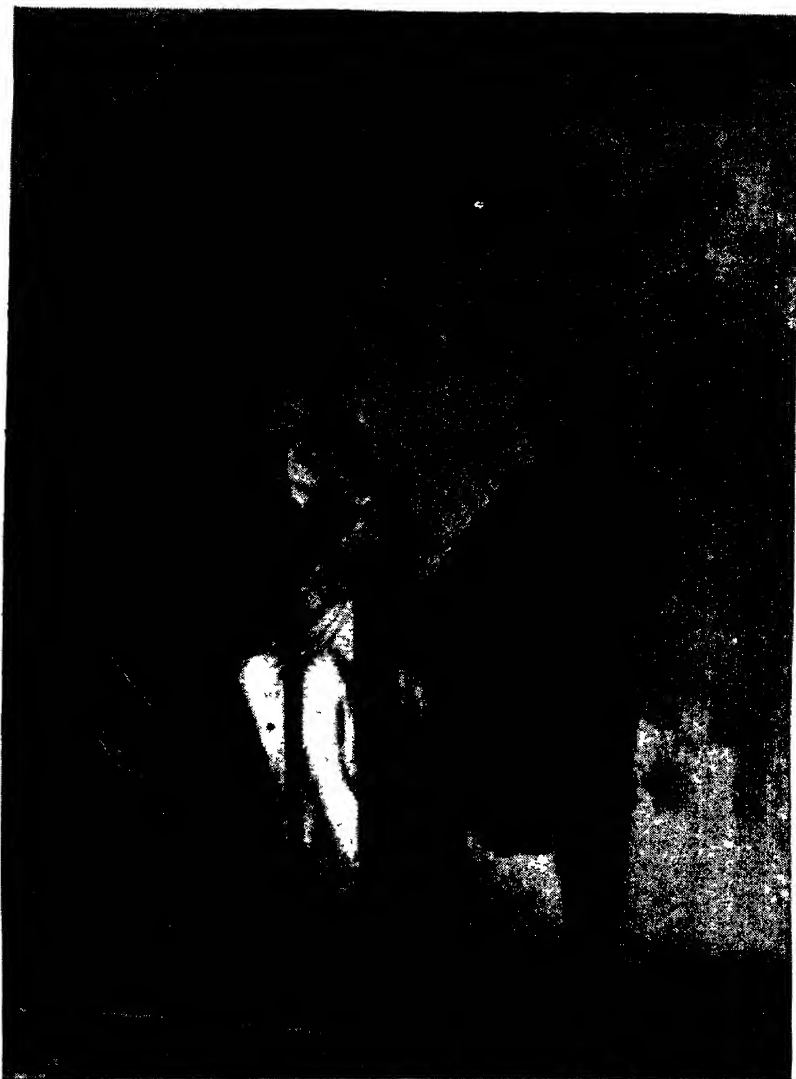
Did you notice what good spirits Rank was in this evening?

*Nora.* Really? Was he? I didn't speak to him at all.

*Helmer.* And I very little, but I have not for a long time seen him in such good form. (*Looks for a while at her and then goes nearer to her.*) It is delightful to be at home by ourselves again, to be all alone with you—you fascinating, charming little darling!

*Nora.* Don't look at me like that, Torvald.

*Helmer.* Why shouldn't I look at my dearest treasure?—at all the beauty that is mine, all my very own?



A SCENE FROM IBSEN'S "A DOLL'S HOUSE."

From the painting by William Rothenstein in the Tate Gallery.

*Nora* (*going to the other side of the table*). You mustn't say things like that to me to-night.

*Helmer* (*following her*). Listen—the guests are beginning to go now. (*In a lower voice.*) *Nora*—soon the whole house will be quiet.

*Nora.* Yes, I hope so.

*Helmer.* Yes, my own darling *Nora*. Do you know, when I am out at a party with you like this, why I speak so little to you, keep away from you, and only send a stolen glance in your direction now and then?—do you know why I do that? It is because I make believe to myself that we are secretly in love, and

you are my secretly promised bride, and that no one suspects there is anything between us.

*Nora* Yes, yes—I know very well your thoughts are with me all the time.

*Helmer*. And when we are leaving, and I am putting the shawl over your beautiful young shoulders—on your lovely neck—then I imagine that you are my young bride and that we have just come from the wedding, and I am bringing you for the first time into our home—to be alone with you for the first time—quite alone with my shy little darling! All this evening I have longed for nothing but you.

*Nora*. Go away, Torvald! You must let me go. I won't—

*Helmer*. What's that. You're joking, my little Nora! You won't—you won't? Am I not your husband? (*A knock is heard at the outer door.*)

*Nora* (*startling*). Did you hear?

*Helmer* (*going into the hall*). Who is it?

*Rank* (*outside*). It is I. May I come in for a moment?

*Helmer* (*in a fretful whisper*). Oh, what does he want now? (*Aloud.*) Wait a minute! (*Unlocks the door.*) Come, that's kind of you not to pass by our door.

*Rank*. I thought I heard your voice, and felt as if I should like to look in. (*With a swift glance round.*) Ah, yes!—these dear familiar rooms. You are very happy and cosy in here, you two.

*Helmer*. It seems to me that you looked after yourself pretty well upstairs too.

*Rank*. Excellently. Why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't one enjoy everything in this world?—at any rate as much as one can, and as long as one can. The wine was capital—

*Helmer*. Especially the champagne.

*Rank*. So you noticed that too? It is almost incredible how much I managed to put away!

*Nora*. Torvald drank a great deal of champagne to-night too.

*Rank*. Did he?

*Nora*. Yes, and he is always in such good spirits afterwards.

*Rank*. Well, why should one not enjoy a merry evening after a well-spent day?

[*A conversation follows in which Rank hints enigmatically at his impending death. Helmer and Nora do not understand at all. She asks what costume he will wear at the next fancy-dress ball, and Rank replies that he will then be invisible, by which he means he will be dead. He nods to them both and goes out.*]

*Helmer* (*in a subdued voice*). He has drunk more than he ought.

*Nora* (*absently*). Maybe. (*HELMER takes a bunch of keys out of his pocket and goes into the hall.*) Torvald! what are you going to do there?

*Helmer*. Empty the letter-box; it is quite full; there will be no room to put the newspaper in to-morrow morning.

*Nora*. Are you going to work to-night?

*Helmer*. You know quite well I'm not. What is this? Someone has been at the lock.

*Nora*. At the lock?

*Helmer*. Yes, someone has. What can it mean? I should never have thought the maid—Here is a broken hairpin. Nora, it is one of yours.

*Nora* (*quickly*). Then it must have been the children—

*Helmer*. Then you must get them out of those ways. There, at last I have got it open. (*Takes out the contents of the letter-box, and calls to the kitchen.*) Helen! Helen, put out the light over the front door. (*Goes back into the room and shuts the door into the hall. He holds out his hand full of letters.*) Look at that—look what a heap of them there are. (*Turning them over.*) What on earth is that?

*Nora* (*at the window*). The letter—No! Torvald, no!

*Helmer*. Two cards—of Rank's.

*Nora*. Of Doctor Rank's?

*Helmer* (*looking at them*). Doctor Rank. They were on the top. He must have put them in when he went out.

*Nora*. Is there anything written on them?

*Helmer*. There is a black cross over the name. Look there—what an uncomfortable idea! It looks as if he were announcing his own death.

*Nora*. It is just what he is doing.

*Helmer*. What? Do you know any-



Photo: L. E. A

MR STEPHEN EWART  
as  
"Torvald Helmer."

A DOLL'S HOUSE.

MADAME YAVORSKA  
as  
"Nora."

A scene from the play as performed at the Royalty Theatre.

thing about it? Has he said anything to you?

*Nora.* Yes. He told me that when the cards came it would be his leave-taking from us. He means to shut himself up and die.

*Helmer.* My poor old friend! Certainly I knew we should not have him very long with us. But so soon! And so he hides himself away like a wounded animal.

*Nora.* If it has to happen, it is best it should be without a word—don't you think so, Torvald?

*Helmer (walking up and down)* He had so grown into our lives. I can't think of him as having gone out of them. He with his sufferings and his loneliness, was like a cloudy background to our sunlit happiness. Well, perhaps it is best so. For him anyway. *(Standing still.)* And perhaps for us too, Nora. We two are thrown quite upon each other now. *(Puts his arms round her.)* My darling wife, I don't feel as if I could hold you tight enough. Do you know, Nora, I

have often wished that you might be threatened by some great danger, so that I might risk my life's blood, and everything, for your sake.

*Nora (disengages herself, and says firmly and decidedly).* Now you must read your letters, Torvald.

*Helmer.* No, no; not to-night. I want to be with you, my darling wife.

*Nora.* With the thought of your friend's death—

*Helmer.* You are right, it has affected us both. Something ugly has come between us—the thought of the horrors of death. We must try and rid our minds of that. Until then—we will each go to our own room.

*Nora (hanging on his neck.)* Good-night, Torvald—Good-night!

*Helmer (kissing her on the forehead.)* Good-night, my little singing-bird. Sleep sound, Nora. Now I will read my letters through. *(He takes his letters and goes into his room, shutting the door after him.)*

*Nora (gropes distractedly about, seizes HELMER'S domino, throws it round her,*

*while she says in quick, hoarse, spasmodic whispers*). Never to see him again. Never! Never! (*Puts her shawl over her head.*) Never to see my children again either—never again. Never! Never!—Ah! the icy, black water—the unfathomable depths—If only it were over! He has got it now—now he is reading it. Good-bye, Torvald and my children! (*She is about to rush out through the hall, when HELMER opens his door hurriedly and stands with an open letter in his hand.*)

*Helmer.* Nora!

*Nora.* Ah!—

*Helmer.* What is this? Do you know what is in this letter?

*Nora.* Yes, I know. Let me go! Let me get out!

*Helmer (holding her back).* Where are you going?

*Nora (trying to get free).* You shan't save me, Torvald!

*Helmer (reeling).* True? Is this true, that I read here? Horrible! No, no—it is impossible that it can be true.

*Nora.* It is true. I have loved you above everything else in the world.

*Helmer.* Oh, don't let us have any silly excuses.

*Nora (taking a step towards him).* Torvald—!

*Helmer.* Miserable creature—what have you done?

*Nora.* Let me go. You shall not suffer for my sake. You shall not take it upon yourself.

*Helmer.* No tragedy airs, please. (*Locks the hall door.*) Here you shall stay and give me an explanation. Do you understand what you have done? Answer me. Do you understand what you have done?

*Nora (looks steadily at him and says with a growing look of coldness in her face).* Yes, now I am beginning to understand thoroughly.

*Helmer (walking about the room).* What a horrible awakening! All these eight years—she who was my joy and pride—a hypocrite, a liar—worse, worse—a criminal! The unutterable ugliness of it all!—For shame! For shame! (*NORA is silent and looks steadily at him. He stops in front of her.*) I ought to have suspected that something of the sort

would happen. I ought to have foreseen it. All your father's want of principle—be silent!—all your father's want of principle has come out in you. No religion, no morality, no sense of duty—How am I punished for having winked at what he did! I did it for your sake, and this is how you repay me.

*Nora.* Yes, that's just it.

*Helmer.* Now you have destroyed all my happiness. You have ruined all my future. It is horrible to think of! I am in the power of an unscrupulous man; he can do what he likes with me, ask anything he likes of me, give me any orders he pleases I dare not refuse. And I must sink to such miserable depths because of a thoughtless woman!

*Nora.* When I am out of the way, you will be free.

*Helmer.* No fine speeches, please. Your father had always plenty of those ready, too. What good would it be to me if you were out of the way, as you say? Not the slightest. He can make the affair known everywhere; and if he does, I may be falsely suspected of having been a party to your criminal action. . . . And I have to thank you for all this you whom I have cherished during the whole of our married life. Do you understand now what it is you have done for me?

*Nora (coldly and quietly).* Yes.

*Helmer.* It is so incredible that I can't take it in. But we must come to some understanding. Take off that shawl. Take it off, I tell you. I must try and appease him some way or another. The matter must be hushed up at any cost. And as for you and me, it must appear as if everything between us were just as before—but naturally only in the eyes of the world. You will still remain in my house, that is a matter of course. But I shall not allow you to bring up the children; I dare not trust them to you. To think that I should be obliged to say so to one whom I have loved so dearly, and whom I still— No, that is all over. From this moment happiness is not the question; all that concerns us is to save the remains, the fragments, the appearance—

(A ring is heard at the front-door bell.)

*Helmer* (with a start). What is that? So late! Can the worst—? Can he—? Hide yourself, Nora. Say you are ill.

(NORA stands motionless. HELMER goes and unlocks the hall door.)

*Maid* (half-dressed, comes to the door). A letter for the mistress.

*Helmer*. Give it to me. (Takes the letter and shuts the door.) Yes, it is from him. You shall not have it; I will read it myself.

*Nora*. Yes, read it.

*Helmer* (standing by the lamp). I scarcely have the courage to do it. It may mean ruin for both of us. No, I must know. (Tears open the letter, runs his eye over a few lines, looks at a paper enclosed, and gives a shout of joy.) Nora! (She looks at him questioningly.) Nora!—No, I must read it once again. Yes, it is true! I am saved! Nora, I am saved!

*Nora*. And I?

*Helmer*. You too, of course; we are both saved, both you and I. Look, he sends you your bond back. He says he regrets and repents—that a happy change in his life—never mind what he says! We are saved, Nora! No one can do anything to you. Oh, Nora, Nora!—no, first I must destroy these hateful things. Let me see— (Takes a look at the bond.) No, no, I won't look at it. The whole thing shall be nothing but a bad dream to me. (Tears up the bond and both letters, throws them all into the stove, and watches them burn.) There—now it doesn't exist any longer. He says that since Christmas Eve you—These must have been three dreadful days for you, Nora.

*Nora*. I have fought a hard fight these three days.

*Helmer*. And suffered agonies, and seen no way out but— No, we won't call any of the horrors to mind. We will only shout with joy, and keep saying, "It's all over! It's all over!" Listen to me, Nora. You don't seem to realise that it is all over. What is this?—such a cold, set face! My poor little Nora, I quite understand; you don't feel as if you could believe that I have forgiven you. But it is true, Nora, I swear it; I

have forgiven you everything. I know that what you did, you did out of love for me.

*Nora*. That is true.

*Helmer*. You have loved me as a wife ought to love her husband. Only you had not sufficient knowledge to judge of the means you used. But do you suppose you are any the less dear to me, because you don't understand how to act on your own responsibility? No, no; only lean on me. . . . I have forgiven you, Nora; I swear to you I have forgiven you.

*Nora*. Thank you for your forgiveness. (She goes out through the door to the right.)

*Helmer*. No, don't go— (Looks in) What are you doing in there?

*Nora* (from within). Taking off my fancy dress.

*Helmer* (standing at the open door). Yes, do. Try and calm yourself, and make your mind easy again, my frightened little singing-bird. Be at rest, and feel secure; I have broad wings to shelter you under. (Walks up and down by the door.) How warm and cosy our home is, Nora. Here is shelter for you; here I will protect you like a hunted dove that I have saved from a hawk's claws; I will bring peace to your poor beating heart. It will come, little by little, Nora, believe me. To-morrow morning you will look upon it all quite differently; soon everything will be just as it was before. Very soon you won't need me to assure you that I have forgiven you; you will yourself feel the certainty that I have done so. Can you suppose I should ever think of such a thing as repudiating you, or even reproaching you? You have no idea what a true man's heart is like, Nora. There is something so indescribably sweet and satisfying, to a man, in the knowledge that he has forgiven his wife—forgiven her freely, and with all his heart. . . . Have no anxiety about anything, Nora; only be frank and open with me, and I will serve as will and conscience both to you— What is this? Not gone to bed? Have you changed your things?

*Nora* (in everyday dress). Yes, Torvald, I have changed my things now.

*Helmer.* But what for?—so late as this.

*Nora.* I shall not sleep to-night.

*Helmer.* But, my dear Nora—

*Nora (looking at her watch).* It is not so very late. Sit down here, Torvald. You and I have much to say to one another. (*She sits down at one side of the table.*)

*Helmer.* Nora—what is this?—this cold, set face?

*Nora.* Sit down. It will take some time; I have a lot to talk over with you.

*Helmer (sits down at the opposite side of the table).* You alarm me, Nora!—and I don't understand you

*Nora.* No, that is just it. You don't understand me, and I have never understood you either—before to-night. No, you mustn't interrupt me. You must simply listen to what I say. Torvald, this is a settling of accounts.

*Helmer.* What do you mean by that?

*Nora (after a short silence).* Isn't there one thing that strikes you as strange in our sitting here like this?

*Helmer.* What is that?

*Nora.* We have been married now eight years. Does it not occur to you that this is the first time we two, you and I, husband and wife, have had a serious conversation?

*Helmer.* What do you mean by serious?

*Nora.* In all these eight years—longer than that—from the very beginning of our acquaintance, we have never exchanged a word on any serious subject.

*Helmer.* Was it likely that I would be continually and for ever telling you about worries that you could not help me to bear?

*Nora.* I am not speaking about business matters. I say that we have never sat down in earnest together to try and get at the bottom of anything.

*Helmer.* But, dearest Nora, would it have been any good to you?

*Nora.* That is just it; you have never understood me. I have been greatly wronged, Torvald—first by papa and then by you.

*Helmer.* What! By us two—by us two, who have loved you better than anyone else in the world?

*Nora (shaking her head).* You have never loved me. You have only thought it pleasant to be in love with me.

*Helmer.* Nora, what do I hear you saying?

*Nora.* It is perfectly true, Torvald. When I was at home with papa, he told me his opinion about everything, and so I had the same opinions; and if I differed from him I concealed the fact, because he would not have liked it. He called me his doll-child, and he played with me just as I used to play with my dolls. And when I came to live with you—

*Helmer.* What sort of an expression is that to use about our marriage?

*Nora (undisturbed).* I mean that I was simply transferred from papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your own taste, and so I got the same tastes as you or else I pretended to, I am really not quite sure which—I think sometimes the one and sometimes the other. When I look back on it, it seems to me as if I had been living here like a poor woman—just from hand to mouth. I have existed merely to perform tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and papa have committed a great sin against me. It is your fault that I have made nothing of my life.

*Helmer.* How unreasonable and how ungrateful you are, Nora! Have you not been happy here?

*Nora.* No, only merry. And you have always been so kind to me. But our home has been nothing but a playroom. I have been your doll-wife, just as at home I was papa's doll-child; and here the children have been my dolls. I thought it great fun when you played with me, just as they thought it great fun when I played with them. That is what our marriage has been, Torvald.

*Helmer.* There is some truth in what you say—exaggerated and strained as your view of it is. But for the future it shall be different. Playtime shall be over, and lesson-time shall begin.

*Nora.* Whose lessons? Mine, or the children's?

*Helmer.* Both yours and the children's, my darling Nora.

# A DOLL'S HOUSE

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*Nora* Alas, Torvald, you are not the man to educate me into being a proper wife for you.

*Helmer*. And you can say that!

*Nora*. And I—how am I fitted to bring up the children?

*Helmer*. Nora!

*Nora*. Didn't you say so yourself a

*Helmer* (*springing up*). What do you say?

*Nora*. I must stand quite alone, if I am to understand myself and everything about me. It is for that reason that I cannot remain with you any longer.

*Helmer*. Nora, Nora!

*Nora*. I am going away from here now,



Photo L. E. A.

## A DOLL'S HOUSE.

JANET ACHURCH  
as  
"Mrs. Linden"

LYDIA YAVORSHA  
as  
"Nora."

NORMAN TREVOR  
as  
"Helmer."

A scene from the play as produced at the Kingsway Theatre.

little while ago—that you dare not trust me to bring them up?

*Helmer*. In a moment of anger! Why do you pay any heed to that?

*Nora*. Indeed, you were perfectly right. I am not fit for the task. There is another task I must undertake first. I must try and educate myself—you are not the man to help me in that. I must do that for myself. And that is why I am going to leave you now.

at once. I am sure Christine will take me in for the night—

*Helmer*. You are out of your mind! I won't allow it! I forbid you!

*Nora*. It is no use forbidding me anything any longer. I will take with me what belongs to myself. I will take nothing from you, either now or later.

*Helmer*. What sort of madness is this!

*Nora*. To-morrow I shall go home—



A SCENE FROM IBSEN'S PLAY "A DOLL'S HOUSE," AS PERFORMED IN RUSSIA.

I mean, to my old home. It will be easiest for me to find something to do there.

*Helmer.* You blind, foolish woman!

*Nora.* I must try and get some sense, Torvald.

*Helmer.* To desert your home, your husband and your children! And you don't consider what people will say!

*Nora.* I cannot consider that at all. I only know that it is necessary for me.

*Helmer.* It's shocking. This is how you would neglect your most sacred duties.

*Nora.* What do you consider my most sacred duties?

*Helmer.* Do I need to tell you that? Are they not your duties to your husband and your children?

*Nora.* I have other duties just as sacred.

*Helmer.* That you have not. What duties could those be?

*Nora.* Duties to myself.

*Helmer.* Before all else, you are a wife and a mother.

*Nora.* I don't believe that any longer. I believe that before all else I am a reasonable human being, just as you are—or, at all events, that I must try and become one. I know quite well, Torvald, that most people would think you right,

and that views of that kind are to be found in books; but I can no longer content myself with what most people say, or with what is found in books. I must think over things for myself and get to understand them.

*Helmer.* Can you not understand your place in your own home? Have you not a reliable guide in such matters as that?—have you no religion?

*Nora.* I am afraid, Torvald, I do not exactly know what religion is.

*Helmer.* What are you saying?

*Nora.* I know nothing but what the clergyman said, when I went to be confirmed. . . . I will see if what the clergyman said is true, or at all events if it is true for me.

*Helmer.* This is unheard of in a girl of your age! But if religion cannot lead you aright, let me try and awaken your conscience. I suppose you have some moral sense? Or answer me am I to think you have none?

*Nora.* I assure you, Torvald, that is not an easy question to answer. I really don't know. The thing perplexes me altogether. I only know that you and I look at it in quite a different light. I am learning, too, that the law is quite another thing from what I supposed; but I find it impossible to convince myself that the law is right. According to it a woman has no right to spare

her old dying father, or to save her husband's life. I can't believe that.

*Helmer.* You talk like a child. You don't understand the conditions of the world in which you live.

*Nora.* No, I don't. But now I am going to try. I am going to see if I can make out who is right, the world or I.

*Helmer.* You are ill, Nora; you are delirious; I almost think you are out of your mind.

*Nora.* I have never felt my mind so clear and certain as to-night.



JANET ACHURCH  
who brilliantly played the part of "Nora"  
in the first English production in June 1889.

*Helmer.* And is it with a clear and certain mind that you forsake your husband and your children?

*Nora.* Yes, it is.

*Helmer.* Then there is only one possible explanation.

*Nora.* What is that?

*Helmer.* You do not love me any more.

*Nora.* No, that is just it.

*Helmer.* Nora!—and you can say that?

*Nora.* It gives me great pain, Torvald, for you have always been so kind to me, but I cannot help it. I do not love you any more.

*Helmer (regaining his composure).* Is that a clear and certain conviction too?

*Nora.* Yes, absolutely clear and certain. That is the reason why I will not stay here any longer.

*Helmer.* And can you tell me what I have done to forfeit your love?

*Nora.* Yes, indeed I can. It was to-night, when the wonderful thing did not happen; then I saw you were not the man I had thought you.

*Helmer.* Explain yourself better. I don't understand you.

*Nora.* I have waited so patiently for eight years; for, goodness knows, I knew very well that wonderful things don't happen every day. Then this horrible misfortune came upon me; and then I felt quite certain that the wonderful thing was going to happen at last. When Krogstad's letter was lying out there, never for a moment did I imagine that you would consent to accept this man's conditions. I was so absolutely certain that you would say to him: Publish the thing to the whole world. And when that was done—

*Helmer.* Yes, what then?—when I had exposed my wife to shame and disgrace?

*Nora.* When that was done, I was so absolutely certain, you would come forward and take everything upon yourself, and say: I am the guilty one.

*Helmer.* Nora—

*Nora.* You mean that I would never have accepted such a sacrifice on your part? No, of course not. But what would my assurances have been worth against yours? That was the wonderful thing which I hoped for and feared; and it was to prevent that, that I wanted to kill myself.

*Helmer.* I would gladly work night and day for you, Nora—bear sorrow and want for your sake. But no man would sacrifice his honour for the one he loves.

*Nora.* It is a thing hundreds of thousands of women have done.

*Helmer.* Oh, you think and talk like a heedless child.

*Nora.* Maybe. But you neither think nor talk like the man I could bind myself to. As soon as your fear was over—and it was not fear for what threatened me, but for what might happen to you—when the whole thing was past, as far as you were concerned it was exactly as if nothing at all had happened. Exactly as before, I was your little skylark, your doll, which you would in future treat with doubly gentle care, because it was so brittle and fragile. (*Getting up.*) Torvald—it was then it dawned upon me that for eight years I had been living here with a strange man, and had borne him three children— Oh, I can't bear to think of it! I could tear myself into little bits!

*Helmer (sadly).* I see, I see. An abyss has opened between us—there is no denying it. But, Nora, would it not be possible to fill it up?

*Nora.* As I am now, I am no wife for you.

*Helmer.* I have it in me to become a different man.

*Nora.* Perhaps—if your doll is taken away from you.

*Helmer.* But to part!—to part from you! No, no, Nora, I can't understand that idea. . . .

*Nora (putting on her cloak).* I cannot spend the night in a strange man's room.

*Helmer.* But can't we live here like brother and sister?

*Nora (putting on her hat).* You know very well that would not last long. (*Puts the shawl round her.*) Good-bye, Torvald. I won't see the little ones. I know they are in better hands than mine. As I am now, I can be of no use to them.

*Helmer.* But some day, Nora—some day?

*Nora.* How can I tell? I have no idea what is going to become of me.

*Helmer.* But you are my wife, whatever becomes of you.

*Nora.* Listen, Torvald. I have heard that when a wife deserts her husband's house, as I am doing now, he is legally freed from all obligations towards her. In any case I set you free from all your obligations. You are not to feel yourself bound in the slightest way, any more than I shall. There must be perfect freedom on both sides. See, here is your ring back. Give me mine.

*Helmer.* That too?

*Nora.* That too.

*Helmer.* Here it is.

*Nora.* That's right. Now it is all over. I have put the keys here. The maids know all about everything in the house—better than I do. . . .

*Helmer.* All over! All over!—Nora, shall you never think of me again?

*Nora.* I know I shall often think of you and the children and this house.

*Helmer.* May I write to you, Nora?

*Nora.* No—never. You must not do that.

*Helmer.* But at least let me send you—

*Nora.* Nothing—nothing—

*Helmer.* Let me help you if you are in want.

*Nora.* No. I can receive nothing from a stranger.

*Helmer.* Nora—can I never be anything more than a stranger to you?

*Nora (taking her bag).* Ah, Torvald, the most wonderful thing of all would have to happen.

*Helmer.* Tell me what that would be!

*Nora.* Both you and I would have to be so changed that— Oh, Torvald, I don't believe any longer in wonderful things happening.

*Helmer.* But I will believe in it. Tell me! So changed that—?

*Nora.* That our life together would be a real wedlock. Good-bye. (*She goes out through the hall.*)

*Helmer (sinks down on a chair at the door and buries his face in his hands).* Nora! Nora! (*Looks round, and rises.*) Empty. She is gone. (*A hope flashes across his mind.*) The most wonderful thing of all—?

(*The sound of a door shutting is heard from below.*)

# PARADISE LOST

JOHN MILTON



Photo: Ruschgitz Collection.

JOHN MILTON, PAINTED BY PICTER VAN DER PLAAS.  
National Portrait Gallery, London.

"Paradise Lost," the noblest epic poem in the English language, was the fulfilment of life-long aspiration and self-discipline. Very early in life Milton took poetry as his supreme vocation, and thenceforward he built up within himself the powers and qualities of mind and character which he believed to be necessary to all lofty attainment in his chosen field. He sought knowledge with sleepless devotion. He lived up to his belief that only a pure life can come to full power. He held that great poetry comes from God. "This," he wrote, "is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out His

seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the life of whom He pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation and insight into all seemly and generous acts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, I refuse not to sustain this expectation." When he was but twenty-eight he was able to write to his friend Diodati, "I am pluming my wings for a flight!" In his early poems, "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," "Lycidas," and the Sonnets, such high and fruit-bearing moods are discovered again and again.

But the "flight" was delayed for so many years that it may have seemed that it was being delayed too long. It

might even appear that he was giving to politics the equipment which he had meant for poetry. But his great design was ever in his mind; he was merely resolved that all his powers should ripen before he used them.

Sixteen years were to elapse before he sat down to the task of writing his—

"advent'rous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to  
soar  
Above th' Aonian mount, while it  
pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or  
rhyme."

"Paradise Lost" is creative in form

rather than substance. As Mark Pattison says, "He did not create his supernatural personages, they were already there. The Father, and the Son, the Angels, Satan, Baal, and Moloch, Adam and Eve, were in full possession of the popular imagination, and more familiar to it than any other set of known names." Milton brought lofty meditation and sublime music to the drama

He began "*Paradise Lost*" in 1658, finished it in 1663, and revised it during the next two years.

In 1667 he found a publisher in Samuel Symons, of Aldersgate, whose house and business had survived the Great Fire. For the first edition he received five pounds down, and the same sum for the second edition; the third he did not live to see.

Of this great epic the following passages are intended to be representative:—

#### BOOK I.—LINES 1–80.

*These eighty lines may be described as the grand organ Prelude to "Paradise Lost." They require no explanation.*

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our  
woe,

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd who first taught the chosen  
seed,

In the beginning how the heavens and earth  
Rose out of chaos: or, if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that  
flowed

Fast by the oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.  
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples the upright heart and  
pure,

Instruct me, for thou knowest; thou from  
the first

Wast present, and, with mighty wings out-  
spread,

Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
And madest it pregnant: what in me is  
dark,

Illumine; what is low, raise and support;  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men,

Say first, for heaven hides nothing from  
thy view

Nor the deep tract of hell; say first what  
cause

Moved our grand parents, in that happy  
state,

Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his will  
For one restraint, lords of the world  
besides?

Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?  
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose  
guile,

Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived  
The mother of mankind, what time his  
pride

Had cast him out from heaven, with all  
his host

Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring  
To set himself in glory above his peers,  
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,  
If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
Raised impious war in heaven, and battle  
proud,

With vain attempt. Him the Almighty  
Power

Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal  
sky,

With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.  
Nine times the space that measures day and  
night

To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
Confounded, though immortal: but his  
doom

Reserved him to more wrath: for now the  
thought

Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Torments him: round he throws his baleful  
eyes,

That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,  
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast  
hate:

At once, as far as angels ken, he views  
The dismal situation waste and wild;  
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,  
As one great furnace flamed; yet from  
those flames

No light; but rather darkness visible  
Served only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where  
peace

And rest can never dwell: hope never  
comes

That comes to all: but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed:  
Such place eternal justice had prepared  
For those rebellious; here their prison  
ordained

In utter darkness, and  
their portion set  
As far removed from  
God and light of  
heaven,  
As from the centre thrice  
to the utmost pole.

O, how unlike the place  
from whence they  
fell !  
There the companions  
of his fall, o'er-  
whelmed  
With floods and whirl-  
winds of tempestu-  
ous fire,  
He soon discerns ; and  
weltering by his  
side  
One next himself in  
power, and next in  
crime,  
Long after known in  
Palestine, and  
named Beël-  
zebub. . . .

\* \* \*

LINES 105-126.

*To Beëlzebub, next in  
rank to himself, the  
Fallen Angel, Satan,  
speaks :—*

"What though the field  
be lost ?  
All is not lost ; the  
unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else not to be overcome ;  
That glory never shall his wrath or might  
Extort from me. To bow and sue for  
grace  
With suppliant knee, and deify his power  
Who from the terror of this arm so late  
Doubted his empire ; that were low indeed,  
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath  
This downfall : since by fate the strength  
of gods  
And this empyreal substance cannot fail ;  
Since through experience of this great  
event  
In arms not worse, in foresight much  
advanced,  
We may with more successful hope resolve  
To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of  
joy  
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven."

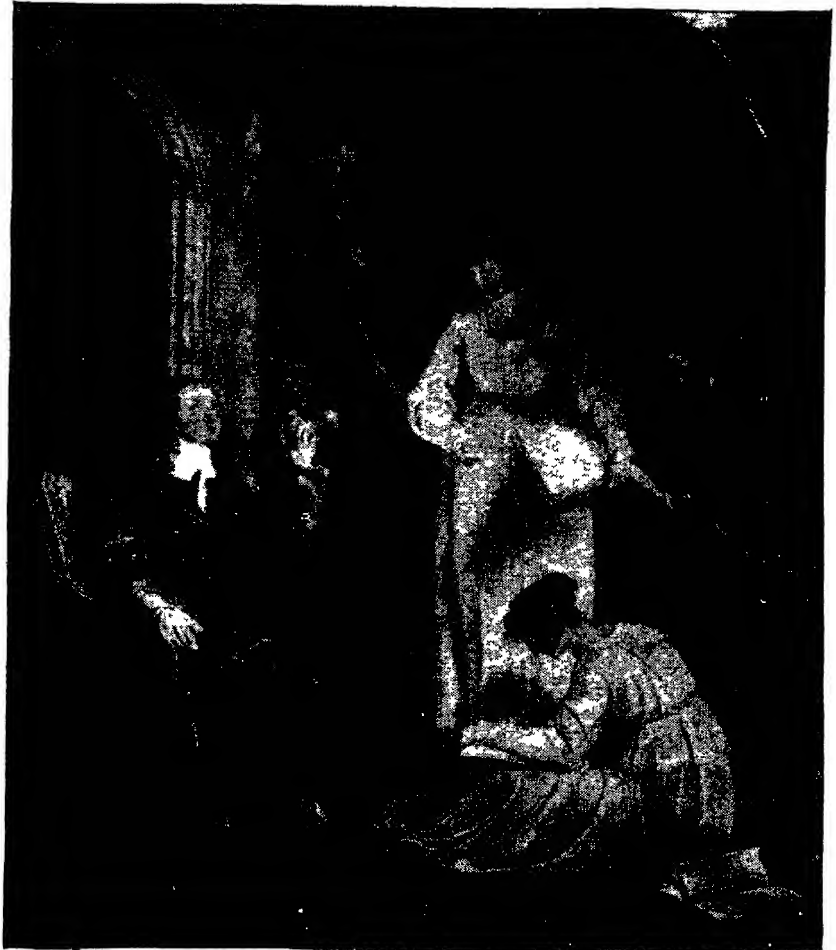


Photo : W. A. Mansell & Co.

MILTON DICTATING TO HIS DAUGHTER.

From the painting by Richard Westall, R.A., in the Soane's Museum

So spake the apostate angel, though in  
pain,  
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep  
despair. . . .

*Beëlzebub answers that the Almighty has  
left to the fallen angels their "spirit and  
strength entire," so that "they may so  
suffice his vengeful ire or do him mightier  
service as his thralls." What can it then  
avail, he asks, if their strength is conceded  
only to fit them to undergo eternal punish-  
ment, or "do his errands in the gloomy  
deep?"*

Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend  
replied

"Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable  
Doing or suffering ; but of this be sure,  
To do aught good never will be our task,  
But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
As being the contrary to his high will

Whom we resist. If then his providence  
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find means of evil ;  
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps  
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
His inmost counsels from their destined  
aim. . . .

\* \* \*

*Satan continues his speech to Beëlzebub :—*

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and  
wild,  
The seat of desolation, void of light,  
Save what the glimmering of these livid  
flames  
Casts pale and dreadful ? Thither let us  
tend  
From off the tossing of these fiery waves ;  
There rest, if any rest can harbour there ;  
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
Our enemy ! our own loss how repair ;  
How overcome this dire calamity ;  
What reinforcement we may gain from  
hope ;  
If not, what resolution from despair." . . .

" Is this the region, this the soil, the  
clime,"

Said then the lost archangel, " this the seat  
That we must change for heaven ; this  
mournful gloom

For that celestial light ? Be it so, since he,  
Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid  
What shall be right ; farthest from him is  
best,

Whom reason hath equalled, force hath  
made supreme

Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,  
Where joy for ever dwells ! Hail, horrors !  
hail,

Infernal world ! and thou profoundest hell,  
Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings  
A mind not to be changed by place or time :  
The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.  
What matter where, if I be still the same,  
And what I should be ; all but less than he  
Whom thunder hath made greater ? Here  
at least

We shall be free ; the Almighty hath not  
built

Here for his envy, will not drive us hence ;  
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,  
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell ;  
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.  
But wherefore let we then our faithful  
friends,

The associates and copartners of our loss,  
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,  
And call them not to share with us their  
part

In this unhappy mansion ; or once more  
With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
Regained in heaven, or what more lost in  
hell ? "

\* \* \*

LINES 271-282.

*Beëlzebub urges Satan to speak to the  
Fallen Angels.*

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub  
Thus answered : " Leader of those armies  
bright,

Which but the Omnipotent none could have  
foiled,

If once they hear that voice, their liveliest  
pledge

Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults

Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
New courage and revive ; though now they  
lie

Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of  
fire,

As we erewhile, astounded and amazed ;  
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious  
height "

\* \* \*

LINES 315-338.

*Satan, having called to his inferior  
angels " so loud that all the hollow deep  
of Hell resounded," thus addresses them :*

" Princes, potentates,  
Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours,  
now lost

If such astonishment as this can seize  
Eternal spirits ; or have ye chosen this place  
After the toil of battle to repose

Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven ?

Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
To adore the Conqueror ? who now beholds

Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood  
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon

His swift pursuers from heaven-gates  
discern

The advantage, and descending, tread us  
down

Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.

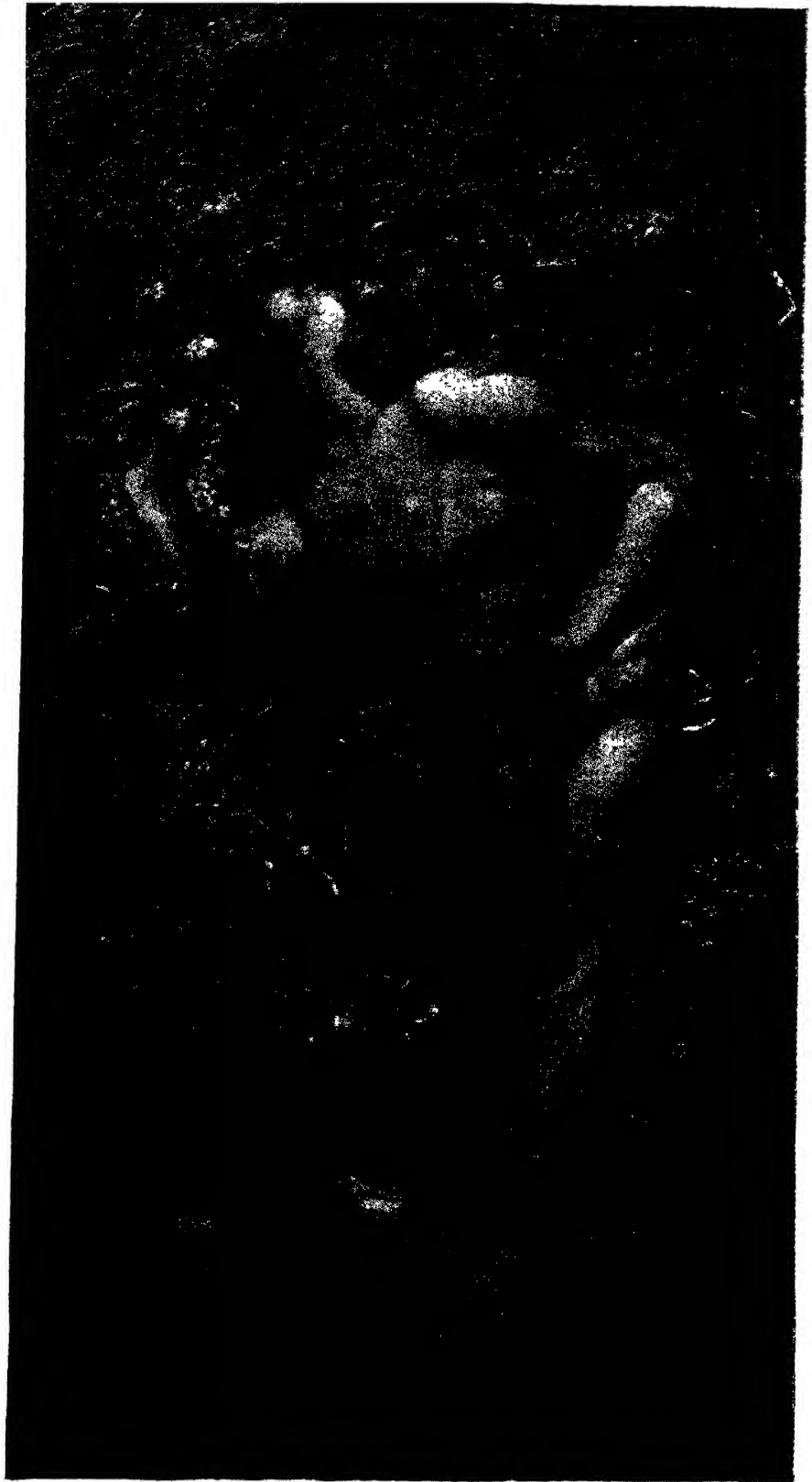
Awake ! arise ! or be for ever fallen."

They heard, and were abashed, and up  
they sprung

Upon the wing ; as when men went to  
watch

On duty, sleeping found by whom they  
dread,

Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight



*Reproduced by arrangement with Fredk. Hollyer.*

**EVE TEMPTED.**

**FROM THE PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS, IN THE TATE GALLERY,  
LONDON.**



In which they were, or  
the fierce pains not  
feel;  
Yet to their generals'  
voice they soon  
obeyed,  
Innumerable. . . .

\* \* \*

LINES 522-549.

*Here follows a marvellous description of the forces of Hell in terms of the heathen world and its idols, "god-like shapes and forms excelling human, princely dignities." Satan orders the up-rearing of his mighty standard, which shines "like a meteor streaming to the wind;" "ten thousand banners rise into the air with orient colours waving," and a forest huge of spears, and "serried shields in thick array of depth immeasurable."*

LINES 622-663.

*Satan, having assembled his legions, prepares to address them on their fate and future, but is barely able to utter his message. "Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn, tears such as angels weep, burst forth." At last he speaks :—*

"O myriads of immortal spirits! O powers  
Matchless, but with the Almighty; and  
that strife  
Was not inglorious, though the event was  
dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change  
Hateful to utter! but what power of  
mind,  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
(Of knowledge, past or present, could have  
feared,  
How such united force of gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know  
repulse? . . .



*By permission of The Fine Art Society, Ltd*

SIN AND DEATH AT THE GATES OF HELL.

From the drawing by William Stang.

Henceforth his might we know, and know  
our own  
So as not either to provoke or dread  
New war, provoked; our better part  
remains  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not: that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
Space may produce new worlds; whereof  
so rife  
There went a fame in heaven that he ere  
long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the sons of heaven:  
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption; thither or elsewhere;  
For this infernal pit shall never hold

Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss  
 Long under darkness cover. But these  
     thoughts  
 Full counsel must mature: peace is  
     despaired;  
 For who can think submission? War, then,  
     war,  
 Open or understood, must be resolved " . . .

## BOOK II.—LINES 119-151.

*A consultation in Pandemonium having  
 been proclaimed by the winged heralds,  
 Satan directs and hears the debate.  
 Moloch advises "open war" against  
 Heaven. But Belial, whose "thoughts  
 were low, to vice industrious, but to nobler  
 deeds tim'rous and slothful," said:—*

"I should be much for open war, O peers,  
 As not behind in hate; if what was urged  
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success;  
 When he, who most excels in fact of arms,  
 In what he counsels, and in what excels,  
 Mistrustful grounds his courage on despair  
 And utter dissolution, as the scope  
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
 First, what revenge? The towers of heaven  
     are filled

With armed watch, that render all access  
 Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep  
 Encamp their legions; or, with obscure  
     wing,

Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
 Scorning surprise. Or could we break our  
     way

By force, and at our heels all hell should rise  
 With blackest insurrection, to confound  
 Heaven's purest light; yet our great enemy  
 All incorruptible, would on his throne  
 Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould,  
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
 Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope  
 Is flat despair: We must exasperate  
 The almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
 And that must end us; that must be our  
     cure,

To be no more. Sad cure! for who would  
     lose,

Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 Those thoughts that wander through  
     eternity,

To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion?" . . .

\* \* \*

LINES 300-376.

*Belial is followed by Mammon, who  
 gives prudential counsels. He is against*

*all the risks of war and in favour of safety  
 and self-interest. His plea arouses the  
 applause of Hell, but the high wrath and  
 generalship of Beëlzebub, who thus broaches  
 the enterprise of an attack on Man, about  
 to be created.*

With grave  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed  
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven  
 Deliberation sat, and public care;  
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
 Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood  
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear  
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his  
     look

Drew audience and attention still as night  
 Or summer's noontide air, while thus he  
     spake:

"Thrones and imperial powers, offspring  
     of heaven,  
 Ethereal virtues; or these titles now  
 Must we renounce, and, changing style, be  
     called

Princes of hell? for so the popular vote  
 Inclines here to continue, and build up here  
 A growing empire; . . . There is a place,  
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven  
 Err not) another world, the happy seat  
 Of some new race, called Man, about this  
     time

To be created like to us, though less  
 In power and excellence, but favoured more  
 Of him who rules above; so was his will  
 Pronounced among the gods; and by an  
     oath,

That shook heaven's whole circumference,  
     confirmed.

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to  
     learn

What creatures there inhabit, of what  
     mould

Or substance, how endued, and what their  
     power,

And where their weakness, how attempted  
     best,

By force or subtlety. Though heaven be  
     shut,

And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure  
 In his own strength, this place may lie  
     exposed,

The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
 To their defence who hold it; here perhaps  
 Some advantageous act may be achieved  
 By sudden onset; either with hell fire

To waste his whole creation, or possess  
 All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,  
 The puny inhabitants, or, if not drive,

Seduce them to our party, that their God  
 May prove their foe, and with repenting  
     hand

Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy

In our confusion, and our joy upraise

In his disturbance ; when his darling sons,  
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall  
    curse  
Their frail original, and faded bliss,  
Faded so soon."

BOOK III.—LINES 21–55.

*After the great war council, Satan undertakes to seek alone the new world of man about to be created. But first he wings his solitary way to Hell from whose dread inhabitants he learns where our world is situated. Milton again invokes divine aid from "Holy Light, offspring of Heaven's first-born." He refers to his own blindness in a moving passage.*

Thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp ; but  
    thou  
Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ,  
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their  
    orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny  
    hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but  
    chicf  
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling  
    flow  
Nightly I visit : . . .  
Thus with the year  
Seasons return ; but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or  
    morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of  
    men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,  
Presented with a universal blank  
Of nature's works to me expunged and  
    razed,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her  
    powers  
Irradiate : there plant eyes, all mist from  
    thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight. . . .

LINES 81–102

*The Almighty Father looks down on the earth, now the home of Adam and Eve, on Hell and the gulf between, and on Satan, who is nearing our world with "wearied*

*wings." The Father shows him to the Son, and thus expounds His purposes :—*

"Only-begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
Transports our adversary ? whom no  
    bounds

Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chains  
Heaped on him there, nor yet the main  
    abyss

Wide interrupt, can hold ; so bent he seems  
On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,  
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings  
    his way

Not far off heaven, in the precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new-created world  
And man there placed, with purpose to  
    essay

If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
By some false guile pervert ; and shall  
    pervert :

For man will hearken to his glossing lies,  
And easily transgress the sole command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience ; so will fall  
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault :  
Whose but his own ? Ingrate, he had of me  
All he could have ; I made him just and  
    right,

Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
Such I created all the ethereal powers  
And spirits, both them who stood, and  
    them who failed ;  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who  
    fell." . . .

BOOK IV.—LINES 27–113.

*The Father has foretold the fall of Man to the Son, and declares that Man must be cast out from all grace and forgiveness and be destroyed unless some one can be found to answer for his offence and undergo his punishment. The Son has offered himself as the ransom and has been accepted amid the adoration of all the Angels. Meanwhile, Satan has set foot on our earth and is approaching Eden. He pauses to meditate on his own state.*

Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his  
    view

Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixed  
    sad ;

Sometimes towards heaven, and the full-  
    blazing sun,

Which now sat high in his meridian tower :  
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began :

"O thou, that, with surpassing glory  
    crowned,

Lookest from thy sole dominion like the god  
Of this new world , at whose sight all the  
    stars

Hide their diminished heads , to thee I call,

But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,

O sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what state

I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;  
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,

Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King .

Ah, wherefore ? he deserved no such return  
From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard  
What could be less than to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,

How due ! yet all his good proved ill in me,  
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high  
I 'dained subjection, and thought one step higher

Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burdensome still paying, still to owe :  
Forgetful what from him I still received,  
And understood not that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharged ; what burden then ?

O had his powerful destiny ordained  
Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised

Ambition. Yet why not ? some other power

As great might have aspired, and me,  
though mean,

Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great

Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
Or from without, to all temptations armed.  
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?

Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what to accuse,

But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?  
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,

To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his thy will

Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable ! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?  
Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;  
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.  
O, then, at last relent : is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?  
None left but by submission ; and that word

Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced

With other promises and other vaunts  
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
The Omnipotent Ah me ! they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vain ;  
Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
While they adore me on the throne of hell.  
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,  
The lower still I fall, only supreme  
In misery such joy ambition finds

But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
By act of grace, my former state ; how soon  
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay

What feigned submission swore ! Ease would recant

Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
For never can true reconciliation grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep :

Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost,  
Evil, be thou my good : by thee at least  
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,  
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;

As man ere long, and this new world shall know."

#### BOOK V.—LINES 22-93.

*In the remainder of Book IV. we have seen Satan discover the Garden of Eden and marvel at the beauty and happy state of Adam and Eve on whose destruction he again resolves. The presence of an evil spirit has been discovered by Uriel, who descends from Heaven and informs Gabriel who keeps the gate of Paradise. Satan is found "squat like a toad" at the ear of sleeping Eve, endeavouring to infuse evil into her mind. After an encounter with Gabriel, on a sign from Heaven, Satan flies from Eden to prepare new schemes. Book V. opens with a picture of morning in Eden. Adam found Eve asleep and called her to mark*

*"How blows the citron grove,  
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."*

Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye  
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :

“ O sole in whom my thoughts find all  
 repose,  
 My glory, my perfection ! glad I see  
 Thy face, the morn returned ; for I this  
 night  
 (Such night till this I never passed) have  
 dreamed,  
 If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day past, or morrow's next  
 design,  
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksome night :  
 Methought  
 Close at mine ear one called me forth to  
 walk  
 With gentle voice ; I thought it thine : it  
 said,  
 Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? now is the  
 pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence  
 yields  
 To the night-warbling  
 bird, that now  
 awake  
 Tunes sweetest his love-  
 laboured song ; now  
 reigns  
 Full orb'd the moon,  
 and with more  
 pleasing light  
 Shadowy sets off the face  
 of things ; in vain,  
 If none regard ; heaven  
 wakes with all his  
 eyes,  
 Whom to behold but  
 thee, nature's de-  
 sire ?  
 In whose sight all things  
 joy, with ravish-  
 ment  
 Attracted by thy beauty  
 still to gaze.  
 I rose as at thy call, but  
 found thee not ;  
 To find thee I directed  
 then my walk ;  
 And on, methought,  
 alone I passed  
 through ways  
 That brought me on a  
 sudden to the  
 tree  
 Of interdicted know-  
 ledge ; fair it  
 seemed,  
 Much fairer to my fancy  
 than by day :  
 And, as I wondering  
 looked, beside it  
 stood  
 One shaped and winged  
 like one of those  
 from heaven

By us oft seen : his dewy locks distilled  
 Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gazed ;  
 And, O fair plant, said he, with fruit  
 surcharged,  
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy  
 sweet,  
 Nor God, nor man ? Is knowledge so  
 despised ?  
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste ?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me with-  
 hold  
 Longer thy offered good ; why else set  
 here ?  
 This said, he paused not, but with venturous  
 arm  
 He plucked, he tasted ; me damp horror  
 chilled  
 At such bold words vouched with a deed  
 so bold :  
 But he thus, overjoyed : O fruit divine,



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MICHAEL SETS BEFORE ADAM A VISION.

From the drawing by William Strang.

Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus  
cropt,  
Forbidden here, it seems as only fit  
For gods, yet able to make gods of men -  
And why not gods of men ; since good, the  
more

Communicated, more abundant grows,  
The author not impaired, but honoured  
more ?

Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve !  
Partake thou also : happy though thou  
art,  
Happier thou mayest be, worthier canst not  
be .

Taste this, and be henceforth among the  
gods

Thyself a goddess, not to earth confined,  
But sometimes in the air, as we ; sometimes  
Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and  
see.

What life the gods live there, and such live  
thou.

So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held  
part

Which he had plucked : the pleasant  
savoury-smell

So quickened appetite, that I, methought,  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the  
clouds

With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
The earth outstretched immense, a prospect  
wide

And various : wondering at my flight and  
change

To this high exaltation ; suddenly  
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk  
down,

And fell asleep ; but Oh, how glad I waked  
To find this but a dream." . . .

#### BOOK IX.—LINES 179-191.

*The actual temptation of Eve by Satan  
in the form of the Serpent is related in  
Book IX. Satan finds Eve working apart  
from Adam in the Garden.*

Through each thicket dank or dry,  
Like a black mist low-creeping, he  
held on

His midnight search, where soonest he  
might find

The serpent : him fast sleeping soon he  
found

In labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,  
His head the midst, well stored with subtle  
wiles :

Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
Nor nocent yet ; but, on the grassy  
herb,

Fearless unfear'd he slept : in at his  
mouth

The devil entered ; and his brutal sense,

In heart or head, possessing, soon inspired  
With act intelligential, but his sleep  
Disturbed not, waiting close the approach  
of morn . . .

\* \* \*

LINES 495-550.

. . . the enemy of mankind inclosed  
Inmate bad ! and toward Eve  
Addressed his way : not with indented  
wave,

Prone on the ground, as since ; but on his  
rear,

Circular base of rising folds, towered  
Fold above fold, a surging maze ! his head  
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes ;  
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect  
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
Floated redundant : pleasing was his shape  
And lovely : never since of serpent kind  
Lovlier, . . . With tract oblique

At first, as one who sought access, but feared  
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
As when a ship, by skilful steersman  
wrought

Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the  
wind

Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail ;  
So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of  
Eve,

To lure her eye ; she, busied, heard the  
sound

Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used  
To such disport before her through the  
field,

From every beast ; more duteous at her call,  
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.  
He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,  
But as in gaze admiring : oft he bowed  
His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck,  
Fawning ; and licked the ground whereon  
she trod.

His gentle dumb expression turned at  
length

The eye of Eve, to mark his play ; he, glad  
Of her attention gained, with serpent-  
tongue

Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
His fraudulent temptation thus began :

" Wonder not, sovereign mistress, if  
perhaps

Thou canst, who art sole wonder ! much  
less arm

Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with  
disdain,

Displeased that I approach thee thus, and  
gaze

Insatiate ; I thus single ; nor have feared  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.

Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
Thee all things living gaze on, all things  
thine

By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore  
With ravishment beheld! there best  
beheld,  
Where universally admired; but here  
In this inclosure wild,  
these beasts among,  
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
Half what in thee is fair,  
one man except,  
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who  
should be seen  
A goddess among gods,  
adored and served  
By angels, numberless,  
thy daily train."

So glozed the tempter, and his  
proem tuned:  
Into the heart of Eve  
his words made way.

BOOK X.

LINES 460-577.

*Satan returns to Hell, where, in full assembly, he boasts of his success against Man. Expecting applause, he receives it in universal hissing by his audience, transformed suddenly, with himself, into hissing serpents, according to his doom pronounced in Paradise.*

"Thrones, dominations, princedoms,  
virtues, powers,  
For in possession such, not only of right,  
I call ye, and declare ye now; returned  
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
Triumphant out of this infernal pit  
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,  
And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,  
As lords, a spacious world, to our native  
heaven  
Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
With peril great achieved. Long were to  
tell  
What I have done, what suffered; with  
what pain  
Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
Of horrible confusion; over which  
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,



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SATAN RISING FROM THE BURNING LAKE.

From the drawing by William Strang

To expedite your glorious march; but I  
Toiled out my uncouth passage, forced to  
ride  
The untractable abyss, plunged in the womb  
Of unoriginal night and chaos wild;  
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely  
opposed  
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar  
Protesting fate supreme; thence how I  
found  
The new-created world, which fame in  
heaven  
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful  
Of absolute perfection! therein man  
Placed in a Paradise, by our exile  
Made happy: him by fraud I have seduced  
From his Creator; and, the more to  
increase  
Your wonder, with an apple; he, thereat  
Offended, worth your laughter! hath given  
up

Both his beloved man and all his world,  
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,  
To range in, and to dwell, and over man  
To rule, as over all he should have ruled.  
True is, me also he hath judged, or rather  
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose  
shape

Man I deceived. that which to me belongs  
Is enmity, which he will put between  
Me and mankind ; I am to bruise his heel ;  
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my  
head :

A world who would not purchase with a  
bruise,  
Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have the  
account  
Of my performance : what remains, ye gods,  
But up, and enter now into full bliss ? "

So having said, a while he stood,  
expecting  
Their universal shout, and high applause,  
To fill his ear ; when, contrary, he hears  
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn ; he wondered, but not long  
Had leisure, wondering at himself now  
more ;  
His visage drawn he felt too sharp and  
spare ;  
His arms clung to his ribs ; his legs  
entwining  
Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
Reluctant, but in vain ; a greater Power  
Now ruled him, punished in the shape he  
sinned,  
According to his doom. He would have  
spoke,  
But hiss for hiss returned with forked  
tongue  
To forked tongue ; for now were all  
transformed  
Alike, to serpents all, as accessories  
To his bold riot : dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarming  
now  
With complicated monsters head and tail,  
Scorpion and asp, and amphisbæna dire,  
Cerastes horned, hydrus, and elops drear,  
And dipsas ; but still greatest he the midst,  
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the  
sun  
Ingendered in the Pythian vale or slime,  
Huge Python, and his power no less he  
seemed  
Above the rest still to retain. They all  
Him followed, issuing forth to the open  
field,  
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,  
Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just  
array ;  
Sublime with expectation when to see

In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief  
They saw, but other sight instead ! a crowd  
Of ugly serpents ; horror on them fell,  
And horrid sympathy ; for, what they saw,  
They felt themselves, now changing ; down  
their arms,

Down fell the spear and shield ; down they  
as fast ;

And the dire hiss renewed, and the dire  
form

Catched by contagion ; like in punishment,  
As in their crime. Thus was the applause  
they meant

Turned to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
Cast on themselves from their own mouths.  
There stood

A grove hard by, sprung up with this their  
change

His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like  
that

Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
Used by the tempter : on that prospect  
strange

Their earnest eyes they fixed, imagining  
For one forbidden tree a multitude

Now risen, to work them further woe or  
shame ;

Yet, parched with scalding thirst and  
hunger fierce,

Though to delude them sent, could not  
abstain ;

Greedily they plucked  
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which  
grew

Near that bituminous lake where Sodom  
flamed ;

This more delusive, not the touch but taste  
Deceived ; they fondly thinking to allay  
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit  
Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended  
taste

With spattering noise rejected : oft they  
assayed,

Hunger and thirst constraining ; drugged  
as oft,

With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws,  
With soot and cinders filled ; so oft they  
fell

Into the same allusion, not as man  
Whom they triumphed once lapsed. Thus  
were they plagued

And worn with famine, long and ceaseless  
hiss,

Till their lost shape, permitted, they  
resumed ;

Yearly enjoined, some say, to undergo  
This annual humbling certain numbered  
days.

*[God foretells the victory of His Son  
over Sin and Death, and the renewing of  
all things.]*

# PENGUIN ISLAND

ANATOLE FRANCE

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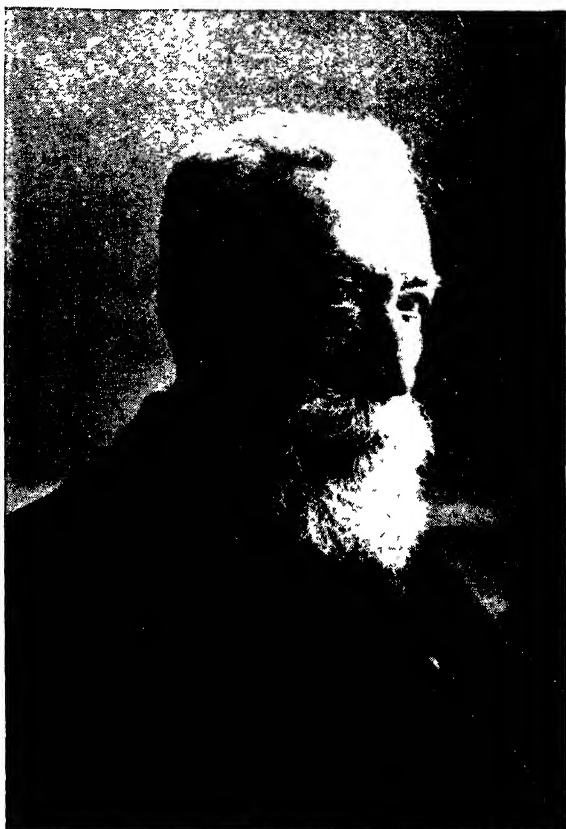


Photo: Henri Manuel.

ANATOLE FRANCE.

Anatole France, the son of a Paris bookseller, was born in 1844. Heir to the ironic tradition of Montaigne, Voltaire and Renan, M. France has been very prolific in his literary output, wonderfully versatile, too, with a strain of irony and pessimism running through most of his works. Without Swift, there might have been no Voltaire; without Voltaire there would probably have been no Anatole France. Without them, we might never have learnt the superiority of the rapier over the bludgeon in controversy.

With our own Thomas Hardy, Anatole France is virtually assured of immortality.

Many of his books have been translated into English and have been enjoyed by a wide circle of readers. Amongst the best known are the erotic Eastern story, "Thais," "The Red Lily," "L'Histoire Comique," "The Bloom of Life," and the great drama, "The Gods are Athirst." In all these, his learning, his wistful irony and his fondness for lingering over the clash between human passions and ideals are happily illustrated.

"Penguin Island" is perhaps the best known in England, and is probably the most ironical of his books. Other writers have taken imaginary countries as a framework for their views about everything and everybody, but M. France is far more convincing with his colony of baptised penguins, who don the garments of civilisation and follow its downward path, acquiring private property, developing crime and commerce, loves and wars, parliaments and trade unions, and all the thrills and ills of industrial progress.

The satire begins in the early centuries, when the Abbot St. Maël made missionary journeys from his own home, travelling across the sea in a stone trough which took him miraculously from place to place. "For thirty-seven years the blessed Maël evangelised the Pagans of the inner lands. He built two hundred and eighteen chapels and seventy-four abbeys." Even when he was ninety-eight his apostolic fervour continued, and he started on another journey, but unfortunately he allowed the devil to fit his trough with a sail and mast, and the result of this lack of faith in divine guidance was that Maël was carried away into the Ocean of Ice, and finally landed on an island inhabited only by penguins. The old man's eyes were dim, and he

*mistook the penguins for men; their voices were soft and he felt persuaded that they belonged to some idolatrous people who were Christians at heart, so he proceeded to baptise them. But this act aroused much controversy in Heaven, where it was contended that baptism is invalid when given to birds. Eventually, the only solution seemed to be to send the Archangel Raphael to change these penguins into men.*

#### **Baptism of the Penguins.**

THE archangel, having gone down into the Island of the Penguins, found the holy man asleep in the hollow of a rock surrounded by his new disciples. He laid his hand on his shoulder and, having waked him, said in a gentle voice :

"Maël, fear not !"

The holy man, dazzled by a vivid light, inebriated by a delicious odour, recognised the angel of the Lord, and prostrated himself with his forehead on the ground.

The angel continued :

"Maël, know thy error, believing that thou wert baptising children of Adam thou hast baptised birds; and it is through thee that penguins have entered into the Church of God."

At these words the old man remained stupefied.

And the angel resumed :

"Arise, Maël, arm thyself with the mighty Name of the Lord, and say to these birds, 'Be ye men !'"

And the holy Maël, having wept and prayed, said to the birds :

"Be ye men !"

Immediately the penguins were transformed. Their foreheads enlarged and their heads grew round like the dome of St. Maria Rotunda in Rome. Their oval eyes opened more widely on the universe; a fleshy nose clothed the two clefts of their nostrils; their beaks were changed into mouths, and from their mouths went forth speech; their necks grew short and thick; their wings became arms and their claws legs; a restless soul dwelt within the breast of each of them.

However, there remained with them

some traces of their first nature. They were inclined to look sideways; they balanced themselves on their short thighs; their bodies were covered with fine down.

And Maël gave thanks to the Lord, because he had incorporated these penguins into the family of Abraham.

But he grieved at the thought that he would soon leave the island to come back no more, and that perhaps when he was far away the faith of the penguins would perish for want of care like a young and tender plant.

And he formed the idea of transporting their island to the coasts of Armorica.

"I know not the designs of eternal Wisdom," said he to himself. "But if God wills that this island be transported, who could prevent it?"

And the holy man made a very fine cord about forty feet long out of the flax of his stole. He fastened one end of the cord round a point of rock that jutted up through the sand of the shore and, holding the other end of the cord in his hand, he entered the stone trough.

The trough glided over the sea and towed Penguin Island behind it; after nine days' sailing it approached the Breton coast, bringing the island with it.

\* \* \*

#### **The First Clothes.**

One day St. Maël was sitting by the seashore on a warm stone that he found. He thought it had been warmed by the sun and he gave thanks to God for it, not knowing that the Devil had been resting on it. The apostle was waiting for the monks of Yvern who had been commissioned to bring a freight of skins and fabrics to clothe the inhabitants of the island of Alea.

Soon he saw a monk called Magis coming ashore and carrying a chest upon his back. . . .

When he had drawn near to the old man he laid the chest on the ground and wiping his forehead with the back of his sleeve, he said :

"Well, father, you wish then to clothe these penguins?"

"Nothing is more needful, my son," said the old man. "Since they have



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From "PENGUIN ISLAND" by Anatole France.

From the drawing by Frank C. Papé.

"Mael, know thy error, believing that thou wert baptising children of Adam, thou hast baptised birds." See Chapter V.

been incorporated into the family of Abraham these penguins share the curse of Eve, and they know that they are naked, a thing of which they were ignorant before. And it is high time to clothe them, for they are losing the down that remained on them after their metamorphosis."

"It is true," said Magis as he cast his eyes over the coast where the penguins were to be seen looking for shrimps, gathering mussels, singing, or sleeping, "they are naked. But do you not think, father, that it would be better to leave them naked? Why clothe them? When they wear clothes and are under the moral law they will assume an immense pride, a vile hypocrisy, and an excessive cruelty."

"Is it possible, my son," sighed the

old man, "that you understand so badly the effects of the moral law to which even the heathen submit?"

"The moral law," answered Magis, "forces men who are beasts to live otherwise than beasts, a thing that doubtless puts a constraint upon them, but that also flatters and reassures them; and as they are proud, cowardly, and covetous of pleasure, they willingly submit to restraints that tickle their vanity and on which they found both their present security and the hope of their future happiness. That is the principle of all morality. . . . But let us not mislead ourselves. My companions are unloading their cargo of stuffs and skins on the island. Think, father, while there is still time! To clothe the penguins is a very serious business. . . .

At this moment two or three couples of penguins are making love on the beach. See with what simplicity! No one pays any attention and the actors themselves do not seem to be greatly preoccupied. But when the female penguins are clothed, the male penguin will not form so exact a notion of what it is that attracts him. . . . but only wait for a thousand years and you will see, father, with what powerful weapons you have endowed the daughters of Alca. If you will allow me, I can give you some idea of it beforehand. I have some old clothes in this chest. Let us take at hazard one of these female penguins to whom the male penguins give such little thought, and let us dress her as well as we can.

"Here is one coming towards us. She is neither more beautiful nor uglier than the others; she is young. No one looks at her. She strolls indolently along the shore, scratching her back and with her finger at her nose as she walks. You cannot help seeing, father, that she has narrow shoulders, clumsy breasts, a stout figure, and short legs. Her reddish knees pucker at every step she takes, and there is, at each of her joints, what looks like a little monkey's head. Her broad and sinewy feet cling to the rock with their four crooked toes, while the great toes stick up like the heads of two cunning serpents. She begins to walk, all her muscles are engaged in the task, and, when we see them working, we think of her as a machine intended for walking rather than as a machine intended for making love, although visibly she is both, and contains within herself several other pieces of machinery besides. Well, venerable apostle, you will see what I am going to make of her."

With these words the monk, Magis, reached the female penguin in three bounds, lifted her up, carried her in his arms with her hair trailing behind her, and threw her, overcome with fright, at the feet of the holy Macl.

And whilst she wept and begged him to do her no harm, he took a pair of sandals out of his chest and commanded her to put them on.

"Her feet," observed the old man,

"will appear smaller when squeezed in by the woollen cords. The soles, being two fingers high, will give an elegant length to her legs and the weight they bear will seem magnified."

As the penguins tied on her sandals she threw a curious look towards the open coffer, and seeing that it was full of jewels and finery, she smiled through her tears.

The monk twisted her hair on the back of her head and covered it with a chaplet of flowers. He encircled her wrist with golden bracelets and making her stand upright, he passed a large linen band beneath her breasts, alleging that her bosom would thereby derive a new dignity and that her sides would be compressed to the greater glory of her hips.

He fixed this band with pins, taking them one by one out of his mouth.

"You can tighten it still more," said the penguin.

When he had, with much care and study, enclosed the soft parts of her bust in this way, he covered her whole body with a rose-coloured tunic which gently followed the lines of her figure.

"Does it hang well?" asked the penguin.

And bending forward with her head on one side and her chin on her shoulder, she kept looking attentively at the appearance of her toilet.

Magis asked her if she did not think the dress a little long, but she answered with assurance that it was not she would hold it up.

Immediately, taking the back of her skirt in her left hand, she drew it obliquely across her hips, taking care to disclose a glimpse of her heels. Then she went away, walking with short steps and swinging her hips.

She did not turn her head, but as she passed near a stream she glanced out of the corner of her eye at her own reflection.

A male penguin, who met her by chance, stopped in surprise, and retracing his steps began to follow her. As she went along the shore, others coming back from fishing, went up to her, and after looking at her, walked

behind her. Those who were lying on the sand got up and joined the rest.

Unceasingly, as she advanced, fresh penguins, descending from the paths of the mountain, coming out of clefts of the rocks, and emerging from the water, added to the size of her retinue. . . . Yet she went on peacefully and seemed to see nothing.

"Father," cried Magis, "notice how each one advances with his nose pointed towards the centre of gravity of that young damsel now that the centre is covered by a garment. The sphere inspires the meditations of geometers by the number of its properties. When it proceeds from a physical and living nature it acquires new qualities, and in order that the interest of that figure might be fully revealed to the penguins it was necessary that, ceasing to see it distinctly with their eyes, they should be led to represent it to themselves in their minds. I myself feel at this moment irresistibly attracted towards that penguin. . . . I feel that if I embraced her I would hold in my hands the heaven of human pleasure. It is certain that modesty communicates an invincible attraction to women. My uneasiness is so great that it would be vain for me to try to conceal it."

He spoke, and, gathering up his habit, he rushed among the crowd of penguins, pushing, jostling, trampling, and crushing, until he reached the daughter of Alca, whom he seized and suddenly carried in his arms into a cave that had been hollowed out by the sea.

Then the penguins felt as if the sun had gone out. And the holy Mael knew that the Devil had taken the features of the monk, Magis, in order that he might give clothes to the daughter of Alca. He was troubled in spirit, and his soul was sad. As with slow steps he went towards his hermitage he saw the little penguins of six and seven years of age tightening their waists with belts of sea-weed and walking along the shore to see if anybody would follow them.

The holy Mael felt a profound sadness that the first clothes put upon a daughter of Alca should have betrayed the penguin modesty instead of helping it. He

persisted, none the less, in his design of giving clothes to the inhabitants of the miraculous island. Assembling them on the shore, he distributed to them the garments that the monks of Yvern had brought. The male penguins received short tunics and breeches, the female penguins long robes. But these robes were far from creating the effect that the former one had produced. They were not so beautiful, their shape was uncouth and without art, and no attention was paid to them since every woman had one. As they prepared the meals and worked in the fields they soon had nothing but slovenly bodices and soiled petticoats. . . .

\* \* \*

#### *Quarrels.*

Now one autumn morning, as the blessed Mael was walking in the valley of Clange in company with a monk of Yvern called Bulloch, he saw bands of fierce-looking men loaded with stones passing along the road. At the same time he heard in all directions cries and complaints mounting up from the valley towards the tranquil sky.

And he said to Bulloch :

"I notice with sadness, my son, that since they became men the inhabitants of this island act with less wisdom than formerly. When they were birds they only quarrelled during the season of their love affairs. But now they dispute all the time ; they pick quarrels with each other in summer as well as in winter. How greatly have they fallen from that peaceful majesty which made the assembly of the penguins look like the Senate of a wise republic !

"Look towards Surelle, Bulloch, my son. In yonder pleasant valley a dozen men penguins are busy knocking each other down with the spades and picks that they might employ better in tilling the ground. The women, still more cruel than the men, are tearing their opponents' faces with their nails. Alas ! Bulloch, my son, why are they murdering each other in this way ? "

"From a spirit of fellowship, father, and through forethought for the future," answered Bulloch. "For man is essentially provident and sociable. Such



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From the drawing by Frank C. Papé.

is his character, and it is impossible to imagine it apart from a certain appropriation of things. Those penguins whom you see are dividing the ground among themselves."

"Could they not divide it with less violence?" asked the aged man. "As they fight they exchange invectives and threats. I do not distinguish their words, but they are angry ones, judging from the tone."

"They are accusing one another of theft and encroachment," answered Bulloch. "That is the general sense of their speech."

At that moment the holy Mael clasped his hands and sighed deeply.

"Do you see, my son," he exclaimed, "that madman who with his teeth is biting the nose of the adversary he has overthrown and that other one who is pounding a woman's head with a huge stone?"

"I see them," said Bulloch. "They are creating law; they are founding property; they are establishing the principles of civilisation, the basis of

society, and the foundations of the State."

"How is that?" asked old Mael.

"By setting bounds to their fields. That is the origin of all government. Your penguins, O Master, are performing the most august of functions. Throughout the ages their work will be consecrated by lawyers, and magistrates will confirm it."

Whilst the monk, Bulloch, was pronouncing these words a big penguin with a fair skin and red hair went down into the valley carrying a trunk of a tree upon his shoulder. He went up to a little penguin who was watering his vegetables in the heat of the sun, and shouted to him:

"Your field is mine!"

And having delivered himself of this stout utterance he brought down his club on the head of the little penguin, who fell dead upon the field that his own hands had tilled.

At this sight the holy Mael shuddered through his whole body and poured forth a flood of tears.

And in a voice stifled by horror and fear he addressed this prayer to heaven:

"O Lord, my God, O thou who didst receive young Abel's sacrifices, thou who didst curse Cain, avenge, O Lord, this innocent penguin sacrificed upon his own field and make the murderer feel the weight of Thy arm. Is there a more odious crime, is there a graver offence against Thy justice, O Lord, than this murder and this robbery?"

"Take care, father," said Bulloch gently, "that what you call murder and robbery may not really be war and conquest, those sacred foundations of empires, those sources of all human virtues and all human greatness. Reflect, above all, that in blaming the big penguin you are attacking property in its origin and in its source. I shall have no trouble in showing you how. To till the land is one thing, to possess it is another, and these two things must not be confused; as regards ownership the right of the first occupier is uncertain and badly founded. The right of conquest, on the other hand, rests on more solid foundations. It is the only right

that receives respect since it is the only one that makes itself respected. The sole and proud origin of property is force. It is born and preserved by force. In that it is august and yields only to a greater force. This is why it is correct to say that he who possesses is noble. And that big red man, when he knocked down a labourer to get possession of his field, founded at that moment a very noble house upon this earth. I congratulate him upon it."

Having thus spoken, Bulloch approached the big penguin, who was

leaning upon his club as he stood in the blood-stained furrow :

"Lord Greatauk, dreaded Prince," said he, bowing to the ground, "I come to pay you the homage due to the founder of legitimate power and hereditary wealth. The skull of the vile Penguin you have overthrown will, buried in your field, attest for ever the sacred rights of your posterity over this soil that you have ennobled. Blessed be your sons and your sons' sons ! They shall be Greatauks, Dukes of Skull, and they shall rule over this island of Alca."

Then raising his voice and turning towards the holy Mael :

"Bless Greatauk, father, for all power comes from God."

Mael remained silent and motionless, with his eyes raised towards heaven ; he felt a painful uncertainty in judging the monk Bulloch's doctrine. It was, however, the doctrine destined to prevail in epochs of advanced civilisation. Bulloch can be considered as the creator of civil law in Penguinia.

[Eventually the penguin capital "grew very rich and large beyond measure. The houses were never high enough to satisfy the people ; they kept on making them still higher, and built them of thirty or forty storeys, with offices, shops, banks, companies, one above another ; they dug cellars and tunnels ever deeper downwards. Fifteen millions of men laboured in the giant town." The story is carried to modern times, and the establishment of the Republic, wars for trade, plotting and killing, and every description of intrigue.]



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From "PENGUIN ISLAND" by Anatole France.

From the drawing by Frank C. Papé.



# ARABIAN NIGHTS

## THE STORY OF THE THREE BEGGARS.

*"The Arabian Nights" consist of stories supposed to be related to the Sultan by a woman slave. They were written about the time of Chaucer, who died in 1400, but long before that time had been invented and recited by the professional story-tellers of Arabia, just as the lines of Homer were recited by the rhapsodists, or as, during the Middle Ages, the tales of knights and ladies were chanted by the wandering minstrels in the court and camp. The authors are as utterly unknown as the author of the "Book of Job"; yet for invention, imagination, fancy and sheer skill of narrative, they have no rivals in the world. The reader, whirled through wild adventures, lives in a world of fantasy, with genii, wizards, enchanted horses, eagles that fly off with elephants, caves crammed with dazzling treasures, kings who become beggars, and beggars who become kings. Some of these stories are familiar as household words—"Sindbad," "The Forty Thieves," "Aladdin and his Lamp." We have chosen here a shorter story, but one which shows as well as any the qualities which have made the book a classic in every language in the world.*

*Three Calenders, or beggars, whom chance has brought together, are provided with a supper at the house of three ladies, and pay for their entertainment by relating the adventure by which each of them suffered the loss of his right eye.*

### THE STORY OF THE THIRD BEGGAR.

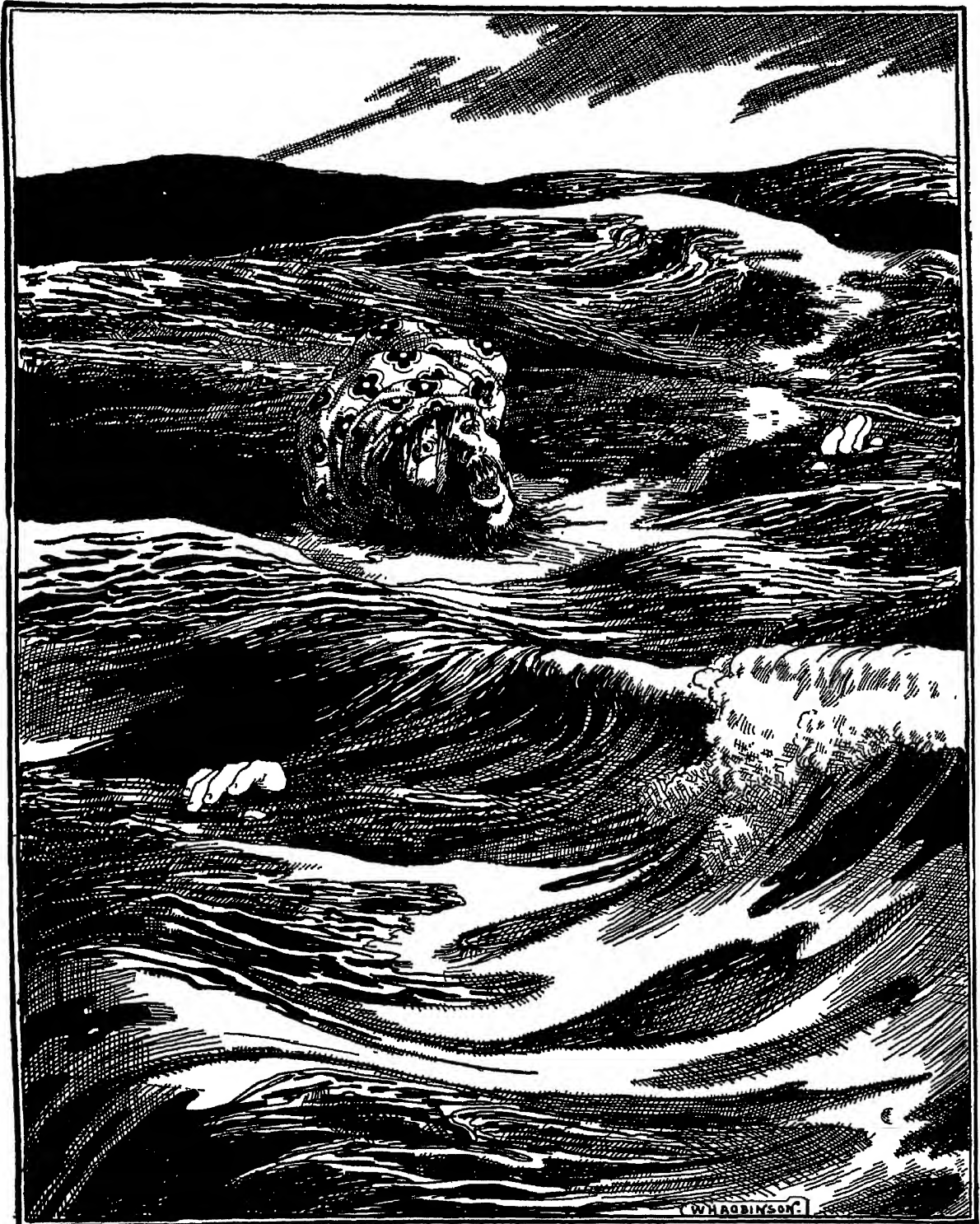
**M**Y story, O honourable lady, differs from those you have already heard. The two princes who have spoken before me have each lost an eye by events beyond their own control; but I lost mine through my own fault.

My name is Agib. I am the son of a sultan. After his death I took possession of his dominions; my first object was to

visit the provinces: I afterwards caused my whole fleet to be fitted out, and went to my islands to gain the hearts of my subjects by my presence, and to confirm them in their loyalty. These voyages gave me some taste for navigation, in which I took so much pleasure, that I resolved to make some discoveries beyond my own territories; to which end I caused ten ships to be fitted out, embarked, and set sail.

Our voyage was very pleasant for forty days successively; but on the forty-first night the wind became contrary, and so boisterous that we were nearly lost. I gave orders to steer back to my own coast; but I perceived at the same time that my pilot knew not where we were. Upon the tenth day, a seaman being sent to look out for land from the mast head, gave notice that he could see nothing but sky and sea, but that right ahead he perceived a great blackness.

The pilot changed colour at this account, and throwing his turban on the deck with one hand, and beating his breast with the other, cried, "O sir, we are all lost; not one of us can escape; and with all my skill it is not in my power to effect our deliverance. The tempest has brought us so far out of our course, that to-morrow about noon we shall be near the black mountain, or mine of adamant, which at this very minute draws all your fleet towards it by virtue of the iron in your ships; and when we approach within a certain distance, the attraction of the adamant will have such force, that all the nails will be drawn out of the sides and bottoms of the ships, and fasten to the mountain, so that your vessels will fall to pieces and sink. This mountain," continued the pilot, "is inaccessible. On the summit there is a dome of fine brass, supported by pillars of the same metal, and on the top of that dome stands a horse, likewise of brass, with a rider on his back, who has a plate of lead fixed to



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"ALL MY PEOPLE WERE DROWNED, BUT GOD HAD MERCY ON ME."

From the drawing by W. Heath Robinson.

A scene from "The Arabian Nights Entertainments."

his breast, upon which some talismanic characters are engraven. Sir, the tradition is, that this statue is the chief cause why so many ships and men have been lost and sunk in this place, and that it will ever continue to be fatal to all those who have the misfortune to approach, until it shall be thrown down."

The pilot having finished his discourse, began to weep afresh, and all the rest of the ship's company did the same, and they took farewell of each other.

The next morning we distinctly perceived the black mountain. About noon we were so near, that we found what the pilot had foretold to be true; for all the nails and iron in the ships flew towards the mountain, where they fixed, by the violence of the attraction, with a horrible noise; the ships split asunder, and their cargoes sunk into the sea. All my people were drowned, but God had mercy on me, and permitted me to save myself by means of a plank, which the wind drove ashore just at the foot of the mountain. I did not receive the least hurt; and my good fortune brought me to a landing-place, where there were steps that led up to the summit of the mountain.

At last, I reached the top, without accident. I went into the dome, and kneeling on the ground, gave God thanks for His mercies.

I passed the night under the dome. In my sleep an old grave man appeared to me, and said, "Hearken, Agib; as soon as thou art awake dig up the ground under thy feet: thou wilt find a bow of brass, and three arrows of lead. Shoot the three arrows at the statue, and the rider and his horse will fall into the sea; this being done, the sea will swell and rise to the foot of the dome. When it has come so high, thou wilt perceive a boat with one man holding an oar in each hand; this man is also of metal, but different from that thou hast thrown down; step on board, but without mentioning the name of God, and let him conduct thee. He will in ten days' time bring thee into another sea, where thou shalt find an opportunity to return to thy country, provided, as I have told thee, thou dost not mention the name of God during the whole voyage."

When I awoke I felt much comforted by the vision, and did not fail to observe everything that the old man had commanded me. I took the bow and arrows out of the ground, shot at the horseman, and with the third arrow I overthrew him and the horse. In the meantime, the sea swelled and rose up by degrees. When it came as high as the foot of the dome upon the top of the mountain, I saw, afar off, a boat rowing towards me, and I returned God thanks.

When the boat made land, I stepped aboard, and took great heed not to pronounce the name of God, neither spoke I one word. I sat down, and the man of metal began to row off from the mountain. He rowed without ceasing till the ninth day, when I saw some islands, which gave me hopes that I should escape all the danger that I feared. The excess of my joy made me forget what I was forbidden: "God is great, God be praised!" said I.

I had no sooner spoken than the boat and man sunk, casting me upon the sea. I swam until night, when, as my strength began to fail, a wave vast as a mountain threw me on the land. The first thing I did was to strip, and to dry my clothes.

On the next morning I went forward to discover what sort of country I was in. I had not walked far before I found I was upon a desert, though a very pleasant island, abounding with trees and wild shrubs bearing fruit. I recommended myself to God, and prayed Him to dispose of me according to His will. Immediately after, I saw a vessel coming from the main-land, before the wind, directly towards the island. I got up into a very thick tree, whence, though unseen, I might safely view them. The vessel came into a little creek, where ten slaves landed, carrying a spade and other instruments for digging up the ground. They went towards the middle of the island, where they dug for a considerable time, after which they lifted up a trap-door. They returned again to the vessel, and unloaded several sorts of provisions and furniture, which they carried to the place where they had been digging; they then descended into a subterraneous dwelling.

I saw them once more go to the ship, and return soon after with an old man, who led in his hand a handsome lad of about fifteen years of age. They all descended when the trap-door had been opened. After they had again come up, they let down the trap-door, covered it with earth, and returned to the creek where the ship lay; but I saw not the young man in their company. This made me believe that he had stayed behind in the subterranean cavern.

The old man and the slaves went on board, and steered their course towards the mainland. When I perceived they had proceeded to such a distance that I could not be seen by them, I came down from the tree, and went directly to the place where I had seen the ground broken. I removed the earth by degrees, till I came to a stone, two or three feet square. I lifted it up, and found that it covered the head of a flight of stairs, also of stone. I descended, and at the bottom found myself in a large room, brilliantly lighted, and furnished with a carpet, a couch covered with tapestry, and cushions of rich stuff, upon which the young man sat. The young man, when he perceived me, was considerably alarmed; but I made a low obeisance, and said to him, "Sir, do not fear. I am a king, and I will do you no harm. On the contrary, it is probable that your good destiny may have brought me hither to deliver you out of this tomb, where it seems you have been buried alive. But what surprises me is, that you suffered yourself to be entombed in this place without any resistance."

The young man, much assured at these words, with a smiling countenance requested me to seat myself by him.



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"REMEMBER THAT I IMPATIENTLY AWAIT  
YOUR RETURN."

From the drawing by W. Heath Robinson  
A scene from "The Arabian Nights Entertainments."

As soon as I was seated, he said, "Prince, my story will surprise you. My father is a jeweller. He has many slaves, and also agents at the several courts, which he furnishes with precious stones. He had been long married without issue, when he dreamt that he should have a son, though his life would be but short.

Some time after, I was born, which occasioned great joy in the family. My father, who had observed the very moment of my birth, consulted astrologers about my nativity, and was answered, 'Your son shall live happily till the age of fifteen, when his life will be exposed to a danger which he will hardly be able to escape. But if his good destiny preserve him beyond that time, he will live to a great age. It will be,' said they, 'when the statue of brass, that stands upon the summit of the mountain of adamant, shall be thrown into the sea by Prince Agib, and, as the stars prognosticate, your son will be killed fifty days afterwards by that prince.'

"My father took all imaginable care of my education until this year, which is the fifteenth of my age. He had notice given him yesterday that the statue of brass had been thrown into the sea about ten days ago. This news alarmed him much; and, in consequence of the prediction of the astrologers, he took the precaution to form this subterranean habitation to hide me in during the fifty days after the throwing down of the statue; and therefore, as it is ten days since this happened, he came hastily hither to conceal me, and promised at the end of forty days to return and fetch me away. For my own part, I am sanguine in my hopes, and cannot believe that Prince Agib will seek for me in a place under ground, in the midst of a desert island."

He had scarcely done speaking, when I told him, with great joy, "Dear sir, trust in the goodness of God, and fear nothing. I will not leave you till the forty days have expired, of which the foolish astrologers have made you apprehensive. I took care not to inform him I was the very Agib whom he dreaded, lest I should alarm his fears. In short, madam, we spent thirty-nine days in the pleasantest manner possible in this subterraneous abode

The fortieth day appeared; and in the morning, when the young man awoke, he said to me, with a transport of joy that he could not restrain, "Prince, this is the fortieth day, and I am not dead,

thanks to God and your good company. My father will not fail to make you, very shortly, every acknowledgment of his gratitude for your attentions, and will furnish you with every necessary for your return to your kingdom. But," continued he, "while we are waiting his arrival, dear prince, pray do me the favour to fetch me a melon and some sugar, that I may eat some to refresh me."

Out of several melons that remained I took the best, and laid it on a plate; and as I could not find a knife to cut it with, I asked the young man if he knew where there was one. "There is one," said he, "upon this cornice over my head." I accordingly saw it there, and made so much haste to reach it, that, while I had it in my hand, my foot being entangled in the carpet, I fell most unhappily upon the young man, and the knife pierced his heart.

At this spectacle I cried out with agony. I beat my head, my face, and breast; I tore my clothes; I threw myself on the ground with unspeakable sorrow and grief. I would have embraced death without any reluctance had it presented itself to me. I quitted the subterranean dwelling, laid down the great stone upon the entrance, and covered it with earth. I again ascended into the tree which had previously sheltered me, when I saw the expected vessel approaching the shore.

The old man with his slaves landed immediately, and advanced towards the subterranean dwelling, with a countenance that showed some hope; but when they saw the earth had been newly removed, they changed colour, particularly the old man. They lifted up the stone, and descended the stairs. They called the young man by his name, but no answer was returned. Their fears redoubled. They searched about, and at last found him stretched on his couch, with the knife through his heart, for I had not had the courage to draw it out. The unfortunate father continued a long while insensible, and made them more than once despair of his life; but at last he came to himself. The slaves then brought up his son's body, dressed in

his best apparel, and when they had made a grave they buried it.

The old man, overcome with sorrow, was carried upon a litter to the ship, which stood out to sea, and in a short time was out of sight.

I led a wearisome life for a whole month. At the expiration of this time I perceived that the sea sunk so low, that there remained between me and the continent but a small stream, which I crossed, and the water did not reach above the middle of my leg. And when I had proceeded some distance from the sea, I saw a good way before me something that resembled a great fire, which afforded me some comfort. As I drew nearer, however, I discovered that what I had taken for a fire was a castle of red copper, which the beams of the sun made

to appear at a distance like flames. As I wondered at this magnificent building, I saw ten handsome young men coming along; but what surprised me was that they were all blind of the right eye. They were accompanied by an old man, very tall, and of a venerable aspect.

As I was conjecturing by what adventure these men could come together, they approached, and seemed glad to see me. After we had made our salutations, they inquired what had brought me thither. I told them my story, which filled them with great astonishment.

After I had concluded my account, the young men prayed me to accompany them into the palace, and brought me into a spacious hall, where there were ten small blue sofas set round, separate



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"THUS IT WAS I BECAME BLIND OF ONE EYE"

From the drawing by W. Heath Robinson.

A scene from "The Arabian Nights Entertainments."

from one another. In the middle of this circle stood an eleventh sofa, not so high as the rest, but of the same colour, upon which the old man before mentioned sat down, and the young men occupied the other ten. But as each sofa could only contain one man, one of the young men said to me, "Sit down, friend, upon that carpet in the middle of the room, and do not inquire into anything that concerns us, nor the reason why we are all blind of the right eye."

The old man having sat a short time, arose, and went out; but he returned in a minute or two, brought in supper, and when supper was almost ended, he presented to each of us a cup of wine.

One of the young men observing that it was late, said to the old man, "You

do not bring us that with which we may acquit ourselves of our duty " At these words the old man arose, and went into a closet, and brought out thence upon his head ten basons, one after another, all covered with black stuff.

They uncovered their basons, which contained ashes and powdered charcoal ; they mixed all together, and rubbed and bedaubed their faces with it ; then they wept and lamented, beating their heads and breasts, and crying continually, " This is the fruit of our idleness and curiosity."

They continued this strange employment nearly the whole of the night. The next day, we went out to walk, and then I said to them, " I cannot forbear asking why you bedaubed your faces with black—how it has happened that

each of you has but one eye. I conjure you to satisfy my curiosity."

One of the young men answered on behalf of the rest, " Once more we advise you to restrain your curiosity ; it will cost you the loss of your right eye."

He further represented to me, that when I had lost an eye, I must not hope to remain with them, if I were so disposed, because their number was complete. I begged them, let it cost what it would, to grant my request.

The ten young men, perceiving that I was so fixed in my resolution, took a sheep, killed it, and after they had taken off the skin, presented me with a knife, telling me it would be useful to me on an occasion, which they would soon explain. " We must sew you in this skin," said they, " and then leave you ; upon which

a bird of a monstrous size, called a roc, will appear in the air, and taking you for a sheep, will pounce upon you, and soar with you to the sky. But let not that alarm you ; he will descend with you again, and lay you on the top of a mountain. When you find yourself on the ground, cut the skin with your knife, and throw it off. As soon as the roc sees you, he will fly away for fear, and leave you at liberty. Do not stay, but walk on till you come to a spacious palace, covered with plates of gold, large emeralds, and other precious stones. Go up to the gate, which always stands open, and walk in. We have each of us been in that castle, but will tell you nothing of what we saw, or what befell us there ; you will learn by your own experience. All that we can inform you is, that it has cost each of us our right eye.

When the young man had thus spoken, I wrapt myself in the sheep's skin, held fast the knife which was given me ; and after the young



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"I MADE A LOW OBEISANCE."

From the drawing by W. Heath Robinson.  
A scene from "The Arabian Nights Entertainments."

men had been at the trouble to sew the skin about me, they retired into the hall, and left me alone. The roc they spoke of soon arrived; he pounced upon me, took me in his talons like a sheep, and carried me up to the summit of the mountain.

When I found myself on the ground, I cut the skin with the knife, and throwing it off, the roc at the sight of me flew away. This roc is a white bird, of a monstrous size; his strength is such that he can life up elephants from the plains, and carry them to the tops of mountains, where he feeds upon them.

Being impatient to reach the palace, I lost no time, and I must say that I found it surpassed the description they had given me of its magnificence.

The gate being open, I entered a square court, so large that there were round it ninety-nine gates of wood of sanders and aloes, and one of gold.

I saw a door standing open just before me, through which I entered into a large hall. Here I found forty young women, of such perfect beauty as imagination could not surpass; they were all most sumptuously apparelled. As soon as they saw me they arose, and without waiting my salutations, said to me, with tones of joy, "Welcome! welcome! We have long expected you. You are at present our lord, master, and judge, and we are your slaves, ready to obey your commands."

After these words were spoken, these ladies vied with each other in their eager solicitude to do me all possible service. One brought hot water to wash my feet; a second poured sweet-scented water on my hands; others brought me all kinds of necessaries, and change of apparel; others again brought in a magnificent collation; and the rest came with glasses in their hands, to fill me with delicious wines. Some of the ladies brought in musical instruments, and sang most delightful songs; while others danced before me, two and two with admirable grace. In short, honoured madam, I must tell you that I passed a whole year of most pleasurable life with these forty ladies. At the end of that time, I was greatly

surprised to see these ladies with great sorrow impressed upon their countenances, and to hear them all say, "Adieu, dear prince, adieu! for we must leave you. We are all princesses, daughters of kings. We live here together in the manner you have seen; but at the end of every year we are obliged to be absent forty days, for reasons we are not permitted to reveal; and afterwards we return again to this palace. Before we depart we will leave you the keys of everything, especially those of the hundred doors, where you will find enough to satisfy your curiosity, and to relieve your solitude during our absence. But we entreat you to forbear opening the golden door; for if you do, we shall never see you again." We separated with much tenderness; and after I had embraced them all, they departed, and I remained alone in the castle.

I opened the first door, and entered an orchard, which I believe the universe could not equal. The symmetry, the neatness, the admirable order of the trees, the abundance and diversity of unknown fruits, their freshness and beauty delighted me. I shut the door, and opened the next.

Instead of an orchard, I found here a flower-garden, which was no less extraordinary in its kind.

I opened the third door, and found a large aviary, paved with marble of several fine and uncommon colours. The trellis-work was made of sandal-wood and wood of aloes. It contained a vast number of nightingales, gold-finches, canary-birds, larks, and other rare singing birds, and the vessels that held their seed were of the most sparkling jasper or agate. I went to my chamber, resolving on the following days to open all the rest of the doors, excepting that of gold.

The next day I opened the fourth door. I entered a large court, surrounded with forty gates, all open, and through each of them was an entrance into a treasury. The first was stored with heaps of pearls; and, what is almost incredible, the number of those stones which are most precious, and as large as pigeons' eggs, exceeded the number of those of

the ordinary size. In the second treasury there were diamonds, carbuncles, and rubies; in the third, emeralds; in the fourth, ingots of gold; in the fifth, money; in the sixth, ingots of silver; and in the two following, money. The rest contained amethysts, chrysolites, topazes, opals, turquoises, agate, jasper, cornelian, and coral, of which there was a storehouse filled, not only with branches, but whole trees.

Thus I went through, day by day, these various wonders. Thirty-nine days afforded me but just as much time as was necessary to open ninety-nine doors, and to admire all that presented itself to my view, so that there was only the hundredth door left, which I was forbidden to open.

The fortieth day after the departure of those charming princesses arrived, and had I but retained so much self-command as I ought to have had, I should have been this day the happiest of all mankind, whereas now I am the most unfortunate. But through my weakness, which I shall ever repent, and the temptations of an evil spirit, I opened that fatal door! But before I had moved my foot to enter, a smell pleasant enough, but too powerful for my senses, made me faint away. However, I soon recovered; but instead of taking warning from this incident to close the door and restrain my curiosity, I entered, and found myself in a spacious vaulted apartment, illuminated by several large tapers placed in candlesticks of solid gold.

Among the many objects that attracted my attention was a black horse, of the most perfect symmetry and beauty. I approached in order the better to observe him, and found he had on a saddle and bridle of massive gold, curiously wrought. One part of his manger was filled with clean barley, and the other with rose water. I laid hold of his bridle, and led him out to view him by daylight. I mounted, and endeavoured to make him move; but finding he did not stir, I struck him with a switch I had taken up in his magnificent stable. He had no sooner felt the whip, than he began to neigh in a most horrible

manner, and extending wings, which I had not before perceived, flew up with me into the air. My thoughts were fully occupied in keeping my seat; and, considering the fear that had seized me, I sat well. At length he directed his course towards the earth, and lighting upon the terrace of a palace, and, without giving me time to dismount, shook me out of the saddle with such force, as to throw me behind him, and with the end of his tail he struck out my eye.

Thus it was I became blind of one eye. I then recollected the predictions of the ten young gentlemen. The horse again took wing, and soon disappeared. I got up, much vexed at the misfortune I had brought upon myself. I walked upon the terrace, covering my eye with one of my hands, for it pained me exceedingly, and then descended, and entered into a hall. I soon discovered by the ten sofas in a circle and the eleventh in the middle, lower than the rest, that I was in the castle whence I had been carried by the roc.

The ten young men seemed not at all surprised to see me, nor at the loss of my eye; but said, "We are sorry that we cannot congratulate you on your return, as we could wish; but we are not the cause of your misfortune. We would gladly receive you into our company, to join with us in the penance to which we are bound, and the duration of which we know not. But we have already stated to you the reasons that render this impossible; depart, therefore, and proceed to the court of Bagdad, where you will meet with the person who is to decide your destiny." After they had explained to me the road I was to travel, I departed.

On the road I caused my beard and eyebrows to be shaven, and assumed a calender's habit. I have had a long journey, but at last I arrived this evening and met these my brother calenders at the gate, being strangers as well as myself. We were mutually surprised at one another, to see that we were all blind of the same eye; but we had not leisure to converse long on the subject of our misfortunes.



THE PLAY SCENE IN "HAMLET." ACT III, SCENE 2.

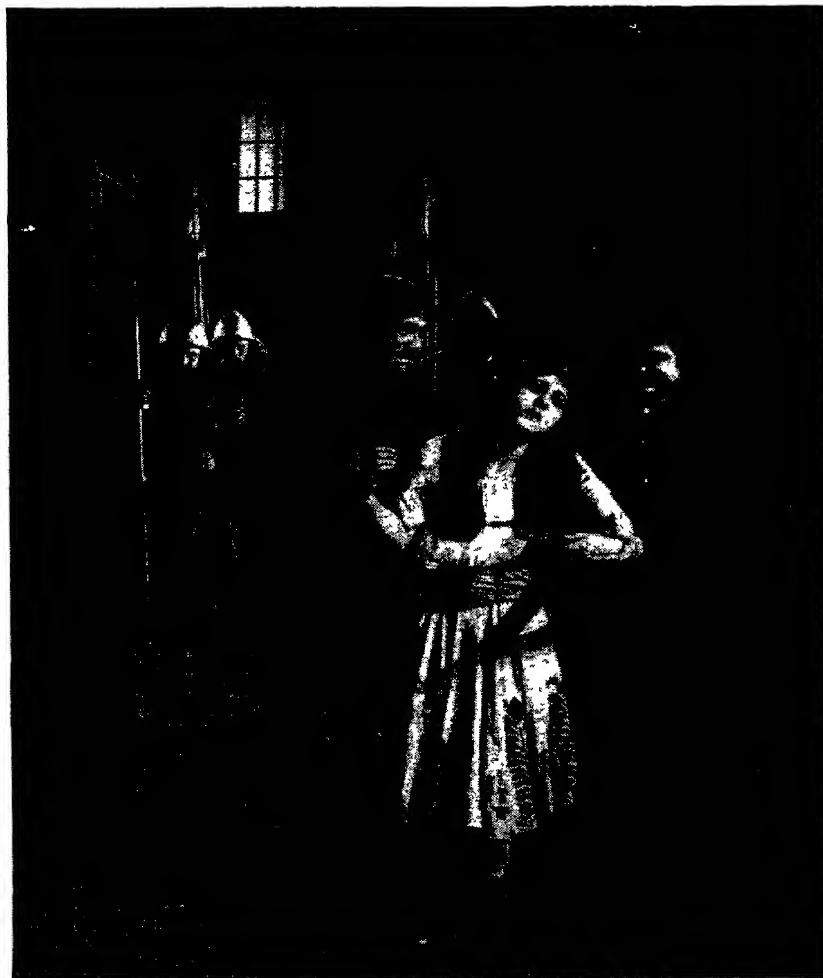
From the painting by Daniel Maclise, R.A. in the Tate Gallery, London.

HAMLET: "What, frightened with false fire!"



# NOTRE DAME DE PARIS

VICTOR HUGO



*Reproduced by courtesy of The European Motion Picture Co., Ltd., from their Universal Screen Production, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*

## THE ARREST OF THE GIPSY GIRL, THE DANCER, ESMERALDA.

The scene of Victor Hugo's great romance is Paris in the year 1482—the date, it may be noted, of Scott's "Quentin Durward." The background of the picture is the old Cathedral of Notre Dame, from the towers of which the demons, carved in stone, looked down upon the Square, where stood the gallows and the pillory, the centre of the tangled network of dark alleys and the crazy buildings of the mediæval city. The foreground of the picture is alive with scores of characters, of whom the

leading figures are as follows:—

Claude Frollo, arch-deacon of the cathedral, at first a quiet student of books, astrology, and alchemy, but whose life is in a moment torn up by the roots in a consuming passion for a gipsy girl, the dancer, Esmeralda. This girl, whom he had seen dancing with her little milk-white goat, is a figure of enchantment, thrown out against her dark surroundings like a thing of elfin beauty. In sharp contrast with her—the sort of contrast Hugo loved—is Quasimodo, a dwarf, deaf, one-eyed, strong as Samson, but hideous as a gargoyle, whom the priest adopted as a foundling, and who is now the bell-ringer of Notre Dame. Frollo sends the dwarf to kidnap Esmeralda, but she is rescued from him by a Captain of the Guard named Phœbus de Châteaupers. This Phœbus is a handsome,

empty-headed soldier, quite willing to amuse himself with any pretty girl, including Esmeralda, who falls violently in love with him. And so the scene is set for the great tragic play.

Quasimodo is put on trial for causing a disturbance in seizing Esmeralda, is flogged, set in the pillory, hooted, stoned, and jibed at Esmeralda, breaking through the crowd, gives the poor wretch a drink of water from her gourd—and from that moment he is her slave through life and death.

*The Captain makes an assignation with Esmeralda, is followed by the priest, who stabs him from behind, and flies into the night. Esmeralda is arrested for the crime, and, what is worse, for sorcery, her goat being regarded as her familiar demon. She is given over to the hangman, but Quasimodo, bursting through the mob about the gibbet, bears her off to the sanctuary of the Cathedral, which he defends against the crowd, raining down upon them stones, beams, and melted lead, making black gaps in the multitude like hot water in a snowdrift—a scene painted with terrific power. But while this is going on, the priest drags Esmeralda from the building by a secret exit, conveys her to the gibbet in the Square, and bids her choose between the gallows and himself. She screams out that she prefers the rope—and, torn by the seven devils of jealousy and passion, he hands her over to the executioner.*

*Then comes the final scene, which we reprint below. Nothing can show better the two gifts of Victor Hugo—the gift of the most intense imaginative power, and a skill in “working up” the details which has never been surpassed by the greatest of the realists, Dickens or Balzac.*

*The following translation is from the edition published, with an introduction by Andrew Lang, by William Heinemann, Ltd.*

WHEN Quasimodo saw that the cell was empty, that the gipsy girl was gone, that while he was defending her she had been carried off, he clutched his hair with both hands and stamped with surprise and grief; and then set off running, searching the Cathedral from top to bottom for his gipsy, uttering strange unearthly cries, strewing the pavement with his red hair. . . . Twenty times, a hundred times over, did he go through the church, from end to end, from top to bottom; ascending, descending, running here, calling there, peering, searching, thrusting his head into every hole, holding up a torch under every vault, desperate, frenzied, moaning like a beast that has lost his mate.

At length, when he had made himself sure—quite, quite sure—that she was gone, that it had come to the worst, that

they had stolen her from him, he slowly reascended the lower stairs—those stairs which he had mounted so nimbly and triumphantly on the day he had saved her. He now went over the same ground with dejectedly drooping head, voiceless, tearless, with bated breath. The church was once more solitary and silent. The archers had quitted it to pursue their search for the sorceress in the city. Quasimodo, left alone now in the vast Cathedral, so thronged and tumultuous but a moment before, made his way to the cell where the gipsy girl had slept for so many weeks under his watchful protection.

As he drew near it he tried to delude himself that he might find her there after all. When, on reaching the bend of the gallery that looks down on the roof of the side aisle, he could see the narrow cell with its little window and its little door, lying close under one of the great buttresses, like a bird's nest under a bough, the poor creature's heart failed him, and he had to lean against the pillar to save himself from falling. He pictured to himself that perchance she had returned; that some good genius had brought her back; that the little nest was too quiet, too safe, too cosy for her not to be there; and he dared not venture a step nearer for fear of dispelling his illusion. “Yes,” he said to himself, “maybe she sleeps, or she is at her prayers. I will not disturb her.”

At last he summoned up courage, advanced on tip-toe, looked in, entered. Empty! The cell was still empty. Slowly the unhappy man made the tour of the little place, lifted up her pallet and looked beneath it, as if she could be hiding between it and the stone floor, shook his head, and stood staring stupidly. Suddenly he furiously stamped out his torch, and without uttering a word or breathing a sigh, he hurled himself with all his strength headforemost against the wall and fell senseless to the ground.

When he came to himself, he flung himself on the bed, rolling on it and pressing frenzied kisses on the pillow, which still bore the imprint of her head.



*Reproduced by courtesy of The European Motion Picture Co., Ltd., from their Universal Screen Production, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."*  
**FROLLO, ARCHDEACON OF THE CATHEDRAL, HAD A CONSUMING PASSION FOR ESMERALDA.**  
Seen here with her little milk-white goat

Here he lay for some minutes, motionless as the dead, then rose, panting, crazed, and fell to beating his head against the wall with the appalling regularity of the stroke of a clock and the resolution of a man determined to break his skull. At length he dropped down exhausted, then crawled outside the cell, and remained crouching, motionless, opposite to the door for a full hour, his eyes fixed on the deserted cell, sunk in a gloomier, more mournful reverie than a mother seated between an empty cradle and a tenanted coffin. He spoke no word; only at intervals a deep sob convulsed his whole frame, but a sob that brought no tears, like the silent flashes of summer lightning.

***The Hunchback Suspects the Priest.***

It was then that, striving amid his despairing memories to divine who could possibly have been the unforeseen ravisher of the gipsy girl, the thought of the Archdeacon flashed into his mind. He remembered that Dom Claude alone possessed a key of the staircase leading to the cell; he recalled his nocturnal attempts upon Esmeralda, the first of which he, Quasimodo, had assisted, the second prevented. He called to mind a thousand various details, and soon was convinced that it was the Archdeacon who had taken the gipsy from him. Nevertheless, such was his reverence for the priest, so deeply were gratitude, devotion, and love for this man rooted in his heart, that they resisted, even at this supreme moment, the fangs of jealousy and despair. The moment that Claude Frollo was concerned, the blood-thirsty, deadly resentment he would have felt against any other individual was turned in the poor bell-ringer's breast simply into an increase of his sorrow.

At the moment when his thoughts were thus fixed upon the priest, as the dawn was beginning to gleam upon the buttresses, he beheld on the upper story of the Cathedral, at the angle of the balustrade that runs round the outside of the chancel, a figure advancing in his direction. He recognised it—it was the Archdeacon.

Claude was moving with a slow and heavy step. He did not look before him as he walked, his face was turned aside towards the right bank of the Seine, and he held his head up as if endeavouring to obtain a view of something across the roofs. The owl has often that sidelong attitude, flying in one direction while it gazes in another. In this manner the priest passed along above Quasimodo without catching sight of him.

The deaf spectator, petrified by this sudden apparition, saw the figure disappear through the door leading to the stair of the northern tower, which, as the reader is aware, commands a view of the Hôtel-de-Ville.

Quasimodo rose and followed the Archdeacon, mounting the stair after him to find out why the priest was going there. Not that the poor bell-ringer had any definite idea of what he himself was going to do or say, or even what he wanted. He was full of rage and full of dread. The Archdeacon and the Egyptian clashed together in his heart.

On reaching the top of the tower, and before issuing from the shade of the staircase, he cautiously investigated the position of the priest. The Archdeacon had his back towards him. An openwork balustrade surrounds the platform of the steeple; the priest, whose eyes were fixed upon the town, was leaning forward against that side of the square balustrade which faces the Pont Notre Dame.

With noiseless tread Quasimodo stole up behind him, to see what he was so intently gazing at, and the priest's attention was so entirely absorbed elsewhere that he did not hear the step of the hunchback near him.

It is a magnificent and enchanting spectacle—and yet more so in those days—that view of Paris from the summit of the towers of Notre Dame, in the sparkling light of a summer's dawn. It must have been a day early in July. The sky was perfectly serene; a few lingering stars, here and there, were slowly fading, and eastward, in the clearest part of the sky, hung one of great brilliancy. The sun was on the point of rising. Paris was beginning to

stir, the endless variety of outline presented by its buildings on the eastern side showing up vividly in the singularly pure white light, while the gigantic shadow of the steeples crept from roof to roof, traversing the great city from one end to the other. Already voices and sounds were arising in several quarters of the town; here the clang of a bell, there the stroke of a hammer, elsewhere

line of the plain and the soft undulation of the hills was faintly visible. All sorts of indeterminate sounds floated over the half-awakened city. In the east, a few downy white flakes, plucked from the misty mantle of the hills, fled across the sky before the morning breeze.

Down in the Parvis, some housewives, milk-pot in hand, were pointing cut to



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#### THE HUNCHBACK

For causing trouble was set in the pillory, chained, stoned and jibed at. The dancing-girl breaks through the crowd to give the poor wretch a drink, and he is thenceforth her slave through life and death.

the complicated clatter of a cart in motion. The smoke from chimneys curled up here and there out of the mass of roofs, as if through the fissures of some great solfatara. The river, swirling its waters under its many bridges, round the points of innumerable islands, was diaped in shimmering silver. Around the city, outside the ramparts, the view melted into a great circle of fleecy vapour, through which the indefinite

one another in astonishment the extraordinary condition of the great door of Notre Dame, and the two streams of lead congealed between the fissures of the stones. This was all that remained of the tumult of the night before. The pile kindled by Quasimodo between the towers was extinct.

Outside the balustrade of the tower, immediately underneath the spot where the priest had taken up his position, was



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THE TERRIBLE SCENE ON THE TOWERS OF THE CATHEDRAL  
AMID THE GARGOYLES

The hunchback takes his revenge on the priest.

one of those fantastically carved gargoyles which diversify the exterior of Gothic buildings, and in a crevice of it, two graceful sprigs of wall-flower in full bloom were tossing, and, as if inspired with life by the breath of the morning, made sportive salutation to each other, while from over the towers, far up in the sky, came the shrill twittering of birds.

But the priest neither saw nor heard anything of all this. His gaze was concentrated upon one single point.

Quasimodo burned to ask him what he had done with the gipsy girl; but the Archdeacon seemed at that moment altogether beyond this world. He was evidently in one of those crucial moments

of life when the earth itself might fall in ruins without our perceiving it.

With his eyes unwaveringly fixed upon a certain spot, he stood motionless and silent; but in that silence and that immobility there was something so appalling that the dauntless bell-ringer shuddered at the sight, and dared not disturb him. All that he did—and it was one way of interrogating the priest—was to follow the direction of his gaze, so that in this way the eye of the poor hunchback was guided to the Place de Grève.

*The Priest's Terrible Fate.*

Thus he suddenly discovered what the priest was looking at. A ladder was placed against the permanent gibbet; there were some people in the Place and a number of soldiers; a man was dragging along the

ground something white, to which something black was clinging; the man halted at the foot of the gibbet. . . .

Now the man began to mount the ladder, and Quasimodo saw him again distinctly. He was carrying a female figure over his shoulder—a girlish figure in white; there was a noose round the girl's neck. Quasimodo recognised her. It was She!

The man arrived with his burden at the top of the ladder. There he arranged the noose.

At this the priest, to have a better view, placed himself on his knees on the balustrade.

Suddenly the man kicked away the ladder with his heel. . . . The priest,

meanwhile, with out-stretched neck and starting eyeballs, contemplated this frightful group of the man and the girl—the spider and the fly!

At the moment when the horror of the scene was at its height, a demoniacal laugh—a laugh that can only come from one who has lost all semblance of humanity—burst from the livid lips of the priest.

Quasimodo did not hear that laugh, but he saw it. Retreating a few paces behind the Archdeacon, the hunchback suddenly made a rush at him, and with his two great hands against Dom Claude's back, thrust him furiously into the abyss over which he had been leaning.

The priest screamed "Damnation!" and fell.

The stone gargoyle under the balustrade broke his fall. He clung to it with a frantic grip, and opened his mouth to utter a cry for help; but at the same

moment the formidable and avenging face of Quasimodo rose over the edge of the balustrade above him—and he was silent.

Beneath him was the abyss, a fall of full two hundred feet and the pavement. In this dreadful situation the Archdeacon said not a word, breathed not a groan. He writhed upon the gargoyle, making incredible efforts to climb up it; but his hand slipped on the smooth granite, his feet scraped the blackened wall without gaining a foothold. Those who have ascended the towers of Notre-Dame know that the stonework swells out immediately beneath the balustrade. It was on the retreating curve of this ridge that the wretched priest was exhausting his efforts. It was not even with a perpendicular wall that he was contending, but with one that sloped away under him.

Quasimodo had only to stretch out a



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ESMERALDA IS HANDED OVER TO THE EXECUTIONER.

Later, as her body dangles in its white robes from the gibbet, the dwarf throws the priest headlong from the tower.

hand to draw him out of the gulf, but he never so much as looked at him. He was absorbed in watching the Grève; watching the gibbet; watching the gipsy girl. . . . He stood mute and motionless as a statue, save for the long stream of tears that flowed from that eye which, until then, had never shed but one.

Meanwhile the Archdeacon panted and struggled, drops of agony pouring from his bald forehead, his nails torn and bleeding on the stones, his knees grazed against the wall. He heard his soutane, which had caught on a projection of the stone rain-pipe, tear away at each movement he made. To complete his misfortune, the gutter itself ended in a leaden pipe which he could feel slowly bending under the weight of his body, and the wretched man told himself that when his hands should be worn out with fatigue, when his cassock should be rent asunder, when that leaden pipe should be completely bent, he must of necessity fall, and terror gripped his vitals.

There was something appalling in the silence of these two men. While the Archdeacon hung in agony but a few feet below him, Quasimodo gazed upon the Place de Grève and wept.

The Archdeacon, finding that his struggles to raise himself only served to bend the one feeble point of support that remained to him, at length resolved to remain still. There he hung, clinging to the rain-pipe, scarcely drawing breath, with no other motion but the mechanical contractions of the body we feel in dreams when we imagine we are falling. His eyes were fixed and wide in a stare of pain and bewilderment. Little by little he felt himself going; his fingers slipped upon the stone; he was conscious more and more of the weakness of his arm and the weight of his body; the piece of lead strained ever farther downward.

Beneath him—frightful vision—he saw the sharp roof of Saint-Jean-le-Rond, like a card bent double. One by one he looked at the impassive sculptured figures round the tower, suspended, like himself, over the abyss, but without terror for themselves or pity for him. All about him was stone—the grinning

monsters before his eyes; below, in the Place, the pavement; over his head, Quasimodo.

Down in the Parvis a group of worthy citizens were staring curiously upward, and wondering what madman it could be amusing himself after so strange a fashion. The priest could hear them say, for their voices rose clear and shrill in the quiet air: "He will certainly break his neck!"

Quasimodo was weeping.

At length the priest, foaming with impotent rage and terror, felt that all was unavailing, but gathered what strength still remained to him for one final effort. He drew himself up by the gutter, thrust himself out from the wall by both knees, dug his hands in a cleft of the stone-work, and managed to scramble up about one foot higher, but the force he was obliged to use made the leaden beak that supported him bend suddenly downward, and the strain rent his cassock through. Then, finding everything giving way under him, having only his benumbed and powerless hands by which to cling to anything, the wretched man closed his eyes, loosened his hold, and dropped.

Quasimodo watched him falling. A fall from such a height is rarely straight. The priest launched into space, fell at first head downward and his arms outstretched, then turned over on himself several times. The wind drove him against the roof of a house, where the unhappy man got his first crashing shock. He was not dead, however, and the hunchback saw him grasp at the gable to save himself; but the slope was too sheer, his strength was exhausted: he slid rapidly down the roof, like a loosened tile, and rebounded on to the pavement. There he lay motionless at last.

Quasimodo returned his gaze to the gipsy girl, whose body, dangling in its white robe from the gibbet, he beheld from afar quivering in the last agonies of death; then he let it drop once more on the Archdeacon, lying in a shapeless heap at the foot of the tower, and with a sigh that heaved his deep chest, he murmured: "Oh! all that I have ever loved!"

# HAMLET

## SHAKESPEARE



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HAM "It waves me still.  
Go on, I'll follow thee." —(Act I, 4.)

*We introduce Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, by taking the following words from Lamb's "Tales," which have been adopted likewise in the connecting passages throughout.*

**G**ERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, becoming a widow by the sudden death of King Hamlet, in less than two months after his death married his brother Claudius, which was noted by all people at the time for a strange act of indiscretion, or unfeelingness, or worse; for this Claudius did no ways resemble her late husband in the qualities of his person or his mind, but was as contemptible in outward appearance as he was base and unworthy in disposition, and suspicions did not fail to arise in the minds of some that he had privately made away with his brother, the late king, with

the view of marrying his widow and ascending the throne of Denmark, to the exclusion of young Hamlet. . . .

But upon no one did this unadvised action of the queen make such impression as upon this young prince, who loved and venerated the memory of his dead father almost to idolatry; . . . between grief for his father's death and shame for his mother's marriage, this young prince was overclouded with a deep melancholy

In vain was all that his mother Gertrude or the king could do or contrive to divert him; he still appeared in court in a suit of deep black, as mourning for the king his father's death, which mode of dress he had never laid aside, not even in compliment to his mother upon the day she was married, nor could he be brought to join in any of the festivities or rejoicings of that, as appeared to him, disgraceful day.

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.  
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust :  
Thou know'st 'tis common ; all that lives must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be  
Why seems it so particular with thee ?  
*Ham.* Seems, madam ! nay it is ; I know not ' seems.'  
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,  
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,  
That can denote me truly : these indeed seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play :  
But I have that within which passeth show ;  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

[*Exit Queen.*]

## THE SOLILOQUY.

*Ham.* O, that this too too solid flesh would melt  
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew !  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! God !  
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world !  
Fie on 't ! ah fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature  
Possess it merely. That it should come to this !  
But two months dead ! nay, not so much, not two :  
So excellent a king ; that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,  
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !  
Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on : and yet, within a month—  
Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy name is woman !—  
A little month, or ere those shoes were old  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears :—why she, even she,—  
O God ! a beast that wants discourse of reason  
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,  
My father's brother, but no more like my father  
Than I to Hercules : within a month ;  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married. . . .



*Photo: Johnston & Hoffman.*

H. B. IRVING AS HAMLET.

HAMLET: I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance  
Your skill shall, like a star in the darkest night,  
Stick fiery off indeed."

*The Apparition*

What mostly troubled him was an uncertainty about the manner of his father's death. It was given out by Claudius that a serpent had stung him, but young Hamlet had shrewd suspicions that Claudius himself was the serpent in plain English, that he had murdered him for his crown.

How far he was right in this conjecture . . . were the doubts which continually harassed and distracted him

A rumour had reached the ear of young Hamlet that an apparition, exactly resembling the dead king his father, had been seen by the soldiers upon watch on the platform before the palace at midnight for two or three nights successively. The figure came constantly clad in the same suit of armour from head to foot which the dead king was known to have worn, and they who saw it—Hamlet's bosom friend Horatio was one—agreed in their testimony as to the time and manner of its appearance: that it came just as the clock struck twelve; that it looked pale, with a face more of sorrow than of anger; that its beard was grisly, and the colour a *sable silvered*, as they had seen it in his lifetime; that it made no answer when they spoke to it, yet once they thought it lifted up its head and addressed itself to motion as if it were about to speak, but in that moment the morning cock crew, and it shrank in haste away and vanished out of their sight. Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo have told Hamlet of this apparition. . . .

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

*Mar. and Ber.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*Mar. and Ber.* Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*Mar. and Ber.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fixed his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amazed you.

*Ham.* Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

*Mar. and Ber.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw 't.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzled? no?

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

*Ham.* I will watch to-night; Perchance 'twill walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

And bid me hold my peace. . . . .

So fare you well:

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well; I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!

Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. . . . . [Exit.]

\* \* \*

*The Ghost.*

When night came, he took his stand with Horatio and Marcellus, one of the guard, upon the platform where this apparition was accustomed to walk; and it being a cold night, and the air unusually raw and nipping, Hamlet and Horatio and their companion fell into some talk about the coldness of the night, which was suddenly broken off by Horatio announcing that the ghost was coming.

## SCENE 4.

*The Platform.*

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.

*Ham.* What hour now ?

*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelve.

*Mar.* No, it is struck.

*Hor.* Indeed ? I heard it not : it then draws near the season  
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk. . . .

*Enter Ghost.*

*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes !

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us !  
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such a questionable shape  
That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee Hamlet,  
King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me !  
Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell  
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchre  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature  
So horridly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?  
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

*[Ghost beckons Hamlet.]*

*Ham.* It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear ?  
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;  
And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself ?  
It waves me forth again : I'll follow it.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be ruled ; you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.  
Still am I call'd ; unhand me, gentlemen ;  
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me !  
I say, away ! Go on ; I'll follow thee.

*[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.]*

## SCENE 5.

*Another part of the Platform.**Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Whither will thou lead me ? speak ; I 'll go no further.

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost !

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold

*Ham.* Speak ; I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit ;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine :  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list !  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love——

*Ham.* O God !

*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

*Ham.* Murder !

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is,  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

*Ham.* Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift  
As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt ;  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :  
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abused : but know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O my prophetic soul !  
My uncle !

*Ghost.* . . . . O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce !—won to this shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen :



*Photo. W. A. Mansell & Co.*

*By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.*

OPHELIA.

From the painting by Henrietta Rae, in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !  
 From me, whose love was of that dignity  
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
 I made to her in marriage ; and to decline  
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor  
 To those of mine ! . . . .

But, soft ! methinks I scent the morning air ;  
 Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,  
 My custom always of the afternoon,  
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
 And in the porches of my ears did pour  
 The leperous distilment ; whose effect  
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man  
 That swift as quick-silver it courses through  
 The natural gates and alleys of the body ;  
 And with a sudden vigour it doth posset  
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
 The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine ;  
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
 All my smooth body.  
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd :

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;  
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
 With all my imperfections on my head :  
 O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !  
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ; . . . .  
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,  
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
 Against thy mother aught : leave her to heaven,  
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once !  
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire :  
 Adieu, adieu, adieu ! remember me. [Exit.

*Ham.* O all you host of heaven ! O earth ! what else ?  
 And shall I couple hell ? O, fie ! Hold, hold, my heart ;  
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee !  
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee !  
 Yea, from the table of my memory  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
 That youth and observation copied there ;  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Unmix'd with baser matter : yes, by heaven !  
 O most pernicious woman !  
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !  
 My tables,—meet it is I set it down,  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;  
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark. [Writing.  
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word ;  
 It is 'Adieu, adieu ! remember me.'  
 I have sworn 't.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Mar.* Lord Hamlet !  
*Hor.* Heaven secure him !  
*Ham.* So be it.  
*Mar.* Illo, ho, ho, my lord !  
*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come.  
*Mar.* How is 't, my noble lord ?  
*Hor.* What news, my lord ?  
*Ham.* O, wonderful !  
*Hor.* Good, my lord, tell it.  
*Ham.* No ; you will reveal it.  
*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by heaven.  
*Mar.* Nor I, my lord.  
*Ham.* How say you, then ; would heart of man once think it ?  
 But you'll be secret.  
*Hor. and Mar.* Ay, by heaven, my lord.

*Ham.* There's ne'er  
a villain dwelling  
in all Denmark  
But he's an arrant  
knave.

*Hor.* There needs  
no ghost, my lord,  
come from the  
grave  
To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why, right;  
you are i' the right;  
And so, without more  
circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we  
shake hands and  
part:

You, as your business  
and desire shall  
point you;  
For every man hath  
business and desire,  
Such as it is; and for  
my own poor part,  
Look you, I'll go pray.

*Hor.* These are but  
wild and whirling  
words, my lord.

*Ham.* I'm sorry they  
offend you,  
heartily;

Yes, faith, heartily.

*Hor.* There's no  
offence, my lord.

*Ham.* Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there  
is, Horatio,  
And much offence too. Touching this  
vision here,  
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell  
you:

Never make known what you have seen  
to-night.

*Hor. and Mar.* My lord, we will not.

*Ham.* Nay, but swear 't.

*Hor.* In faith,  
My lord, not I.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord, in faith.

*Ham.* Upon my sword.

*Mar.* We have sworn, my lord, already.

*Ham.* Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

*Ghost.* [Beneath] Swear.

*Ham.* Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so?  
art thou there, truepenny?

Come on: you hear this fellow in the  
cellarage:

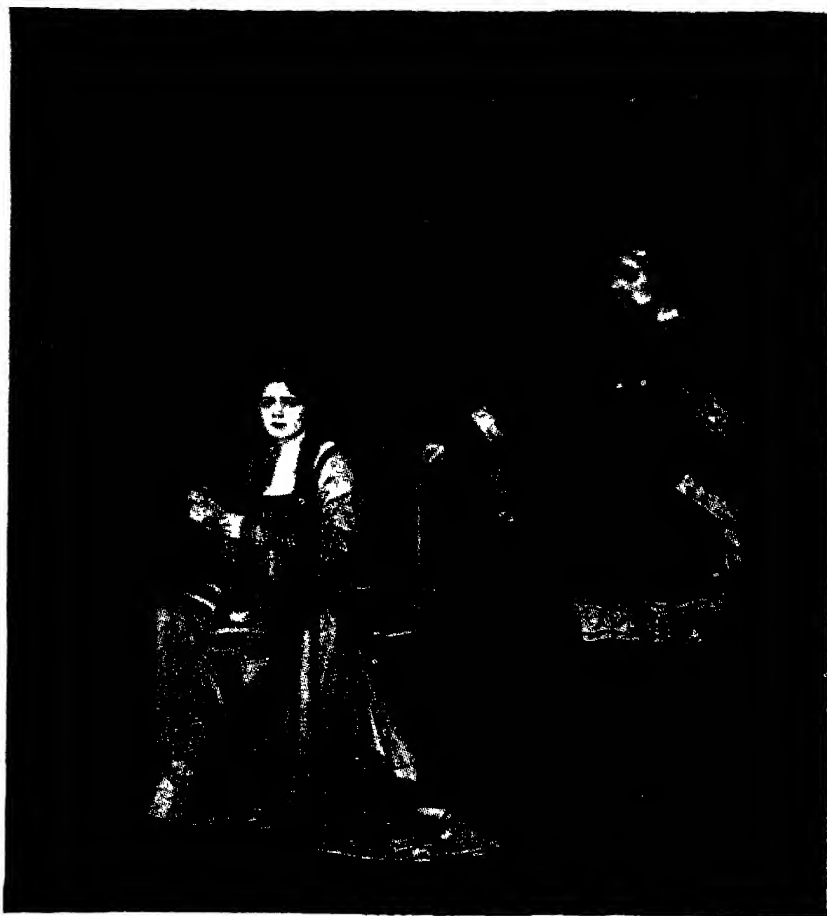


Photo: L. E. A.

LILIAN BRAYTON as "Ophelia."

E. LYALL SWEETE as "Polonius."

OPHELIA: "I shall obey, my lord."

Consent to swear.

*Hor.* Propose the oath, my lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that  
you have seen.

Swear by my sword.

*Ghost.* [Beneath] Swear.

*Ham.* Hic et ubique? then we'll shift  
our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my  
sword:

Never to speak of this that you have  
heard,

Swear by my sword.

*Ghost* [Beneath] Swear.

*Ham.* Well said, old mole! canst  
work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioner! Once more remove,  
good friends.

*Hor.* O day and night; but this is  
wondrous strange!

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger  
give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and  
earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
But come ;

Here, as before, never, so help you  
mercy, . . .

Swear.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath*] Swear.

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit !

[*They swear.*] So, gentlemen,

Let us go in together ;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint : O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right !

\* \* \* [*Exeunt.*]

### *The Fair Ophelia.*

The terror which the sight of the ghost had left upon the senses of Hamlet almost unhinged his mind, and drove him beside his reason. And he, fearing that it would continue to have this effect, which might subject him to observation, and set his uncle upon his guard, if he suspected that he was meditating anything against him, or that Hamlet really knew more of his father's death than he professed—took up a strange resolution from that time to counterfeit as if he were really and truly mad ; thinking that he would be less an object of suspicion when his uncle should believe him incapable of any serious project, and that his real perturbation of mind would be best covered and pass concealed under a disguise of pretended lunacy.

From this time Hamlet affected a certain wildness and strangeness in his apparel, his speech, and behaviour, and did so excellently counterfeited the madman that the king and queen were both deceived, and not thinking his grief for his father's death a sufficient cause to produce such a distemper—for they knew not of the appearance of the ghost—they concluded that his malady was love, and they thought they had found out the object.

Before Hamlet fell into the melancholy way which has been related, he had dearly loved a fair maid called Ophelia, the daughter of Polonius, the king's chief counsellor in affairs of state. He had sent her letters and rings, and made many tenders of his affection to her, and importuned her with love in honourable fashion, and she had given belief to his

vows and importunities. But the melancholy into which he fell latterly had made him neglect her, and from the time he conceived the project of counterfeiting madness, he affected to treat her with unkindness and a sort of rudeness ; but she, good lady, rather than reproach him for being false to her, persuaded herself that it was nothing but the disease in his mind, and no settled unkindness, which had made him less observant of her than formerly ; and she compared the faculties of his once noble mind and excellent understanding, impaired as they were with the deep melancholy that oppressed him, to sweet bells which in themselves are capable of most exquisite music, but when jangled out of tune or rudely handled, produce only a harsh and displeasing sound. . . .

[*Ophelia relates to her father, Polonius, how affrighted she has been by the behaviour of Hamlet. Polonius thinks Hamlet mad and tells the King and Queen "the head and source of all your son's distemper."* Polonius left alone, Hamlet enters.]

\* \* \*

*Pol.* O, give me leave : how does my good Lord Hamlet ?

*Ham.* Well, God-a-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord ?

*Ham.* Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord !

*Ham.* Ay, sir ; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord.

*Ham.* For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion—Have you a daughter ?

*Pol.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the sun : conception is a blessing ; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to't.

*Pol.* [*Aside*] How say you by that ? Still harping on my daughter : yet he knew me not at first ; he said I was a fishmonger : he is far gone : and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love ; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord ?



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HAM. "The point evenom'd too !  
Then, venom, to thy work"—(Act V, 2)

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my lord ?

*Ham.* Between who ?

*Pol.* I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

*Ham.* Slanders, sir : for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging amber thick and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams : all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down ; for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

*Pol.* [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord ?

*Ham.* Into my grave.

*Pol.* Indeed, that's out of the air.  
[*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are ! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity

could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal : except my life, except my life, except my life.

\* \* \*

#### *Hamlet's Malady.*

But Hamlet's malady lay deeper than was supposed. His father's ghost, which he had seen, still haunted his imagination, and the sacred injunction to revenge his murder gave him no rest till it was accomplished. Every hour of delay seemed to him a sin and a violation of his father's commands. Yet how to compass the death of the king, surrounded as he constantly was with his guards, was no easy matter. . . .

He meditates suicide.

*The Soliloquy.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

To be, or not to be : that is the question :  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And by opposing end them. To die : to sleep ;  
 No more ; and by a sleep to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep ;  
 To sleep : perchance to dream : ay, there's the rub  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause : there's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life ;  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
 And enterprises of great pitch and moment  
 With this regard their currents turn awry  
 And lose the name of action. Soft you now !  
 The fair Ophelia ! Nymph, in thy orisons  
 Be all my sins remember'd.

*Ophelia enters and has discourse with Hamlet.*

*Oph.* Good my lord,  
 How does your honour for this many a day ?  
*Ham.* I humbly thank you : well, well, well.  
*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
 That I have longed to re-deliver ;  
 I pray you, now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I :  
 I never gave you aught.

*Oph.* My honour'd lord, you know right well you did ;  
 And with them words of so sweet breath composed  
 As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,  
 Take these again ; for to the noble mind  
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
 There, my lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

*Oph.* My lord ?

*Ham.* Are you fair ?

*Oph.* What means your lordship ?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty ?

*Ham.* Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness : this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me ; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it : I loved you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery : why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest ; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me : I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious ; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth ! We are arrant knaves all ; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father ?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

*Oph.* O, help him, you sweet heavens !

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry : be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go : farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

*Oph.* O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !

. . . O, woe is me,

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see ! . . .

\*

\*

\*

### *Coming of the Players.*

While he was in this irresolute mind, there came to the court certain players in whom Hamlet formerly used to take delight, and particularly to hear one of them speak a tragical speech, describing the death of old Priam, King of Troy, with the griefs of Hecuba, his queen. Hamlet requested the player to repeat it, which he

did in so lively a manner, setting forth the cruel murder of the feeble old king, and the mad grief of the old queen, running bare-foot up and down the palace, with a poor clout upon that head where a crown had been, and with nothing but a blanket upon her loins, snatched up in haste, where she had worn a royal robe, that it drew tears from all that stood by, who

thought they saw the real scene, so lively was it represented

This put Hamlet upon thinking, if that player could so work himself up to passion by a mere fictitious speech, to weep for one that he had never seen, how dull was he, who having a real motive and cue for passion, a real king and a dear father murdered, was yet so little moved, that his revenge all this while had seemed to have slept in dull and muddy forgetfulness! And while he meditated on actors and acting, and the powerful effects which a good play, represented to the life, has upon the spectator, he remembered the instance of some murderer, who, seeing a murder on the stage, was by the mere force of the scene and resemblance of circumstances so affected, that on the spot he confessed the crime which he had committed. And he determined that these players should play something like the murder of his father before his uncle, and he would watch narrowly what effect it might have upon him, and from his looks he would be able to gather with more certainty if he were the murderer or not. To this effect he ordered a play to be prepared, to the representation of which he invited the king and queen. . . .

#### *Hamlet Instructs the Players.*

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

*First Play.* I warrant your honour.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance,

that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. Go, make you ready. . . .

\* \* \*

#### *The King Trapped.*

At the representation of this play the king, who did not know the trap which was laid for him, was present, with his queen and the whole court, Hamlet sitting attentively near him to observe his looks. . . . When Lucianus, according to the story, came to poison Gonzago sleeping in the garden, the strong resemblance which it bore to his own wicked act upon the late king his brother, whom he had poisoned in his garden, so struck upon the conscience of this usurper, that he was unable to sit out the rest of the play, but on a sudden calling for lights to his chamber, and affecting or partly feeling a sudden sickness, he abruptly left the theatre. The king being departed, the play was given over. Now Hamlet had seen enough to be satisfied that the words of the ghost were true, and no illusion; and, in a fit of gaiety, like that which comes over a man who suddenly has some great doubt or scruple resolved, he swore to Horatio that he would take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. But before he could make up his resolution as to what measures of revenge he should take, now he was certainly informed that his uncle was his father's murderer, he was sent for by the queen his mother, to a private conference in her closet.

*Ham.* 'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
 When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
 Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,  
 And do such bitter business as the day  
 Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.  
 O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:  
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural:  
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none;  
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;  
 How in my words soever she be shent,<sup>1</sup> [<sup>1</sup> confounded.]  
 To give them seals never, my soul, consent! . . . [*Exit.*]

***Behind the Arras.***

It was by desire of the king that the queen sent for Hamlet, that she might signify to her son how much his late behaviour had displeased them both; and the king, wishing to know all that passed at that conference, and thinking that the

too partial report of a mother might let slip some part of Hamlet's words, which it might much import the king to know, Polonius, the old counsellor of state, was ordered to plant himself behind the hangings in the queen's closet, where he might unseen hear all that passed. . . .

*Ham.* Now, mother, what's the matter?

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended.

*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet!

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;  
 And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

*Queen.* Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;  
 You go not till I set you up a glass  
 Where you may see the inmost part of you.

*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?  
 Help, help, ho!

*Pol.* [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!

*Ham.* [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a  
 ducat, dead! [*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

*Pol.* [*Behind*] O, I am slain! [*Falls and dies.*]

*Queen.* O me, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not: is it the king?

*Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

*Ham.* A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,  
 As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king!

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!  
 I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;  
 Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.  
 Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,  
 And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,  
 If it be made of penetrable stuff;  
 If damned custom have not brass'd it so,  
 That it be proof and bulwark against sense. . . .

Hamlet had gone too far to leave off here. He was now in the humour to speak plainly to his mother, and he pursued it. . . .

Hamlet begged her not to flatter her wicked soul in such a manner as to think it was his madness which had brought his father's spirit again on the earth. And he bade her feel his pulse, how temperately it beat, not like a madman's. And he begged of her with tears to confess herself to Heaven for what was past, and for the future to avoid the company of the king, and be no more as a wife to him; and when she should show herself a mother to him, by respecting his father's memory, he would ask a blessing of her as a son. And she promising to observe his directions, the conference ended.

When Hamlet came to see that it was Polonius, the father of the Lady Ophelia, whom he so dearly loved, he drew apart the dead body, and his spirits being now a little quieter, he wept for what he had done.

This unfortunate death of Polonius gave the king a pretext for sending Hamlet out of the kingdom. He would willingly have put him to death, fearing him as dangerous, but he dreaded the people, who loved Hamlet; and the queen, who, with all her faults, doted on the prince her son. . . .

*The wrecking of the ship that was conveying Hamlet to England resulted in his return to Denmark.*

When he got home a sad spectacle offered itself the first thing to his eyes.

This was the funeral of the young and beautiful Ophelia, his once dear mistress. The wits of this young lady had begun to turn ever since her poor father's death. That he should die a violent death, and by the hands of the prince whom she loved, so affected this tender young maid, that in a little time she grew perfectly distracted and would go about giving flowers away to the ladies of the court, and saying that they were for her father's burial, singing songs about love and about death, and sometimes such as had no meaning at all, as if she had no memory of what happened to her. There was a willow which grew slanting over a brook, and reflected its leaves in the stream. To this brook she came one day when she was unwatched, and fell into the water and was drowned. It was the funeral of this fair maid which her brother Laertes was celebrating, the king and queen and

whole court being present, when Hamlet arrived. . . .

Hamlet's love for this fair maid came back to him, and he could not bear that a brother should show so much transport of grief, for he thought that he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers. He leaped into the grave where Laertes was, all as frantic or more frantic than he; and Laertes knowing him to be Hamlet, who had been the cause of his father's and his sister's death, grappled him by the throat as an enemy till the attendants parted them. . . . For the time these two noble youths became reconciled.

But the king contrived destruction for Hamlet. He set on Laertes to challenge Hamlet to a friendly trial of skill at fencing; and Laertes, by direction of the king, prepared a poisoned weapon. Hamlet taking up the foils, chose one, not at all suspecting the treachery of Laertes, who made use of one with a point and poisoned. After a few passes Laertes made a deadly thrust at Hamlet with his poisoned weapon, and gave him a mortal blow. Hamlet incensed, but not knowing the whole of the treachery, in the scuffle exchanged his own innocent weapon for Laertes' deadly one, and with a thrust of Laertes' own sword repaid Laertes home, who was thus most justly caught in his own treachery. In this instant the queen shrieked out that she was poisoned. She had inadvertently drunk out of a bowl which the king had prepared for Hamlet, in case that being warm in fencing he should call for drink: into this the treacherous king had infused a deadly poison to make sure of Hamlet if Laertes had failed.

Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, ordered the doors to be shut while he sought it out. Laertes told him to seek no further, for he was the traitor; he made confession to the treachery he had used, and how he had fallen a victim to it. And he told Hamlet of the envenomed point, and said that Hamlet had not half an hour to live; begging forgiveness of Hamlet, he died, with his last words accusing the king of being the contriver of the mischief. When Hamlet saw his end draw near, there being yet some venom left upon the sword, he suddenly turned upon his false uncle and thrust the point of it to his heart, fulfilling the promise which he had made to his father's spirit, whose injunction was now accomplished, and his foul murder revenged upon the murderer.



*Photo: Rischgitz Collection.*

HAMLET: "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."  
From a painting by Delacroix in the Louvre.

# TALES OF UNREST

JOSEPH CONRAD

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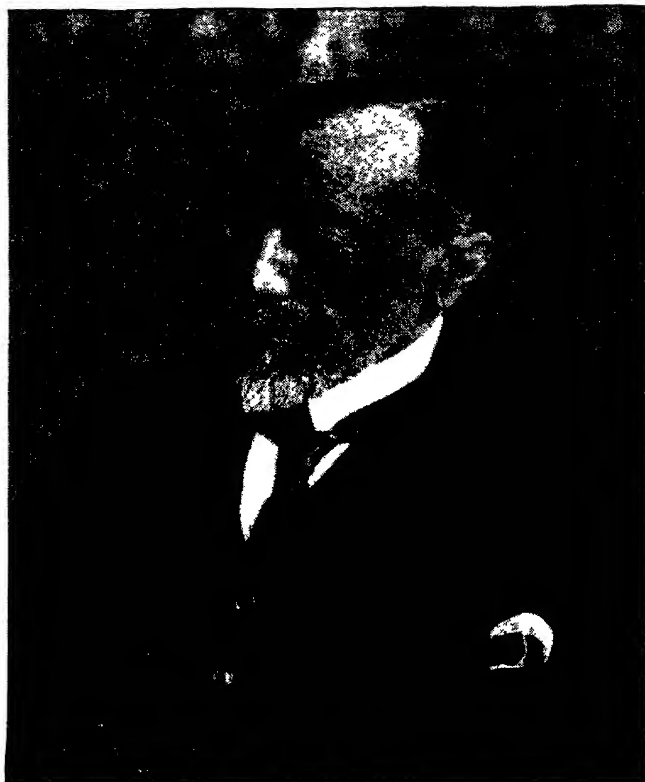


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JOSEPH CONRAD.

Born a Pole, he became one of the finest English stylists of his age

The story here reprinted has a double interest. In the first place, it was written at a period when Conrad's style, always intensely graphic, was easy, simple, and as limpid as spring water, before it became, as it did in later years, too complex to be read without an effort. Though fictitious, the grim tragedy recounted in this powerful story has continually of late years had its counterpart in fact. With consummate skill the author enables us to realise in the most vivid manner how easily the so-called "civilised" man, without the sheet-anchor that intellectual or moral culture gives, may sink below the level of the "savage" he has been taught to despise.

In the second place, this story has an interest all its own, from the fact that it

was once selected by the author, for a magazine, as that which he considered the best of all his shorter stories. Most interesting are the reasons which he gives for this selection :—

"This story, for which I confess a preference, was difficult to write, not because of what I had to write, but of what I had firmly made up my mind not to write into it. What I have done is done with. No words, no regrets can atone now for the imperfections that stand there glaring, patent, numerous, and amusing. The story was written about 1896. And yet I remember perfectly well the inflexible and solemn resolve not to be led astray by my subject. I aimed at a scrupulous unity of tone, and it seems to me that I have almost attained it there. It is possible that I am deceiving myself, and that I have missed even that qualified success. But the story is endeared to me by the well-remembered severity of discipline and by one or two moments of flattering illusion."

## AN OUTPOST OF PROGRESS.

THERE were two white men in charge of the trading station. Kayerts, the chief, was short and fat; Carrier, the assistant, was tall, with a large head and a very broad trunk perched upon a long pair of thin legs. The third man on the staff was a Sierra Leone nigger, who maintained that his name was Henry Price. However, for some reason or other, the natives down the river had given him the name of Makola, and it stuck to him through all his wanderings about the country. He spoke English and French with a warbling accent, wrote a beautiful hand,

understood book-keeping, and cherished in his innermost heart the worship of evil spirits. His wife was a negress from Loanda, very large and very noisy.

Makola, taciturn and impenetrable, despised the two white men. He had charge of a small clay storehouse with a dried-grass roof, and pretended to keep a correct account of beads, cotton cloth, red kerchiefs, brass wire, and other trade goods it contained. Besides the storehouse and Makola's hut, there was only one large building in the cleared ground of the station. It was built neatly of reeds, with a verandah on all the four sides. There were three rooms in it. The one in the middle was the living room, and had two rough tables and a few stools in it. The other two were the bedrooms for the white men. Each had a bedstead and a mosquito net for all furniture. The plank floor was littered with the belongings of the white men; open half-empty boxes, torn wearing apparel, old boots; all the things dirty, and all the things broken, that accumulate mysteriously round untidy men. There was also another dwelling-place some distance away from the buildings. In it, under a tall cross much out of the perpendicular, slept the man who had seen the beginning of all this, who had planned and had watched the construction of this outpost of progress. He had been, at home, an unsuccessful painter who, weary of pursuing fame on an empty stomach, had gone out there through high protection. He had been the first chief of that station.

Makola had watched the energetic artist die of fever in the just finished house with his usual kind of "I told you so" indifference. Then, for a time, he dwelt alone with his family, his account books, and the Evil Spirit that rules the lands under the equator. He had got on very well with his god. Perhaps he had propitiated him by a promise of more white men to play with by-and-by. At any rate the director of the Great Trading Company, coming up in a steamer that resembled an enormous sardine-box with a flat-roofed shed erected on it, found the station in good

order and Makola, as usual, quietly diligent.

The director had the cross put up over the first agent's grave, and appointed Kayerts to the post. Carlier was told off as second in charge. The director was a man ruthless and efficient, who at times, but very imperceptibly, indulged in grim humour. He made a speech to Kayerts and Carlier, pointing out to them the promising aspect of their station. The nearest trading-post was about three hundred miles away. It was an exceptional opportunity for them to distinguish themselves and to earn percentages on the trade. This appointment was a favour done to beginners. Kayerts was moved almost to tears by his director's kindness. He would, he said, by doing his best, try to justify the flattering confidence, and so on. Kayerts had been in the Administration of the Telegraphs, and knew how to express himself correctly. Carlier, an ex-non-commissioned officer of cavalry in an army guaranteed from harm by several European Powers, was less impressed.

Next day, some bales of cotton goods and a few cases of provisions having been thrown on shore, the sardine-box steamer went off, not to return for another six months. On the deck the director touched his cap to the two agents, who stood on the bank waving their hats, and, turning to an old servant of the Company on his passage to headquarters, said, "Look at those two imbeciles. They must be mad at home to send me such specimens. I told those fellows to plant a vegetable garden, build new storehouses and fences, and construct a landing-stage. I bet nothing will be done! They won't know how to begin. I always thought the station on this river useless, and they just fit the station!"

"They will form themselves," said the old stager with a quiet smile.

"At any rate, I am rid of them for six months," retorted the director.

### *The First Day.*

The two men watched the steamer round the bend, then, ascending arm-in-arm the slope of the bank, returned to

the station. They had been in this vast and dark country only a very short time, and as yet always in the midst of other white men, under the eye and guidance of their superiors. And now, dull as they were to the subtle influences of surroundings, they felt themselves very much alone when suddenly left unassisted to face the wilderness—a wilderness rendered more strange, more incomprehensible by the mysterious glimpses of the vigorous life it contained. They were two perfectly insignificant and incapable individuals, whose existence is only rendered possible through the high organisation of civilised crowds. Few men realise that their life, the very essence of their character, their capabilities, and their audacities, are only the expression of their belief in the safety of their surroundings. The courage, the composure, the confidence, the emotions and principles, every great and every insignificant thought belongs not to the individual but to the crowd: to the crowd that believes blindly in the irresistible force of its institutions and of its morals, in the power of its police and of its opinions. But the contact with pure unmitigated savagery, with primitive nature and primitive man, brings sudden and profound trouble into the heart.

Kayerts and Carlier walked arm-in-arm, drawing close to one another as children do in the dark; and they had the same, not altogether unpleasant, sense of danger which one half suspects to be imaginary. Then they passed near the grave.

"Poor devil!" said Kayerts.

"He died of fever, didn't he?" muttered Carlier, stopping short.

"Why," retorted Kayerts, with indignation, "I've been told that the fellow exposed himself recklessly to the sun. Do you hear that, Carlier? I am chief here, and I forbid you to expose yourself to the sun!"

Carlier, entering into the spirit of the thing, made a military salute, and answered in a brisk tone, "Your orders shall be attended to, chief!"

\* \* \*

*For two months the two men pottered about doing odd jobs; to grapple effectually*

*with anything was beyond them. Released "from the fostering care of men with pen behind the ears, or gold lace on the sleeves, they were like prisoners who, liberated after many years, do not know what use to make of their freedom. The two men got on well together in the fellowship of their stupidity and laziness. In time they came to feel something resembling affection for one another."*

#### *From Bad to Worse.*

They lived like blind men in a large room, aware only of what came in contact with them (and of that only imperfectly), but unable to see the general aspect of things. The river, the forest, all the great land throbbing with life were like a great emptiness. Even the brilliant sunshine disclosed nothing intelligible. Things appeared and disappeared before their eyes in an unconnected and aimless kind of way. The river seemed to come from nowhere and flow nowhither. It flowed through a void. Out of that void at times came canoes, and men with spears in their hands would suddenly crowd the yard of the station. They were naked, glossy black, ornamented with snowy shells and glistening brass wire, perfect of limb. They made an uncouth bubbling noise when they spoke, moved in a stately manner, and sent quick, wild glances out of their startled, never-resting eyes. Those warriors would squat in long rows, four or more deep, before the verandah, while their chiefs bargained for hours with Makola over an elephant tusk. Kayerts sat on his chair and looked down on the proceedings, understanding nothing. He stared at them with his round blue eyes, called out to Carlier, "Here, look! look at that fellow there—and that other one, to the left. Did you ever see such a face?"

Carlier, smoking native tobacco in a short wooden pipe, would swagger up twirling his moustaches, and, surveying the warriors with haughty indulgence, would say.—

"Fine animals. Brought any bone? Yes? It's not any too soon. Look at the muscles of that fellow—third from the end. I wouldn't care to get a punch

on the nose from him. Fine arms, but legs no good below the knee. Couldn't make cavalymen of them." And after glancing down complacently at his own shanks he always concluded: "Pah! Don't they stink! You, Makola! Take that herd over to the fetish" (the storehouse was in every station called the fetish, perhaps because of the spirit of civilisation it contained) "and give them up some of the rubbish you keep there. I'd rather see it full of bone than full of rags."

Kayerts approved.

Such profitable visits were rare. For days the two pioneers of trade and progress would look on their empty courtyard in the vibrating brilliance of vertical sunshine. Below the high bank the silent river flowed on glittering and steady. On the sands in the middle of the stream hippos and alligators sunned themselves side by side. And, stretching away in all directions, surrounding the insignificant cleared spot of the trading post, immense forests, hiding fateful complications of fantastic life, lay in the eloquent silence of mute greatness. The two men understood nothing, cared for nothing but the passage of days that separated them from the steamer's return. Their predecessor had left some torn books. They took up these wrecks of novels, and, as they had never read anything of the kind before, they were surprised and amused. Then during long days there were interminable and silly discussions about plots and personages. . . . Carlier said one evening, waving his hand about, "In a hundred years there will be perhaps a town here. Quays, and warehouses, and barracks, and—and—billiard-rooms. Civilisation, my boy, and—virtue—and all. And then chaps will read that two good fellows, Kayerts and Carlier, were the first civilised men to live in this very spot!"

Kayerts nodded, "Yes, it is a consolation to think of that."

They seemed to forget their dead predecessor; but early one day Carlier went out and replanted the cross firmly. "It used to make me squint whenever I walked that way," he explained to Kayerts over the morning coffee. "It

made me squint, leaning over so much, So I just planted it upright. And solid. I promise you! I suspended myself with both hands to the cross-piece. Not a move. Oh, I did that properly."

At times Gobila came to see them. Gobila was the chief of the neighbouring villages. He was a grey-headed savage, thin and black, with a white cloth round his loins and a mangy panther skin hanging over his back. He came up with long strides of his skeleton legs, swinging a staff as tall as himself, and, entering the common room of the station, would squat on his heels to the left of the door. There he sat watching Kayerts, and now and then making a speech which the other did not understand.

Kayerts, without interrupting his occupation, would from time to time say in a friendly manner, "How goes it, you old image?" and they would smile at one another. . . .

In consequence of Gobila's friendship the women of Gobila's village walked in single file through the reedy grass, bringing every morning to the station fowls, and sweet potatoes, and palm wine, and sometimes a goat. The Company never provisions the stations fully, and the agents required those local supplies to live. Now and then one of them had a bout of fever, and the other nursed him with gentle devotion. They did not think much of it. It left them weaker, and their appearance changed for the worse. Carlier was hollow-eyed and irritable. Kayerts showed a drawn, flabby face above the rotundity of his stomach, which gave him a weird aspect. But being constantly together they did not notice the change that took place gradually in their appearance and also in their dispositions.

Five months passed in that way.

Then, one morning, as Kayerts and Carlier, lounging in their chairs under the verandah, talked about the approaching visit of the steamer, a knot of armed men came out of the forest and advanced towards the station. They were strangers to that part of the country. They were tall, slight, draped classically from neck to heel in blue fringed cloths, and carried

percussion muskets over their bare right shoulders. Makola showed signs of excitement, and ran out of the storehouse (where he spent all his days) to meet these visitors. They came into the courtyard and looked about them with steady, scornful glances. Their leader, a powerful, determined-looking negro with bloodshot eyes, stood in front and made a long speech. He gesticulated much and ceased very suddenly. . . .

"Hey, Makola, what does he say? Where do they come from? Who are they?"

But Makola, who seemed to be standing on hot bricks, answered hurriedly, "I don't know. They come from very far. Perhaps Mrs. Price will understand. They are perhaps bad men."

The leader, after waiting for a while, said something sharply to Makola, who shook his head. Then the man, after looking round, noticed Makola's hut and walked over there. The next moment Mrs. Makola was heard speaking with great volubility. The other strangers—they were six in all—strolled about with an air of ease, put their heads through the door of the storeroom, congregated round the grave, pointed understandingly at the cross, and generally made themselves at home.

"I don't like those chaps—and, I say, Kayerts, they must be from the coast; they've got firearms," observed the sagacious Carlier.

Kayerts also did not like those chaps. . . . They became uneasy, went in and loaded their revolvers. Kayerts said, "We must order Makola to tell them to go away before dark."

The strangers left in the afternoon, after eating a meal prepared for them by Mrs. Makola. The immense woman was excited, and talked much with the visitors. She rattled away shrilly, pointing here and pointing there at the forests and at the river. Makola sat apart and watched. At times he got up and whispered to his wife. He accompanied the strangers across the ravine at the back of the station-ground, and returned slowly, looking very thoughtful. When questioned by the white men he was very strange, seemed not to understand,

seemed to have forgotten French—seemed to have forgotten how to speak altogether. Kayerts and Carlier agreed that the nigger had had too much palm wine.

There was some talk about keeping a watch in turn, but in the evening everything seemed so quiet and peaceful that they retired as usual. All night they were disturbed by a lot of drumming in the villages. A deep, rapid roll near by would be followed by another far off—then all ceased. Soon short appeals would rattle out here and there, then all mingle together, increase, become vigorous and sustained, would spread out over the forest, roll through the night, unbroken and ceaseless, near and far, as if the whole land had been one immense drum booming out steadily an appeal to heaven. And through the deep and tremendous noise yells that resembled snatches of songs from a madhouse darted shrill and high in discordant jets of sound which seemed to rush far above the earth and drive all peace from under the stars.

Carlier and Kayerts slept badly. They both thought they had heard shots fired during the night—but they could not agree as to the direction. In the morning Makola was gone somewhere. He returned about noon with one of yesterday's strangers, and eluded all Kayerts' attempts to close with him: had become deaf apparently. Kayerts wondered.

Carlier, who had been fishing off the bank, came back and remarked while he showed his catch, "The niggers seem to be in a deuce of a stir; I wonder what's up. I saw about fifteen canoes cross the river during the two hours I was there fishing."

Kayerts, worried, said, "Isn't this Makola very queer to-day?"

Carlier advised, "Keep all our men together in case of some trouble."

## II.

### *The Crime.*

There were ten station men who had been left by the Director. Those fellows, having engaged themselves to the Company for six months (without having any



KAYERTS AND THE NATIVE CHIEF

At times Gobila came to see Kayerts and would make a speech of which he did not understand a word. Kayerts would say, "How goes it, you old image?" and then they smiled at one another.

idea of a month in particular and only a very faint notion of time in general), had been serving the cause of progress for upwards of two years. Belonging to a tribe from a very distant part of this land of darkness and sorrow, they did not run away, naturally supposing that as wandering strangers they would be killed by the inhabitants of the country; in which they were right. . . . They were mustered every morning and told off to different tasks, which no power on earth could induce them to execute efficiently. The two whites had practically very little control over them.

In the afternoon Makola came over to the big house and found Kayerts watch-

ing three heavy columns of smoke rising above the forests. "What is that?" asked Kayerts. "Some villages burn," answered Makola, who seemed to have regained his wits. Then he said abruptly: "We have very little ivory; bad trading. Do you like get little more ivory?"

"Yes," said Kayerts eagerly, thinking of percentages which were low.

"Those men yesterday were traders from Loanda who had got more ivory than they can carry home. Shall I buy? I know their camp?"

"Certainly," said Kayerts. "What are those traders?"

"Bad fellows," said Makola indifferently. "They fight with people, and

catch women and children. They are bad men, and got guns. There is a great disturbance in the country. Do you want ivory?"

"Yes," said Kayerts.

Makola said nothing for a while. Then: "Those workmen of ours are no good at all. Station in very bad order, sir. Director will growl. Better get a fine lot of ivory, then he say nothing."

"I can't help it; the men won't work," said Kayerts. "When will you get that ivory?"

"Very soon," said Makola. "Perhaps to-night. You leave it to me, and keep indoors, sir. I think you had better give some palm wine to our men to make a dance this evening. Enjoy themselves. Work better to-morrow. There's plenty palm wine—gone a little sour." . . .

In the middle of the night, Carlier, waking suddenly, heard a man shout loudly; then a shot was fired. Only one. Carlier ran out and met Kayerts on the verandah. They were both startled. As they went across the yard to call Makola they saw shadows moving in the night. One of them cried, "Don't shoot! It's me, Price." Then Makola appeared close to them. "Go back, go back, please," he urged; "you spoil all." "There are strange men about," said Carlier. "Never mind; I know," said Makola. Then he whispered, "All right. Bring ivory. Say nothing! I know my business." The two white men reluctantly went back to the house, but did not sleep. They heard footsteps, whispers, some groans. It seemed as if a lot of men came in, dumped heavy things on the ground, squabbled a long time, then went away. They lay on their hard beds and thought: "This Makola is invaluable." In the morning Carlier came out, very sleepy, and pulled at the cord of the big bell. The station hands mustered every morning to the sound of the bell. That morning nobody came. Kayerts turned out also, yawning. Across the yard they saw Makola come out of his hut, a tin basin of soapy water in his hand. Makola, a civilised nigger, was very neat in his person. He threw the soapsuds skilfully over a wretched little yellow cur he had, then turning his

face to the agent's house, he shouted from the distance, "All the men gone last night!"

They heard him plainly, but in their surprise they both yelled out together: "What!"

Then they stared at one another.

"I will go to the huts and see," said Carlier, striding off.

Makola coming up found Kayerts standing alone.

"They went with the coast people," said Makola after a moment of hesitation.

"What do I care with whom they went—the ungrateful brutes!" exclaimed the other. Then, with sudden suspicion, and looking hard at Makola, he added: "What do you know about it?"

Makola moved his shoulders, looking down on the ground. "What do I know? I think only. Will you come and look at the ivory I've got there? It is a fine lot. You never saw such." . . .

"What did you give for it?" asked Kayerts, after surveying the lot with satisfaction.

"No regular trade," said Makola. "They brought the ivory and gave it to me. I told them to take what they most wanted in the station. It is a beautiful lot. No station can show such tusks. Those traders wanted carriers badly, and our men were no good here. No trade, no entry in books; all correct."

Kayerts nearly burst with indignation. "Why!" he shouted, "I believe you have sold our men for these tusks!"

Makola stood impassive and silent.

"I—I—will—I—" stuttered Kayerts. "You fiend!" he yelled out.

"I did the best for you and the Company," said Makola imperturbably. "Why you shout so much? Look at this tusk."

"I dismiss you! I will report you—I won't look at the tusks. I forbid you to touch them. Throw them into the river. You—you!"

"You very red, Mr. Kayerts. If you are so irritable in the sun you will get fever and die—like the first chief!" said Makola impressively.

They stood still, contemplating one another with intense eyes, as if they had

been looking with effort across immense distances. Kayerts shivered. Makola had meant no more than he said, but his words seemed to Kayerts full of ominous menace! He turned sharply and went away to the house. Makola returned into the bosom of his family; and the tusks, left lying before the store, looked very large and valuable in the sunshine. . . .

Kayerts came out quickly. He found his companion staring grimly over the yard at the tusks, away by the store. They both sat in silence for a while. Then Kayerts related his conversation with Makola. Carlier said nothing. At the midday meal they ate very little. They hardly exchanged a word that day. A great silence seemed to lie heavily over the station and press on their lips. . . . Carlier came back to his chief, who had not stirred from the verandah, threw himself in the chair, and said:

"I can see it! They were pounced upon while they slept heavily after drinking all that palm wine you've allowed Makola to give them. A put-up job! See? The worst is, some of Gobila's people were there, and got carried off too, no doubt. The least drunk woke up, and got shot for his sobriety. This is a funny country. What will you do now?"

"Slavery is an awful thing," stammered out Kayerts in an unsteady voice.

"Frightful—the sufferings," grunted Carlier, with conviction. . . .

Next morning they saw Makola very busy setting up in the yard the big scales used for weighing ivory. By-and-by Carlier said: "What's that filthy scoundrel up to?" and lounged out into the yard. Kayerts followed. They stood by watching. Makola took no notice. When the balance was swung true, he tried to lift a tusk into the scale. It was too heavy. He looked up helplessly without a word, and for a minute they stood round that balance as mute and still as three statues. Suddenly Carlier said: "Catch hold of the other end, Makola—you beast!" and together they swung the tusk up. Kayerts trembled in every limb. He muttered, "I say! Oh! I say!" and putting his hand in his pocket found there a dirty bit of paper

and the stump of a pencil. He turned his back on the others, as if about to do something tricky, and noted stealthily the weights which Carlier shouted out to him with unnecessary loudness.

When all was over Makola whispered to himself: "The sun's very strong here for the tusks."

Carlier said to Kayerts in a careless tone: "I say, chief, I might just as well give him a lift with this lot into the store."

As they were going back to the house Kayerts observed with a sigh: "It had to be done."

And Carlier said: "It's deplorable, but, the men being Company's men, the ivory is Company's ivory. We must look after it."

### *The Climax.*

Days lengthened into weeks, then into months. . . . The steamer was late. At first they spoke of delay jauntily, then anxiously, then gloomily. The matter was becoming serious. Stores were running short. Carlier cast his lines off the bank, but the river was low and the fish kept out in the stream. They dared not stroll far away from the station to shoot. Moreover, there was no game in the impenetrable forest. . . . Kayerts mooned about silently; his legs were much swollen, and he could hardly walk. Carlier, undermined by fever, could not swagger any more, but kept tottering about, still with a devil-may-care air, as became a man who remembered his crack regiment. He had become hoarse, sarcastic, and inclined to say unpleasant things. He called it "being frank with you." They had long ago reckoned their percentages on trade, including in them that last deal of "this infamous Makola." They had also concluded not to say anything about it. Kayerts hesitated at first—was afraid of the Director.

"He has seen worse things done on the quiet," maintained Carlier, with a hoarse laugh. "Trust him! He won't thank you if you blab. He is no better than you or me. Who will talk if we hold our tongues? There is nobody here."

That was the root of the trouble!

There was nobody there, and being left there alone with their weakness, they became daily more like a pair of accomplices than like a couple of devoted friends. They had heard nothing from home for eight months. Every evening they said, "To-morrow we shall see the steamer." But one of the Company's steamers had been wrecked, and the Director was busy with the other, relieving very distant and important stations on the main river. He thought that the useless stations, and the useless men, could wait. Meanwhile Kayerts and Carlier lived on rice boiled without salt, and cursed the Company, all Africa, and the day they were born. One must have lived on such diet to discover what ghastly trouble the necessity of swallowing one's food may become. There was literally nothing else in the station but rice and coffee; they drank the coffee without sugar. The last fifteen lumps Kayerts had solemnly locked away in his box, together with a half-bottle of Cognac, "in case of sickness," he explained.

Carlier approved. "When one is sick," he said, "any little extra like that is cheering."

They waited. Rank grass began to sprout over the courtyard. The bell never rang now. Days passed, silent, exasperating, and slow. When the two men spoke, they snarled; and their silences were bitter, as if tinged by the bitterness of their thoughts.

One day after a lunch of boiled rice, Carlier put down his cup untasted, and said: "Hang it all! Let's have a decent cup of coffee for once. Bring out that sugar, Kayerts!"

"For the sick," muttered Kayerts, without looking up.

"For the sick," muttered Carlier. "Bosh! Well! I am sick."

"You are no more sick than I am, and I go without," said Kayerts in a peaceful tone.

"Come! out with that sugar, you stingy old slave-dealer."

Kayerts looked up quickly. Carlier was smiling with marked insolence. And suddenly it seemed to Kayerts that he had never seen that man before. Who

was he? He knew nothing about him. What was he capable of? There was a surprising flash of violent emotion within him, as if in the presence of something undreamt-of, dangerous, and final. But he managed to pronounce with composure:—

"That joke is in very bad taste. Don't repeat it."

"Joke!" said Carlier, hitching himself forward on his seat. "I am hungry—I am sick—I don't joke! I hate hypocrites. You are a hypocrite. You are a slave-dealer. I am a slave-dealer. There's nothing but slave-dealers in this cursed country. I mean to have sugar in my coffee to-day, anyhow!"

"I forbid you to speak to me in that way," said Kayerts with a fair show of resolution.

"You!—What?" shouted Carlier, jumping up.

Kayerts stood up also. "I am your chief," he began, trying to master the shakiness of his voice.

"What?" yelled the other. "Who's chief? There's no chief here. There's nothing here; there's nothing but you and I. Fetch the sugar—you pot-bellied ass."

"Hold your tongue. Go out of this room," screamed Kayerts. "I dismiss you—you scoundrel!"

Carlier swung a stool. All at once he looked dangerously in earnest. "You flabby, good-for-nothing civilian—take that!" he howled.

Kayerts dropped under the table, and the stool struck the grass inner wall of the room. Then, as Carlier was trying to upset the table, Kayerts in desperation made a blind rush, head low, like a cornered pig would do, and overturning his friend, bolted along the verandah and into his room. He locked the door, snatched his revolver, and stood panting.

In less than a minute Carlier was kicking at the door furiously, howling. "If you don't bring out that sugar, I will shoot you at sight, like a dog. Now then—one—two—three. You won't? I will show you who's the master."

Kayerts thought the door would fall in, and scrambled through the square hole that served for a window in his room.

There was then the whole breadth of the house between them. But the other was apparently not strong enough to break in the door, and Kayerts heard him running round. Then he also began to run laboriously on his swollen legs. He ran as quickly as he could, grasping the revolver, and unable yet to understand what was happening to him. He saw in succession Makola's house, the store, the river, the ravine, and the low bushes; and he saw all those things again as he ran for the second time round the house. Then again they flashed past him. That morning he could not have walked a yard without a groan.

And now he ran. He ran fast enough to keep out of sight of the other man.

Then as, weak and desperate, he thought, "Before I finish the next round I shall die," he heard the other man stumble heavily, then stop. He stopped also. He had the back and Carlier the front of the house, as before. He heard him drop into a chair cursing, and suddenly his own legs gave way, and he slid down into a sitting posture with his back to the wall. His mouth was as dry as a cinder, and his face was wet with perspiration—and tears. What was it all about? He thought it must be a horrible illusion; he thought he was

dreaming; he thought he was going mad!

After a while he collected his senses. What did they quarrel about! That sugar! How absurd! He would give it to him—didn't want it himself. And he began scrambling to his feet with a sudden feeling of security. But before he had fairly stood upright, a common-sense reflection occurred to him and drove him back into despair. He thought: If I give way now to that brute of a soldier, he will begin this horror again to-morrow—and the day after—every



KAYERTS AND CARLIER, NEARLY CRAZY, QUARREL AND FRANTICALLY CHASE EACH OTHER ROUND THE VERANDAH.

day—raise other pretensions, trample on me, torture me, make me his slave—and I will be lost! Lost! The steamer may not come for days—may never come. He shook so that he had to sit down on the floor again. He shivered forlornly. He felt he could not, would not move any more. He was completely distracted by the sudden perception that the position was without issue—that death and life had in a moment become equally difficult and terrible.

All at once he heard the other push his chair back; and he leaped to his feet with extreme facility. He listened and got confused. Must run again! Right or left? He heard footsteps. He darted to the left, grasping his revolver, and at the very same instant, as it seemed to him, they came into violent collision. Both shouted with surprise. A loud explosion took place between them; a roar of red fire, thick smoke; and Kayerts, deafened and blinded, rushed back thinking: I am hit—it's all over. He expected the other to come round—to gloat over his agony. He caught hold of an upright of the roof—"All over!" Then he heard a crashing fall on the other side of the house, as if somebody had tumbled headlong over a chair—then silence. Nothing more happened. He did not die. Only his shoulder felt as if it had been badly wrenched, and he had lost his revolver. He was disarmed and helpless! He waited for his fate. The other man made no sound. It was a stratagem. He was stalking him now! Along what side? Perhaps he was taking aim this very minute!

After a few moments of an agony frightful and absurd, he decided to go and meet his doom. He was prepared for every surrender. He turned the corner, steadying himself with one hand on the wall; made a few paces, and nearly swooned. He had seen on the floor, protruding past the other corner, a pair of turned-up feet. A pair of white naked feet in red slippers. He felt deadly sick, and stood for a time in profound darkness.

Then Makola appeared before him, saying quietly: "Come along, Mr.

Kayerts. He is dead." He burst into tears of gratitude; a loud, sobbing fit of crying. After a time he found himself sitting in a chair and looking at Carlier, who lay stretched on his back. Makola was kneeling over the body.

"Is this your revolver?" asked Makola, getting up.

"Yes," said Kayerts; then he added very quickly, "He ran after me to shoot me—you saw!"

"Yes, I saw," said Makola. "There is only one revolver; where's his?"

"Don't know," whispered Kayerts in a voice that had become suddenly very faint.

"I will go and look for it," said the other gently. He made the round along the verandah, while Kayerts sat still and looked at the corpse. Makola came back empty-handed, stood in deep thought, then stepped quietly into the dead man's room, and came out directly with a revolver, which he held up before Kayerts. Kayerts shut his eyes. Everything was going round. He found life more terrible and difficult than death. He had shot an unarmed man.

After meditating for a while, Makola said softly, pointing at the dead man who lay there with his right eye blown out:—

"He died of fever."

Kayerts looked at him with a stony stare.

"Yes," repeated Makola thoughtfully, stepping over the corpse, "I think he died of fever. Bury him to-morrow."...

Night came, and Kayerts sat unmoving on his chair. He sat quiet as if he had taken a dose of opium. The violence of the emotions he had passed through produced a feeling of exhausted serenity. He had plumbed in one short afternoon the depths of horror and despair, and now found repose in the conviction that life had no more secrets for him—neither had death! He sat by the corpse thinking; thinking very actively, thinking very new thoughts. He seemed to have broken loose from himself altogether. He argued with himself about all things under heaven with that kind of wrong-headed lucidity which may be observed in some lunatics. . . .

He tried to imagine himself dead, and Carlier sitting in his chair watching him ; and his attempt met with such unexpected success that in a very few moments he became not at all sure who was dead and who was alive. This extraordinary achievement of his fancy startled him, however, and by a clever and timely effort of mind he saved himself just in time from becoming Carlier. His heart thumped, and he felt hot all over at the thought of that danger. Carlier ! What a beastly thing ! To compose his now disturbed nerves—and no wonder !—he tried to whistle a little. Then, suddenly, he fell asleep, or thought he had slept ; but at any rate there was a fog, and somebody had whistled in the fog.

He stood up. The day had come, and a heavy mist had descended upon the land : the mist penetrating, enveloping, and silent ; the morning mist of tropical lands ; the mist that clings and kills ; the mist white and deadly, immaculate and poisonous. He stood up, saw the body, and threw his arms above his head with a cry like that of a man who, waking from a trance, finds himself immured for ever in a tomb. "*Help ! . . . My God !*"

A shriek inhuman, vibrating and sudden, pierced like a sharp dart the white shroud of that land of sorrow. Three short, impatient screeches followed, and then, for a time, the fog-wreaths rolled on, undisturbed, through a formidable silence. Then many more shrieks, rapid and piercing, like the yells of some exasperated and ruthless creature, rent the air. Progress was calling to Kayert from the river—progress and civilisation and all the virtues ! Society was calling to its accomplished child to come, to be taken care of, to be instructed, to be judged, to be condemned ; it called him to return to that rubbish heap from which he had wandered away, so that justice could be done.

Kayerts heard and understood. He stumbled out of the verandah, leaving the other man alone for the first time since they had been thrown there together. He groped his way through the fog, calling upon the invisible heaven to undo its work. Makola flitted by, shouting as he ran :

" Steamer ! Steamer ! They can't see. They whistle for the station. I go ring the bell. Go down to the landing, sir. I ring."

He disappeared. Kayerts stood still and looked upwards ; the fog rolled low over his head. He looked round like a man who has lost his way ; and he saw a dark smudge, a cross-shaped stain, upon the shifting purity of the mist. As he began to stumble towards it, the bell rang a tumultuous answer to the impatient clamour of the steamer.

\* \* \*

The Managing Director of the Great Civilising Company (since we know that civilisation follows trade) landed first, and incontinently lost sight of the steamer. The fog down by the river was exceedingly dense ; above, at the station, the bell rang unceasing and brazen.

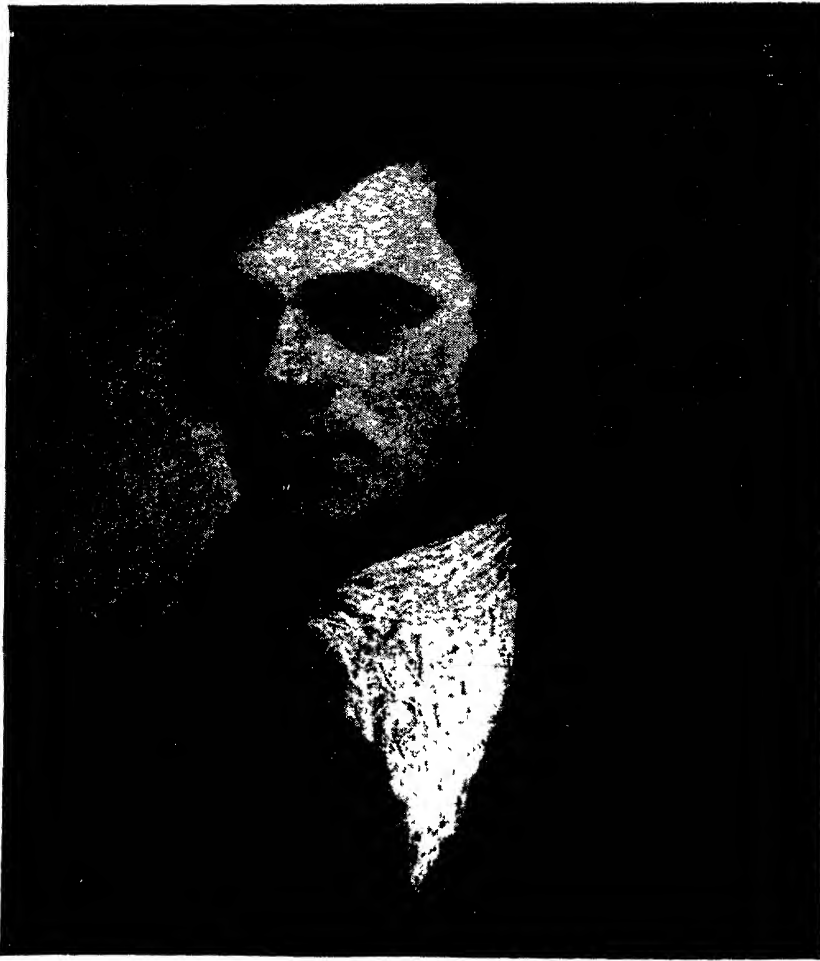
The Director shouted loudly to the steamer.

" There is nobody down to meet us ; there may be something wrong, though they are ringing. You had better come, too ! "

And he began to toil up the steep bank. The captain and the engine-driver of the boat followed behind. As they scrambled up, the fog thinned, and they could see their Director a good way ahead. Suddenly they saw him start forward, calling to them over his shoulder : " Run ! Run to the house ! I've found one of them. Run, look for the other ! "

He had found one of them ! And even he, the man of varied and startling experience, was somewhat discomposed by the manner of this finding. He stood and fumbled in his pockets (for a knife) while he faced Kayerts, who was hanging by a leather strap from the cross. He had evidently climbed the grave, which was high and narrow, and after tying the end of the strap to the arm, had swung himself off. His toes were only a couple of inches above the ground ; his arms hung stiffly down ; he seemed to be standing rigidly at attention, but with one purple cheek playfully posed on the shoulder. And, irreverently, he was putting out a swollen tongue at his Managing Director.

# THE POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS



*Photo: Rischgitz Collection.*

BURNS.

Nasmyth's original portrait, painted 1787.  
National Portrait Gallery, Scotland.

*Robert Burns sings of his birth and fate in "Rantin, Rovin Robin":*

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,  
But whatna day o' whatna style,  
I doubt it's hardly worth the while  
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin boy,  
Rantin, rovin, rantin, rovin,  
Robin was a rovin boy,  
Rantin, rovin Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane  
Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'  
Blew hansel<sup>1</sup> in on Robin

Robin was, &c.

(<sup>1</sup>) a first gift.

"He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',  
But ay a heart aboon them a',  
He'll be a credit till us a'—

We'll a' be proud o' Robin."  
Robin was, &c.

*The date was the 25th of January, 1759, and the place was the village of Alloway, about two miles from the town of Ayr. The two-roomed cottage is still a national shrine that attracts not only fervent Scots but innumerable visitors from all parts of the world.*

## I.

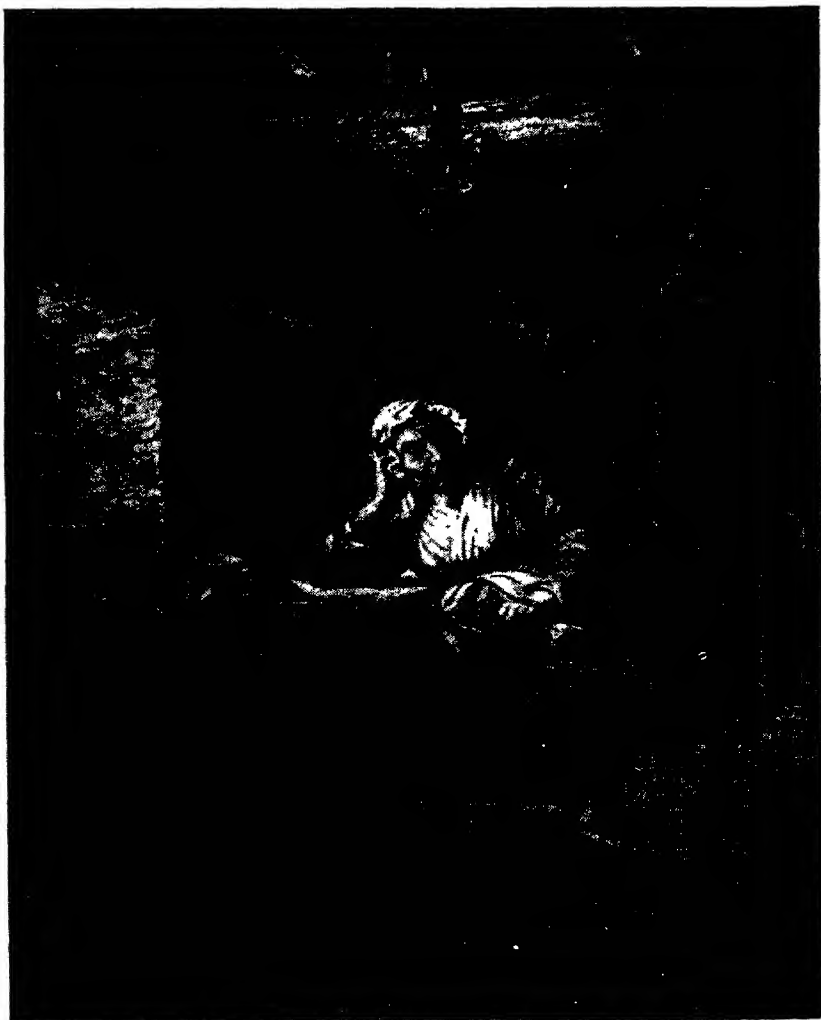
## BURNS' POEMS.

No poet ever lived more intimately in the hearts of the people, and the words of Professor Wilson are still true: "Burns is by far the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in a humble condition." He died in his thirty-eighth year, "in the prime of his manhood; miserable and neglected." Yet, as Thomas Carlyle said, perhaps no British man has so deeply affected the thoughts and feelings of so many men as this solitary and altogether private individual, with means apparently the humblest. . . . With what tenderness he sings, yet with what vehemence and entireness! There is a piercing wail in his sorrow, the purest rapture in his joy; he burns with the sternest ire, or laughs with the loudest or slyest mirth; and yet he is sweet and soft, "sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear." If we further take into account the immense variety of his subjects; how, from the loud flowing revel in "Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut," to the still, rapt enthusiasm of sadness of "Mary in Heaven"; from the glad kind greeting of "Auld Lang Syne," or the comic archness of "Duncan Gray," to the fire-eyed fury of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"; he has found a tone and words for every mood of man's heart—it will seem a small praise if we rank him as the first of all our Song-writers; for we know not where to find one worthy of being second to him.

His claim to rank among the greatest of lyric singers has been accepted far beyond his own country. Was not Goethe one of his greatest admirers?

Burns regarded "Tam o' Shanter," apart from his songs, as his best work, an estimate with which most discerning critics have agreed. It was first published in 1791. It was composed in answer to a request for "a witch story." To this day the topography of the tale of "Tam's" famous ride between the town of Ayr and the Brig of Doon is an ever-absorbing source of interest to the many thousands of pilgrims who annually visit the Land of Burns.

The poem was the work of a single day.



TAM'S WIFE.

"Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

Burns, *Tam o' Shanter*.

## TAM O' SHANTER.

## A TALE.

WHEN chapman billies<sup>1</sup> leave the street,  
And drouthy<sup>2</sup> neibors, neibors meet;  
As market days are wearing late,  
An' folk begin to tak the gate;  
While we sit bowsing at the nappy,<sup>3</sup>  
An' getting fou and unco happy,  
We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest TAM O' SHANTER,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:  
(Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,  
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,<sup>4</sup>  
A bletherin, blusterin, drunken blellum;<sup>5</sup>  
That fraw November till October,  
Ae market-day thou was na sober;  
That ilka melder<sup>6</sup> wi' the Miller,  
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
That ev'ry naig<sup>7</sup> was ca'd a shoe on  
The Smith and thee gat roarin fou on;  
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.  
She prophesied that, late or soon,  
Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon,  
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,<sup>8</sup>  
By Aloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars<sup>9</sup> me greet  
To think how many counsels sweet,  
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,  
The husband frae the wife despipes!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,  
Tam had got planted unco right,  
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats,<sup>10</sup> that drank divinely  
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:  
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;  
They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;  
And ay the ale was growing better:  
The Landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
Wi' secret favours, sweet and precious:  
The Souter tauld his queerest stories,  
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:  
The storm without might rair and rustle,  
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

(1) pedlar fellows.

(2) thirsty.

(3) ale.

(4) worthless fellow.

(5) babblers.

(6) amount of grain sent to  
the mill to be ground.

(7) horse

(8) wizards in the dark.

(9) makes.

(10) frothing new ale,

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:  
Kings may be blest but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever;  
Or like the Borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.  
Nae man can tether Time nor Tide,  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride—  
That hour o' night's black arch the key-  
stane,  
That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast  
in:

And sic a night he took the road in,  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn it last;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;  
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:  
That night, a child might understand,  
The deil had business on his hand

Weel mounted on his grey meare Meg,  
A better never lifted leg,  
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,<sup>11</sup>  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;  
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,  
Whiles crooning o'er an auld Scots sonnet,  
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles catch him unawares;  
Kirk-Aloway was drawing nigh,  
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;<sup>12</sup>  
And past the birks and meikle stane,<sup>13</sup>  
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane:  
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;  
And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel  
Before him Doon pours all his floods,  
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,  
The lightnings flash frae pole to pole,  
Near and more near the thunders roll,  
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
Kirk-Aloway seem'd in a bleeze,  
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;  
Wi' usquabae,<sup>14</sup> we'll face the devil!

(11) hurried forward through puddle and mire.

(12) pedlar smothered.

(13) birches and big stones.

(14) whisky.



THE WITCHES AFTER TAM.

"As spring brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her an grey tail."

Burns, *Tam o' Shanter*.

The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,  
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle,<sup>15</sup>  
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,  
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
She ventur'd forward on the light;  
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance:  
Nae cotillon, brent new <sup>16</sup> frae France,  
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
Put life and mettle in their heels.  
A winnock-bunker <sup>17</sup> in the east,  
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;  
A towzie tyke, <sup>18</sup> black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge:  
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,  
Till roof and rafter a' did dirl.<sup>19</sup>—  
Coffins stood, like open presses,  
That shaw'd the Dead in their last dresses;  
And (by some devilish cantraip <sup>20</sup> sleight)  
Each in its cauld hand held a light,  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;  
A thiet, new-cutted frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;  
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter which a babe had strangled;  
A knife a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son of life bereft,  
The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft;  
Wi' mair of horrible and awefu',  
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;  
The Piper loud and louder blew,  
The dancers quick and quicker flew,  
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they  
cleekit,<sup>21</sup>  
Till ilka carlin <sup>22</sup> swat and reekit,<sup>23</sup>  
And coost her duddies <sup>24</sup> on the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark!<sup>25</sup>

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been  
queans,  
A' plump and strapping in their teens!  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie <sup>26</sup> flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder  
linen!—  
Thur breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
I wad hae gien them off my hurdies,<sup>27</sup>  
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!<sup>28</sup>  
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie <sup>29</sup> hags was spean a foal,  
Louping an' flinging on a crummock,<sup>30</sup>  
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

\* \* \*

(15) a small coin—value two pennies, Scots.  
(16) brand new.  
(17) a seat in the window.  
(18) shaggy dog.  
(19) vibrate.  
(20) charm.  
(21) linked together.  
(22) old woman.

(23) smoked.  
(24) rags.  
(25) shirt.  
(26) greasy.  
(27) hips.  
(28) beautiful maidens.  
(29) sapless but tough.  
(30) a staff with a crooked head.

But here my Muse her wing maun  
cour,  
Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
(A souple jade she was and strang),  
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,  
And thought his very een enrich'd;  
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu'  
fain,<sup>31</sup>  
And hotch'd <sup>32</sup> and blew wi' might and  
main:  
Till first ae caper, syne <sup>33</sup> anither,  
Tam tint <sup>34</sup> he reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
And in a instant all was dark.  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,<sup>35</sup>  
When plundering herds assail their byke;<sup>36</sup>  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;  
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' mony an eldritch skriech <sup>37</sup> and hollow.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy  
fairin!<sup>38</sup>  
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy coming!  
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane o' the brig;\*  
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they dare na cross.  
But ere the key-stane she could make,  
The fient a tail she had to shake!  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;<sup>39</sup>  
But little wist she Maggie's mottle!  
Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her an grey tail.  
The carlin claut <sup>40</sup> her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
Each man, and mother's son, take heed:  
Whene'er to Drink you are inclin'd,  
Or Cutty-sarks rin in your mind,  
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
Remember Tam o' Shanter's meare.<sup>41</sup>

(31) quivered with fondness.  
(32) fidgetted.  
(33) then  
(34) lost  
(35) fret  
(36) a wild bees' nest.  
(37) ghostly scream  
(38) present from a fair.

\* It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any further than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bagies*, whatever danger may be in going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.—R. B.

(39) aim.

(41) mare.

(40) caught.



Photo. Rischgitz Collection

#### TAM O' SHANTER.

After the picture by John Burnet

"The Landlady and Tram grew gracious,  
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;  
The Souter tauld his queerest stories,  
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus "

The original of Tam o' Shanter was Douglas Graham, a farmer at Shanter, in Carrick. Souter Johnnie was in real life a Kirkoswald cobbler

## II.

### BURNS AS A SATIRICAL POET AND THE POET OF NATURE.

Burns lived at a time when Calvinistic bigotry was rife in Scotland, the country was "half-mad with polemical controversies." The poet had a lively hatred of all bigotry, shams and hypocrisy. He was a mordant critic of the "unco' gund," and his first poetic offspring to see the light was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them scourged in the "Holy Fair." The next satire to follow was "Holy Willie's Prayer," in which he irreverently and mercilessly pilloried another recognisable individual. The dovescots of the Kirk were sadly ruffled, but, as Dr. Neil Munro says,

"The poet in truth was doing the Christian Church, though rudely, a cleansing service."  
"The Cotter's Saturday Night" and other poems were of a very different order. Burns had a passionate love of country, and showed a strong "emotional response to Nature in every mood and aspect."

As Carlyle says, "Not men only, but all that environs man in the material and moral universe is lovely in his sight, 'the hoary hawthorn,' the 'troop of grey plover,' the 'solitary curlew,' all are dear to him, and to all he is knit as in mysterious brotherhood."

We quote several stanzas from his "Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson." Except the first and last two stanzas, the Elegy is a supplication to nature to join with him in mourning the death of his friend.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW  
HENDERSON.

Y<sup>E</sup> hills, near neibours o' the starns,<sup>1</sup>  
That proudly cock your cresting cairns !  
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing earns,  
Where Echo slumbers !  
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,  
My wailing numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat<sup>2</sup> kens !  
Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens !  
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,  
Wi' toddlin din,  
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,  
Frae lin to lin.<sup>3</sup>

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea ;  
Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see ;  
Ye woodbines hanging bonlie,  
In scented bow'rs ;  
Ye roses on your thorny tree,  
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade  
Droops with a diamond at his head,  
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,  
I' th' rustling gale,  
Ye maukins,<sup>4</sup> whidden<sup>5</sup> thro' the glade,  
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;  
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;  
Ye curlews, calling thro' a clud ;  
Ye whistling plover ;  
And mourn, ye whirring patrick<sup>6</sup> brood ;  
He's gane for ever !

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals ;  
Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;  
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels  
Circling the lake ;  
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,  
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,  
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay ;  
And when ye wing your annual way  
Frae our cauld shore,  
Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay,  
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r  
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,  
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,  
Sets up her horn,  
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour,  
Till waukrife<sup>7</sup> morn !

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light !  
Mourn, Empress of the silent night !  
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,  
My Matthew mourn !  
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,  
Ne'er to return.

(<sup>1</sup>) stars. (<sup>2</sup>) wood-pigeon. (<sup>3</sup>) waterfall. (<sup>4</sup>) hares.  
(<sup>5</sup>) scudding. (<sup>6</sup>) partridge. (<sup>7</sup>) wakeful.

## III.

## BURNS' SONGS.

*Many of Burns' Songs are so familiar as to make repetition superfluous—"Auld Lang Syne," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "Duncan Gray," "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," "O, Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut," "John Anderson, my Jo," "Comin' Through the Rye," "For a' that an' a' that," "Oh, wert thou in the cauld Blast," and so on.*

*The loves of Robert Burns were many, but to Jean Armour—his Bonnie Jean—who became his devoted wife, he penned during his honeymoon the most precious love-offering ever written ; it remains perhaps the most popular of all his songs.*

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND  
CAN BLAW.

## I.

Or a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best.  
There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,  
And mony a hill between.  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

## II.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air :  
There's not a bonie flower that springs,  
By fountain, shaw, or green,  
There's not a bonie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

## III.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw soft  
Amang the leafy trees ;  
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,  
Bring hame the laden bees ;  
And bring the lassie back to me  
That's aye sae neat and clean ;  
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,  
Sae lovely is my Jean.

## IV.

What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,  
Ha'e past atween us twa !  
How fain to meet, how wae to part,  
That day she gaed awa !  
The powers aboon can only ken,  
To whom the heart is seen,  
That nane can be so dear to me  
As my sweet lovely Jean.

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

*An early love of Burns was Mary Campbell —“ Highland Mary.” Before the “ last farewell,” commemorated in his song “ Highland Mary,” was taken, the lovers plighted mutual faith, and exchanging Bibles, stood with a running stream between, and, lifting up its waters in their hands, vowed love while the woods of Montgomery grew and its waters ran.*

*“ To Mary in Heaven,” was written on the third anniversary of her death. The poet’s wife noticed that towards evening he grew sad, and went out into the barnyard, “ where his Jean found him lying on some straw with his eyes fixed on a shining star. On entering the house he sat down and wrote ‘ To Mary in Heaven,’ and gave it to his wife.”*

## I.

Thou ling’ring star, with less’ning ray,  
That lov’st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher’st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary: dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See’st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear’st thou the groans that rend his breast?

## II.

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow’d grove,  
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,  
To live one day of parting love!  
Eternity can not efface  
Those records dear of transports past,  
Thy image at our last embrace,  
Ah! little thought we ’twas our last!

## III.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss’d his pebbled shore,  
O’erhung with wild-woods, thickening green;  
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,  
’Twin’d amorous round the raptur’d scene:  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on every spray;  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,  
Proclaim’d the speed of winged day.

## IV.

Still o’er these scenes my mem’ry wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser-care,  
Time but th’ impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.  
My Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See’st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear’st thou the groans that rend his breast?

## SWEET AFTON.

*(The heroine of “ Sweet Afton ” is supposed to have been the poet’s “ Highland Mary.”)*

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy  
green braes,  
Flow gently, I’ll sing thee a song in thy  
praise;  
My Mary’s asleep by thy murmuring  
stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her  
dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds  
thro’ the glen,  
Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon  
thorny den,  
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming  
forbear,  
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering  
Fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring  
hills,  
Far mark’d with the courses of clear,  
winding rills;  
There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
My flocks and my Mary’s sweet cot in my  
eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies  
below,  
Where, wild in the woodlands, the prim-  
roses blow;  
There oft, as mild Ev’ning weeps over the  
lea,  
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary  
and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it  
glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary  
resides;  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet  
lave,  
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems  
thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy  
green braes,  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my  
lays;  
My Mary’s asleep by thy murmuring  
stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her  
dream.

## TO A KISS.

HUMID seal of soft affections,  
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,  
Dearest tie of young connections,  
Love’s first snowdrop, virgin kiss!

Speaking silence, dumb confession,  
Passion’s birth, and infant’s play,  
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,  
Glowing dawn of future day!

## THE GLOOMY NIGHT.

*Burns had decided to abandon the plough and try his fortunes in the West Indies. "I had taken the last farewell of my few friends. My chest was on the road to Greenock; and I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—"The gloomy night is gathering fast"—when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes by opening new prospects to my ambition."*

## I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain,  
The hunter now has left the moor,  
The scatt'ered coveys meet secure;  
While here I wander, prest with care,  
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

## II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn  
By early Winter's ravage torn;  
Across her placid, azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly:  
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave;  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

## III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,  
'Tis not the fatal, deadly shore;  
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear.  
But round my heart the ties are bound,  
That heart transpierc'd with many a  
wound;  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

## IV.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
Her heathy moors and winding vales;  
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,  
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!  
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!  
My peace with these, my love with those:  
The bursting tears my heart declare—  
Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr!

\* \* \*

## AULD LANG SYNE.

## I.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne.

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

## II.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!<sup>1</sup>  
And surely I'll be mine!  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld, &c.

## III.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pou'd the gowans fine,  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld, &c.

## IV.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,  
Frae morning sun till dine,  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld, &c.

## V.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!  
And gie's a hand o' thine!  
And we'll tak a right gude willie-waught,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

\* \* \*

## THE BANKS O' DOON.

## I.

YE banks and bracs o' bonie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!  
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return.

## II.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine;  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!  
And my fause Luvver staw my rose,  
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

(1) A two quarter measure.



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

## "THE REFUSAL."

From the painting by Sir David Wilkie, R.A., in the South Kensington Museum.

"Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't."

## DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 On blythe Yule-night when we were fou,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,  
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,<sup>1</sup>  
 Gart<sup>2</sup> poor Duncan stand abeigh;<sup>3</sup>  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

## II.

Duncan fleech'd<sup>4</sup> and Duncan pray'd;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't:  
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
 Grat his e'en baith blear't an' blin'<sup>5</sup>  
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

## III.

Time and Chance are but a tide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Slighted love is sar to bide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't:

(1) proud (3) at a distance.  
 (2) compelled (4) wheeled.  
 (5) eyes dim with weeping.

Shall I like a fool,  
 quoth he,  
 For a haughty hizzie<sup>6</sup>  
 die?  
 She may gae to—France  
 for me!  
 Ha, ha, the wooing  
 o't.

## IV.

How it comes let doctors  
 tell,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing  
 o't;  
 Meg grew sick, as he  
 grew hale,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing  
 o't.  
 Something in her bosom  
 wrings,  
 For relief a sigh she  
 brings:  
 And oh! her een they  
 spak sic things!  
 Ha, ha, the wooing  
 o't.

## V.

Duncan was a lad o'  
 grace,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing  
 o't:  
 Maggie's was a piteous  
 case,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing  
 o't:  
 Duncan could na be her  
 death,  
 Swelling Pity smoor'd  
 his wrath;  
 Now they re crouse and canty baith,<sup>7</sup>  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

\* \* \*

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED,  
RED ROSE.

My Luve is like a red, red rose,  
 That's newly sprung in June:  
 My Luve is like the melodie,  
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.  
 As fair art thou, my bonie lass,  
 So deep in luve am I;  
 And I will luve thee still, my Dear,  
 Till a' the seas gang dry.  
 Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
 And I will luve thee still, my Dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.  
 And fare-thee-well, my only Luve!  
 And fare-thee-well, a while!  
 And I will come again, my Luve,  
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!

(6) a lively young woman.  
 (7) happy and contented

# DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

EDWARD GIBBON



Photo: Braun & Co

THE BARBARIAN INVASION: PILLAGE OF A ROMAN VILLA BY MARAUDING HUNS.  
From the painting by Georges Rochegrosse.

Edward Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*" is one of the Great Books of the World; some would call it the greatest history of all time. The elements which went to make the "*Decline and Fall*" what it is, as Mr. Augustine Birrell has said, are "the noble conception, the shaping intellect, the mastered learning, the stately diction, and the daily toil." This monumental work practically covers the history of the civilised world for fourteen centuries. It may have certain shortcomings and defects, but its authority is still unimpaired.

Edward Gibbon was born at Putney, Surrey, in 1737. As he himself tells us, it was at Rome that he conceived the idea of writing the great history as he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol while bare-

footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter." The first volume appeared in 1776, and the last in 1788. The famous fifteenth chapter deals with the progress of the Christian religion, and has been the subject of much controversy. It has been said that he belittled Christianity; the weapon which Gibbon uses most frequently and successfully is irony. "The tone he thought fit to adopt towards Christianity," says Mr. Birrell, "was, quite apart from all particular considerations, a mistaken one. No man is big enough to speak slightly of the construction his fellow-men have from time to time put upon the Infinite. And conduct which in a philosopher is ill-judged, is in an historian ridiculous. Gibbon's sneers could not alter the fact that his History,



INVASION BY THE BARBARIANS.



*which he elected to style the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' might equally well, as Dean Stanley has observed, have been called 'The Rise and Progress of the Christian Church.' . . . We have Cardinal Newman's authority for the assertion that Gibbon is the only Church historian worthy of the name who has written in English."*

#### CHAPTER XV.—SYNOPSIS.

Gibbon's fifteenth chapter, which deals with "The Progress of the Christian Religion," is too long to reprint here, it is a lengthy, well-knitted argument which cannot well be summarised in a few short extracts.

"While the Roman Empire was invaded by open violence, or undermined by slow decay, a pure and humble religion gently insinuated itself into the minds of men, grew up in silence and obscurity, derived new vigour from opposition, and finally erected the triumphant banner of the Cross on the ruins of the Capitol."

A "candid but rational inquiry into the progress and establishment of Christianity," Gibbon remarks, "however useful or entertaining, is attended with two peculiar difficulties. The scanty and suspicious materials of ecclesiastical history seldom enable us to dispel the dark cloud that hangs over the first age of the church. . . . The theologian may indulge the pleasing task of describing Religion as she descended from Heaven, arrayed in her native purity. A more melancholy duty is imposed on the historian. He must discover the inevitable mixture of error and corruption which she contracted in a long residence upon earth, among a weak and degenerate race of beings."

Gibbon proceeds to inquire "by what means the Christian faith obtained so remarkable a victory over the established religions of the earth. To this inquiry an obvious but satisfactory answer may be returned: that it was owing to the convincing evidence of the doctrine itself, and to the ruling providence of its great Author. But as truth and reason seldom find so favourable a reception in the world, and as the wisdom of Providence frequently condescends to use the passions of the human heart, and the general circumstances of mankind, as instruments to execute its purpose, we may still be permitted, though with becoming submission, to ask, not

indeed what were the first, but what were the secondary causes of the rapid growth of the Christian church? It will, perhaps, appear that it was most effectually favoured and assisted by the five following causes:—

I. The inflexible, and, if we may use the expression, the intolerant zeal of the Christians, derived, it is true, from the Jewish religion, but purified from the narrow and unsocial spirit which, instead of inviting, had deterred the Gentiles from embracing the law of Moses

II. The doctrine of a future life, improved by every additional circumstance which could give weight and efficacy to that important truth.

III. The miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive church.

IV. The pure and austere morals of the Christians.

V. The union and discipline of the Christian republic, which gradually formed an independent and increasing state in the heart of the Roman empire."

These five points are all dealt with at length. Amplifying cause I., Gibbon dilates on the devout and even scrupulous attachment of the Jews to the Mosaic religion, as a contributory cause for the acceptance of the new religion.

"The divine authority of Moses and the prophets was admitted, and even established, as the firmest basis of Christianity. From the beginning of the world an uninterrupted series of predictions had announced and prepared the long-expected coming of the Messiah, who, in compliance with the gross apprehensions of the Jews, had been more frequently represented under the character of a King and Conqueror, than under that of a Prophet, a Martyr, and the Son of God."

\* \* \*

The first fifteen Bishops of Jerusalem were all Jews, "and the congregations over which they presided united the Law of Moses with the doctrine of Christ . . . The Jewish converts, or, as they were afterwards called, the Nazarenes, who had laid the foundations of the church, soon found themselves overwhelmed by the increasing multitudes that from all the various religions of polytheism enlisted under the banner of Christ: and the Gentiles, who, with the approbation of their peculiar apostle, had rejected the intolerable weight of Mosaic ceremonies, at length refused to their more scrupulous

brethren the same toleration which at first they had humbly solicited for their own practice."

Gibbon goes on to refer to the crimes of heresy and schism of these early days. "It became a matter of doubt and controversy whether a man who sincerely acknowledged Jesus as Messiah, but who still continued to observe the law of Moses, could possibly hope for salvation."

"The Gnostics blended with the faith of Christ many sublime but obscure tenets, which they derived from oriental philosophy, and even from the religion of Zoroaster, concerning the eternity of matter, the existence of two principles, and the mysterious hierarchy of the invisible world. As soon as they launched out into that vast abyss they delivered themselves to the guidance of a disordered imagination; and as the paths of error are various and infinite, the Gnostics were imperceptibly divided into more than fifty particular sects." . . .

\* \* \*

After much further elaboration of sectarian controversy, Gibbon next expounds in detail the remaining four causes which favoured the rapid growth of the Christian Church. Paganism was losing, or had lost, its hold on the Romans. "The fashion of incredulity was communicated from the philosopher to the man of pleasure or business, from the noble to the plebeian, from the master to the menial slave." . . .

"On public occasions the philosophic part of mankind affected to treat with respect and decency the religious institutions of their country, but their secret contempt penetrated through the thin and awkward disguise; and even the people, when they discovered that their deities were rejected and derided by those whose rank or understanding they were accustomed to reverence, were filled with doubts and apprehensions concerning the truth of those doctrines to which they had yielded the most implicit belief." . . .

"As long as the worshippers' adoration was successively prostituted to a thousand deities, it was scarcely possible that their hearts could be susceptible of a very sincere or lively passion for any of them."

For the most part, men of noble birth performed the ancient rites and with cold indifference. Paganism was still the religion of Rome, "but the religious sentiments were loose and uncertain."

In concluding his argument Gibbon

says: "Those who are inclined to pursue this reflection, instead of viewing with astonishment the rapid progress of Christianity will perhaps be surprised that its success was not still more rapid and still more universal."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE DESTRUCTION OF PAGANISM.

*In Chapter XXVIII. Gibbon graphically describes the final destruction of Paganism. We can give but a few passages from this interesting chapter, in which he deplores the destruction of the temples, the stately edifices, and the beautiful monuments of Grecian architecture.*

#### *The Pagan Order.*

The ruin of Paganism, in the age of Theodosius, is perhaps the only example of the total extirpation of any ancient and popular superstition, and may therefore deserve to be considered as a singular event in the history of the human mind. The Christians, more especially the clergy, had impatiently supported the prudent delays of Constantine (the first Christian Emperor) and the equal toleration of the elder Valentinian; nor could they deem their conquest perfect or secure as long as their adversaries were permitted to exist. The influence which Ambrose and his brethren had acquired over the youth of Gratian and the piety of Theodosius was employed to infuse the maxims of persecution into the breasts of their Imperial proselytes. . . .

From the age of Numa to the reign of Gratian, the Romans preserved the regular succession of the several colleges of the sacerdotal order. Fifteen PONTIFFS exercised their supreme jurisdiction over all things and persons that were consecrated to the service of the gods; and the various questions which perpetually arose in a loose and traditionary system were submitted to the judgment of their holy tribunal. Fifteen grave and learned AUGURS observed the face of the heavens, and prescribed the actions of heroes according to the flight of birds. Fifteen keepers of the Sibylline books (which



*Photo: Rischgitz Collection.*

ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL BEING CONDUCTED TO PRISON.

By G. Schaufelein, Florence.

contained directions as to the worship of the gods) occasionally consulted the history of future, and, as it should seem, of contingent events. Six VESTALS devoted their virginity to the guard of the sacred fire and of the unknown pledges of the duration of Rome, which no mortal had been suffered to behold with impunity. Seven EPULOS prepared the table of the gods, conducted the solemn procession, and regulated the ceremonies of the annual festival. The three FLAMENS of Jupiter, of Mars, and of Quirinus, were considered as the peculiar minister of the three most powerful deities, who watched over the fate of Rome and of the universe. The KING of the SACRIFICES represented the person of Numa and of his successors in the religious functions, which could be performed only by royal hands. The confraternities of the SALIANS, the LUPERCALS, etc., practised such rites as might extort a smile of contempt from every reasonable man, with a lively confidence of recommending themselves to the favour of the immortal gods.

The authority which the Roman Pagan priests had formerly obtained in the counsels of the republic was gradually abolished by the establishment of monarchy and the removal of the seat of empire. But the dignity of their sacred character was still protected by the laws and manners of their country; and they still continued, more especially the college of pontiffs, to exercise in the capital, and sometimes in the provinces, the rights of their ecclesiastical and civil jurisdiction. Their robes of purple, chariots of state, and sumptuous entertainments attracted the admiration of the people; and they received, from the consecrated lands and the public revenue, an ample stipend, which liberally supported the splendour of the priesthood and all the expenses of the religious worship of the state.

\* \* \*

Paganism was still the constitutional religion of the senate. The hall or temple in which they assembled was adorned by the statue and altar of Victory; a majestic female standing on a globe, with flowing garments, expanded

wings, and a crown of laurel in her outstretched hand. The senators were sworn on the altar of the goddess to observe the laws of the emperor and of the empire; and a solemn offering of wine and incense was the ordinary prelude of their public deliberations. The removal of this ancient monument was the only injury which Constantius had offered to the superstition of the Romans. The altar of Victory was again restored by Julian, tolerated by Valentinian, and once more banished from the senate by the zeal of Gratian. But the emperor yet spared the statues of the gods which were exposed to the public veneration: four hundred and twenty-four temples, or chapels, still remained to satisfy the devotion of the people, and in every quarter of Rome the delicacy of the Christians was offended by the fumes of idolatrous sacrifice. . . .

\* \* \*

*The eloquent Symmachus, a wealthy and noble senator, animated by the warmest zeal for the cause of expiring Paganism, pleaded in the Senate for the restoration of Pagan altars.*

#### **A Last Plea for the Gods.**

The orator, whose petition is extant to the Emperor Valentinian, was conscious of the difficulty and danger of the office which he had assumed. He cautiously avoids every topic which might appear to reflect on the religion of his sovereign; humbly declares that prayers and entreaties are his only arms; and artfully draws his arguments from the schools of rhetoric rather than from those of philosophy. Symmachus endeavours to seduce the imagination of a young prince, by displaying the attributes of the goddess of Victory; he insinuates that the confiscation of the revenues which were consecrated to the service of the gods was a measure unworthy of his liberal and disinterested character; and he maintains that the Roman sacrifices would be deprived of their force and energy, if they were no longer celebrated at the expense as well as in the name of the republic. Even scepticism is made to supply an apology for superstition.



*Photo: Rischgitz Collection.*

#### BAPTISM OF CONSTANTINE.

From the painting by Raphael, in the Vatican.

The great and incomprehensible *secret* of the universe eludes the inquiry of man. Where reason cannot instruct, custom may be permitted to guide; and every nation seems to consult the dictates of prudence, by a faithful attachment to those rites and opinions which have received the sanction of ages. If those ages have been crowned with glory and prosperity—if the devout people has frequently obtained the blessings which they have solicited at the altars of the gods—it must appear still more advisable to persist in the same salutary practice, and not to risk the unknown perils that may attend any rash innovations.

The test of antiquity and success was applied with singular advantage to the religion of Numa Pompilius; ROME herself, the celestial genius that presided over the fates of the city, is introduced by the orator to plead her own cause before the tribunal of the emperors. "Most excellent princes," says the venerable matron, "fathers of your

country! pity and respect my age, which has hitherto flowed in an uninterrupted course of piety. Since I do not repent, permit me to continue in the practice of my ancient rites. Since I am born free, allow me to enjoy my domestic institutions. This religion has reduced the world under my laws. These rites have repelled Hannibal from the city, and the Gauls from the Capitol. Were my grey hairs reserved for such intolerable disgrace? I am ignorant of the new system that I am required to adopt; but I am well assured that the correction of old age is always an ungrateful and ignominious office."

The fears of the people supplied what the discretion of the orator had suppressed; and the calamities which afflicted or threatened the declining empire were unanimously imputed by the Pagans to the new religion of Christ and of Constantine.

But the hopes of Symmachus were repeatedly baffled by the firm and

dexterous opposition of the archbishop of Milan, who fortified the emperors against the fallacious eloquence of the advocate of Rome. In this controversy Ambrose condescends to speak the language of a philosopher, and to ask, with some contempt, why it should be thought necessary to introduce an imaginary and invisible power as the cause of those victories, which were sufficiently explained by the valour and discipline of the legions. . . . Arguments like these, when they were suggested by a favourite bishop, had power to prevent the restoration of the altar of Victory; but the same arguments fell with much more energy and effect from the mouth of a conqueror, and the gods of antiquity were dragged in triumph at the chariot-wheels of Theodosius.

\* \* \*

#### *Jupiter or Christ.*

In a full meeting of the senate the emperor proposed, according to the forms of the republic, the important question, whether the worship of Jupiter or that of Christ should be the religion of the Romans? The liberty of suffrages, which he affected to allow, was destroyed by the hopes and fears that his presence inspired; and the arbitrary exile of Symmachus was a recent admonition that it might be dangerous to oppose the wishes of the monarch.

On a regular division of the senate, Jupiter was condemned and degraded by the sense of a very large majority; and it is rather surprising that any members should be found bold enough to declare, by their speeches and votes, that they were still attached to the interest of an abdicated deity. The hasty conversion of the senate must be attributed either to supernatural or to sordid motives; and many of these reluctant proselytes, betrayed, on every favourable occasion, their secret disposition to throw aside the mask of odious dissimulation. But they were gradually fixed in the new religion, as the cause of the ancient became more hopeless; they yielded to the authority of the emperor, to the fashion of the times, and to the entreaties of their

wives and children, who were instigated and governed by the clergy of Rome and the monks of the East. The edifying example of the Anician family was soon imitated by the rest of the nobility: the Bassi, the Paullini, the Gracchi, embraced the Christian religion; and "the luminaries of the world, the venerable assembly of Catos were impatient to strip themselves of their pontifical garment—to cast the skin of the old serpent—to assume the snowy robes of baptismal innocence—and to humble the pride of the consular fasces before the tombs of the martyrs." The citizens, who subsisted by their own industry, and the populace, who were supported by the public liberality, filled the churches of the Lateran and Vatican with an incessant throng of devout proselytes. The decrees of the senate, which proscribed the worship of idols, were ratified by the general consent of the Romans; the splendour of the Capitol was defaced, and the solitary temples were abandoned to ruin and contempt. Rome submitted to the yoke of the Gospel; and the vanquished provinces had not yet lost their reverence for the name and authority of Rome. . . .

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*Theodosius the Great reiterated and enforced his edicts against the Pagans, and overthrew the heathen temples.*

#### *The Temples are Overthrown.*

A special commission was granted . . . to shut the temples, to seize or destroy the instruments of idolatry, to abolish the privileges of the priests, and to confiscate the consecrated property for the benefit of the emperor, of the church, or of the army.

Here the desolation might have stopped: and the naked edifices, which were no longer employed in the service of idolatry, might have been protected from the destructive rage of fanaticism. Many of those temples were the most splendid and beautiful monuments of Grecian architecture: and the emperor himself was interested not to deface the splendour of his own cities, or to diminish the value of his own possessions. Those



"NERO'S TORCHES": THE EMPEROR WITNESSING CHRISTIANS COVERED WITH INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL BEING SET ABLAZE.

From the painting by Henri de Steenradski.

Some of the Christians "were nailed on crosses; others sewn up in the skins of wild beasts, and exposed to the fury of dogs, others again, smeared over with combustible material, were used as torches to illuminate the darkness of the night. The gardens of Nero were destined for this spectacle."

stately edifices might be suffered to remain, as so many lasting trophies of the victory of Christ. In the decline of the arts, they might be usefully converted into magazines, manufactures, or places of public assembly. and perhaps, when the walls of the temple had been sufficiently purified by holy rites, the worship of the true Deity might be allowed to expiate the ancient guilt of idolatry. But as long as they subsisted, the Pagans fondly cherished the secret hope that an auspicious revolution, a second Julian, might again restore the altars of the gods. . . . The laws of the emperors exhibit some symptoms of a milder disposition: but their cold and languid efforts were insufficient to stem the torrent of enthusiasm and rapine, which was conducted, or rather impelled, by the spiritual rulers of the church.

In Syria, the divine and excellent Marcellus, as he is styled by Theodoret, a bishop animated with apostolic fervour, resolved to level with the ground the stately temples within the diocese of Apamea. His attack was resisted by the skill and solidity with which the temple of Jupiter had been constructed.

The building was seated on an eminence: on each of the four sides the lofty roof was supported by fifteen massy columns, sixteen feet in circumference, and the large stones of which they were composed were firmly cemented with lead and iron. The force of the strongest and sharpest tools had been tried without effect. It was found necessary to undermine the foundations of the columns, which fell down as soon as the temporary wooden props had been consumed with fire; and the difficulties of the enterprise are described under the allegory of a black dæmon, who retarded, though he could not defeat, the operations of the Christian engineers. . . .

In the support of this cause (destruction of the temples) the monks, who rushed with tumultuous fury from the desert, distinguished themselves by their zeal and diligence. They deserved the enmity of the Pagans; and some of them might deserve the reproaches of

avarice and intemperance—of avarice, which they gratified with holy plunder; and of intemperance, which they indulged at the expense of the people, who foolishly admired their tattered garments, loud psalmody, and artificial paleness. . . . In almost every province of the Roman world, an army of fanatics, without authority and without discipline, invaded the peaceful inhabitants, and the ruin of the fairest structures of antiquity still displays the ravages of *those* barbarians who alone had time and inclination to execute such laborious destruction.

#### *Temple of Serapis.*

In this wide and various prospect of devastation, the spectator may distinguish the ruins of the temple of Serapis, at Alexandria. . . . Alexandria, which claimed his peculiar protection, gloried in the name of the city of Serapis. His temple, which rivalled the pride and magnificence of the Capitol, was erected on the spacious summit of an artificial mount, raised one hundred steps above the level of the adjacent parts of the city; and the interior cavity was strongly supported by arches, and distributed into vaults and subterraneous apartments. The consecrated buildings were surrounded by a quadrangular portico; the stately halls and exquisite statues displayed the triumph of the arts; and the treasures of ancient learning were preserved in the famous Alexandrian library, which had arisen with new splendour from its ashes. After the edicts of Theodosius had severely prohibited the sacrifices of the Pagans, they were still tolerated in the city and temple of Serapis; and this singular indulgence was imprudently ascribed to the superstitious terrors of the Christians themselves: as if they had feared to abolish those ancient rites which could alone secure the inundations of the Nile, the harvests of Egypt, and the subsistence of Constantinople.

At that time the archiepiscopal throne of Alexandria was filled by Theophilus, the perpetual enemy of peace and virtue; a bold, bad man, whose hands were alternately polluted with gold and with

blood. His pious indignation was excited by the honours of Serapis; and the insults which he offered to an ancient chapel of Bacchus convinced the Pagans that he meditated a more important and dangerous enterprise. In the tumultuous capital of Egypt, the slightest provocation was sufficient to inflame a civil war. The votaries of Serapis, whose strength and numbers were much inferior to those of their antagonists, rose in arms at the instigation of the philosopher Olympius, who exhorted them to die in the defence of the altars of the gods. These Pagan

rubbish, a part of which was soon afterwards cleared away to make room for a church erected in honour of the Christian martyrs. The valuable library of Alexandria was pillaged or destroyed; and near twenty years afterwards, the appearance of the empty shelves excited the regret and indignation of every spectator whose mind was not totally darkened by religious prejudice. The compositions of ancient genius, so many of which have irretrievably perished, might surely have been excepted from the wreck of idolatry, for the amusement and instruction of succeeding ages; and



*Photo: Rischgatz Collection.*

*By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.*

JULIAN THE APOSTATE PRESIDING AT A CONFERENCE OF SECTARIANS.

From the painting by E. Armitage, R.A., in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool

fanatics fortified themselves in the temple, or rather fortress, of Serapis; repelled the besiegers by daring sallies and a resolute defence; and, by the inhuman cruelties which they exercised on their Christian prisoners, obtained the last consolation of despair. . . .

Theophilus proceeded to demolish the temple of Serapis, without any other difficulties than those which he found in the weight and solidity of the materials; but these obstacles proved so insuperable that he was obliged to leave the foundations, and to content himself with reducing the edifice itself to a heap of

either the zeal or the avarice of the archbishop might have been satiated with the rich spoils which were the reward of his victory. . . .

The colossal statue of Serapis was involved in the ruin of his temple and religion. A great number of plates of different metals, artificially joined together, composed the majestic figure of the deity, who touched on either side the walls of the sanctuary. The aspect of Serapis, his sitting posture, and the sceptre which he bore in his left hand, were extremely similar to the ordinary representations of Jupiter. It was

confidently affirmed that, if any impious hand should dare to violate the majesty of the god, the heavens and the earth would instantly return to their original chaos. . . .

An intrepid soldier, animated by zeal, and armed with a weighty battle-axe, ascended the ladder; and even the Christian multitude expected with some anxiety the event of the combat. He aimed a vigorous stroke against the cheek of Serapis; the cheek fell to the ground; the thunder was still silent, and both the heavens and the earth continued to preserve their accustomed order and tranquillity.

The victorious soldier repeated his blows: the huge idol was overthrown and broken in pieces; and the limbs of Serapis were ignominiously dragged through the streets of Alexandria. His mangled carcase was burnt in the amphitheatre, amidst the shouts of the populace; and many persons attributed their conversion to this discovery of the impotence of their tutelar deity. . . .

After the fall of Serapis, some hopes were still entertained by the Pagans that the Nile would refuse his annual supply to the impious masters of Egypt; and the extraordinary delay of the inundation seemed to announce the displeasure of the river-god. But this delay was soon compensated by the rapid swell of the waters. They suddenly rose to such an unusual height as to comfort the discontented party with the pleasing expectation of a deluge; till the peaceful river again subsided to the well-known and fertilising level of sixteen cubits, or about thirty English feet. . . .

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*Gibbon proceeds to reflect on those acts of the Christian Emperors "who violated the precepts of humanity and the Gospel," and goes on to deal with the various practices by which "the sublime and simple theology of the primitive Christians was gradually corrupted: and the monarchy of heaven, already clouded by metaphysical subtleties, was degraded by the introduction of a popular mythology which tended to restore the reign of Polytheism."*

The grateful respect of the Christians for the martyrs of the faith was exalted, by time and victory, into religious adoration; and the most illustrious of the saints and prophets were deservedly associated to the honours of the martyrs. One hundred and fifty years after the glorious deaths of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Vatican and the Ostian road were distinguished by the tombs, or rather by the trophies, of those spiritual heroes. . . . The bodies of St. Andrew, St. Luke, and St. Timothy had reposed near three hundred years in the obscure graves from whence they were transported, in solemn pomp, to the church of the apostles, which the magnificence of Constantine had founded on the banks of the Thracian Bosphorus. . . .

The honours of the saints and martyrs, after a feeble and ineffectual murmur of profane reason, were universally established; and in the age of Ambrose and Jerom something was still deemed wanting to the sanctity of a Christian church, till it had been consecrated by some portion of holy relics, which fixed and inflamed the devotion of the faithful. In the long period of twelve hundred years, which elapsed between the reign of Constantine and the reformation of Luther, the worship of saints and relics corrupted the pure and perfect simplicity of the Christian model; and some symptoms of degeneracy may be observed even in the first generations which adopted and cherished this pernicious innovation.

The satisfactory experience that the relics of saints were more valuable than gold or precious stones stimulated the clergy to multiply the treasures of the church. Without much regard for truth or probability, they invented names for skeletons, and actions for names. The fame of the apostles, and of the holy men who had imitated their virtues, was darkened by religious fiction. To the invincible band of genuine and primitive martyrs they added myriads of imaginary heroes, who had never existed, except in the fancy of crafty or credulous legends.

# VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

OLIVER GOLDSMITH



Photo · Rischgitz Collection.

DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH, BY REYNOLDS.

"*The Vicar of Wakefield*," one of the masterpieces of English eighteenth-century fiction, was published on March 27th, 1766. Goldsmith's name did not appear on the title-page, but was appended to the "Advertisement" (Preface) which, as Goldsmith's brief statement of his aims, is best quoted in full.

"There are hundred faults in this Thing, and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece (Dr. Primrose, the Vicar) unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth: he is a priest, a husbandman, and a father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey—as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement, how can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life, will turn with disdain from the

simplicity of his fireside; such as mistake ribaldry for humour, will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been brought to deride religion, will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity."

Boswell's well-known story of Dr. Johnson's discovery of Goldsmith in the hands of bailiffs, in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, with no other means of paying his rent than "a novel ready for the press," and of the prompt sale of the book to Newbery for a sum (sixty guineas) which enabled the author to get rid of the bailiffs and to tell his landlady what he thought of her, is almost certainly true in substance. But it has been clearly shown that Goldsmith had begun "*The Vicar of Wakefield*" in 1762, and that in that year Goldsmith had sold a third share in the work to Collins, the Salisbury printer.

It is doubtful whether the novel was finished when Newbery, the publisher, bought it, or whether it was ever finished in the literary sense, for its plot arouses some expectations which are not fulfilled. But the promise of Goldsmith's "Advertisement" is abundantly fulfilled. The strength and grace of the Vicar's character, the light follies of his wife and daughters and of his son Moses, the wisdom of Mr. Burchell, the vulgarities of Miss Carolina Wilhelmína Amelia Skeggs, and the rhodomontade of that venerable humbug, Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson, with his "cosmogony" nonsense, are all elements in a story which abounds in episodes of pure comedy. As the late Mr. Austin Dobson says in his monograph on Goldsmith ("English Men of Letters" series) this novel, in spite of "the inconsistencies of the plot, and the incoherencies of the story, remains, and will continue to be, one of our first English classics. Its sweet humanity, its simplicity, its wisdom and its common sense, its happy mingling of character and

*Christianity, will keep it sweet long after more ambitious, and in many respects, abler works have found their level with the great democracy of the forgotten."*

*The following passage is one of the most famous in the story. It exhibits the simultaneous incursion into the Vicar's family of worldly folly and wisdom, and the effect of each on the circle.*

*The Vicar is telling the story in the first person ; where the following passage commences he is speaking of the changing fortunes in the simple lives of his family.*

#### THE FAMILY TRY TO COPE WITH THEIR BETTERS.

**I** NOW began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awaked that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows, again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses ; and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead therefore of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flam-boroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life, and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gipsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sibyl no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a-piece to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling ; though for the honour of the family it

must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets, but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great.

"Well, my girls, how have you sped ? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a pennyworth ?"

"I protest, papa," says the girl, "I believe she deals with somebody that's not right, for she positively declared, that I am to be married to a 'Squire in less than a twelvemonth !"

"Well, now, Sophy, my child," said I, "and what sort of an husband are you to have ?"

"Sir," replied she, "I am to have a Lord soon after my sister has married the 'Squire."

"How !" cried I, "is that all you are to have for your two shillings ? Only a Lord and a 'Squire for two shillings ? You fools, I could have promised you a Prince and a Nabob for half the money."

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects : we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite ; in the latter Nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising ; and, as the whole parish asserted that the 'Squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him ; for they persuaded her into the passion.

In this agreeable interval my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning, with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the signs of an approaching

wedding ; at another time she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign they would shortly be stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt strange kisses on their lips ; they saw rings in the candle ; purses bounced

my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening they began

their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus :—

"I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow."

"Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I, "though you need be under no uneasiness about that ; you shall have a sermon whether there be or not."

"That is what I expect," returned she ; "but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen ?"

"Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance in church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene."

"Yes," cried she, "I know that ; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible ; not altogether like the scrubs about us."

"You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make the very same proposal. The

proper manner of going is to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins."

"Phoo, Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true ; but not what I would be at ; I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like



*By permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.*

"She positively declared that I am to be married to a 'Squire in less than a twelvemonth!'"

*From the colour drawing by Francis D Bedford.*

from the fire, and true-love-knots lurked in the bottom of every teacup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies, in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this,

to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: there are our two plough-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should not they do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition, but, as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow.

I waited near an hour in the reading desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased, when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the footway was but two, and, but when got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted on one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next

the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into its head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving everything safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

\* \* \*  
"FUDGE."

MICHAELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's-wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before; however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind-man's buff. My wife, too, was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the meantime, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case,



THE VICAR OF WAKFIELD.  
From the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A.

*Photo: Kischgitz Collection*

for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defence.

It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when, confusion on confusion! who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe, this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying—

"We were thrown from our horses."

At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad; but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters: their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with

anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true or may not be true; but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his Lordship turned all manner of colours, my Lady fell into a swoond, but Sir Tomkyn drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as fact, that the next morning my Lord Duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan! bring me my garters."

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and, at the conclusion of every sentence, would cry out *fudge*, an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion."—*Fudge!*

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs: "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favour me with a sight of them?"—*Fudge!*

"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge—at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them."—*Fudge!*

"Your Ladyship should except," says the other, "your own things in the

'Lady's Magazine.' I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?"  
—*Fudge!*

"Why, my dear," says the lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me, to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find; and, to be sure, thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one."  
—*Fudge!*

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half year, one of them refused to do plain-work an hour in the day; another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary; and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?"—*Fudge!*

My wife had been, for a long time, all attention to this discourse, but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year, made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all which was in a manner going a-begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the 'Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the



*By permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.*

"Down came my wife and daughters dressed out in all their former splendour."

*From the Colour Drawing by Francis D Bedford.*

way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family.

"I hope," cried she, "your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And, I will be bold to say, my two girls have had a pretty good education and capacity; at least the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they

understand their needle, broad-stitch, cross and change, and all manner of plainwork ; they can pink, point, and frill, and know something of music ; they can do up small clothes, work upon catgut ; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards."—*Fudge !*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments.

"But a thing of this kind, madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, Madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion : but there is a form in these things, Madam—there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself, but referred her to all the neighbours for a character ; but this our Peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient ; and upon this we rested our petition.

\* \* \*

#### THE SELLING OF THE COLT.

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. . . . Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme :—

"Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."

"Pretty well !" cried I, not knowing what to say.

"What, only pretty well !" returned she : "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town ! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands.

Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day ; and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be ? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly—so very obliging. However, Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there ? "

"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter ; "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months ! "

This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity : for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled ; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme ; and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the Colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry a single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly ; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself ; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

"No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage ; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission ; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair :



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

#### PREPARING MOSES FOR THE FAIR.

From the painting by Machise.

"The next morning I perceived his sisters mightily busy in fitting out Moses for the fair trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins."

trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the Colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

*Meanwhile the family hear pleasant news from Mr. Thornhill's butler: the two high-placed ladies, it appeared, thought well of Olivia and her sister. Mr. Burchell also called, he had been at the fair. "He brought my little ones a pennyworth of*

*ginger bread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it." But Mr. Burchell did not approve of the London plans for Olivia and her sister; the Vicar intervenes in a battle of words between his wife and Mr. Burchell.*

As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that,

that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the Colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"Why!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the Colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper

rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong, he should not have known them at all."

"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff: if I had them, I would throw them in the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I, "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under the pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

\* \* \*

#### ANOTHER CALAMITY.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expense. We debated therefore in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished: it was found that

our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye: it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him, for the purposes above mentioned, at the neighbouring fair; and to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself.

Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. . . .

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing that he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a wind-gall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time, I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right; and St. Gregory, upon Good Works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and, shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an alehouse, we were shown into a little back room, where was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt

our conversation: my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off, by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.

"Make no apologies, my child," said the old man; "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures. Take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome."

The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible.

The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with some attention for some time; and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the Church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment.

"Sir," cried I, "the applause of so good a man as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, Sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say, successfully fought against the deuterogamy of the age."

"Sir," cried the stranger, struck with awe, "I fear I have been too familiar, but you'll forgive my curiosity, Sir: I beg pardon."

"Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you'll

accept my friendship, as you have already my esteem."

"Then with gratitude I accept the offer," cried he, squeezing me by the hand, "thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy! and do I behold"—I here interrupted what he was going to say; my modesty would permit no more. . . .

"Ay Sir," replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment.

"Ay, Sir, the world is in its dotage; and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! . . . But, Sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question."

That he actually was; nor could I, for my life, see how the creation of the world had anything to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now revered him the more. I was resolved, therefore, to bring him to the touchstone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made an observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing, by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, insensibly changed from the business of antiquity, to that which brought us both to the fair: mine, I told him, was to sell a horse, and very luckily, indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced; and, in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with this demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. . . .

Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman, having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country. Upon replying that he was my next-door neighbour:

"If that be the case, then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him, payable at sight; and, let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop on one leg further than I."

A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability. The draft was signed, and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late; I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over.

"You can read the name, I suppose," cried I—"Ephraim Jenkinson."

"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too—the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, and cosmogony, and the world?"

To this I replied with a groan.

"Ay," continued he, "he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it away whenever he finds a scholar in company; but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage, than I was of going home,

# THE LIFE OF THE BEE

MAETERLINCK

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Photo: Hoppé.

MAETERLINCK.

Maeterlinck, although a Belgian by nationality, writes in French, and he enjoys a world-wide popularity. He has written many plays, "The Blue Bird" being one of the most charming. The example from Maeterlinck given here is taken from one of his most delightful books, "The Life of the Bee." Himself an enthusiastic bee-keeper, and associated with bees for nearly half a century, he has produced a little book that has charmed countless readers who would never lay claim to be naturalists. For the book is not a treatise, although no treatise could convey to the reader more information about the inner life of the bee. There have been naturalists who complain that he has made the bees too human, too intelligent, too romantic. But, withal, Maeterlinck has

found the life of the bee marvellous enough, without excursions into fiction. In his simple, limpid prose he imparts romance—is it undue romance?—to the life of busy bees, and holds the reader entranced. Maeterlinck is an apostle of imagination; while, here and there, may be found a naturalist to quibble at his idealism, his exuberance, his poetry, colour and vivacity, the reader, who has never made a close study of bees, will be held spellbound as he reads the amazing episodes that recur yearly in the life of every beehive. What does the drama mean?—the swarms, the foundation of new cities, the births, and fights and nuptial flights, the massacre of the males, and all the amazing things that result from what Maeterlinck calls the "spirit of the

hive." Marvellous things are done in the hive, some human-like, others as "some will say, that men would not do; a proof that the bee, notwithstanding the marvels of its organisation, still is lacking in intellect and veritable consciousness. Is this so certain?"—Maeterlinck, at least, has his views and expresses them in such a charming, appealing way that readers of the following extracts will be driven to the book itself. The "Georgics" of Virgil are usually read as poetry, though they happen to remain the most practical manual of agriculture; whether Maeterlinck in his enthusiasms indulges in playful fancy or not, we are at least put in possession of the natural history of bees—and each reader can draw his own conclusions.

## THE SWARM.

9

WE will now, so as to draw more closely to nature, consider the different episodes of the swarm as they come to pass in an ordinary hive, which is ten or twenty times more populous than an observation one, and leaves the bees entirely free and untrammelled.

Here, then, they have shaken off the torpor of winter. The queen started laying again in the very first days of February, and the workers have flocked to the willows and nut-trees, gorse and violets, anemones and lungworts. Then spring invades the earth, and cellar and attic stream with honey and pollen, while each day beholds the birth of thousands of bees. The overgrown males now all sally forth from their cells, and disport themselves on the combs; and so crowded does the too prosperous city become that hundreds of belated workers, coming back from the flowers towards evening, will vainly seek shelter within, and will be forced to spend the night on the threshold, where they will be decimated by the cold.

Restlessness seizes the people, and the old queen begins to stir. She feels that a new destiny is being prepared. She has religiously fulfilled her duty as a good creatress; and from this duty done there result only tribulation and sorrow. An invincible power menaces her tranquillity; she will soon be forced to quit this city of hers, where she has reigned. But this city is her work; it is she, herself. She is not its queen in the sense in which men use the word. She issues no orders; she obeys, as meekly as the humblest of her subjects, the masked power, sovereignly wise, that for the present, and till we attempt to locate it, we will term the "spirit of the hive." But she is the unique organ of love; she is the mother of the city. She founded it amid uncertainty and poverty. She has peopled it with her own substance; and all who move within its walls—workers, males, larvæ, nymphs, and the young princesses whose approaching birth will hasten her own departure, one of them being already designed as her

successor by the "spirit of the hive"—all have issued from her flanks.

10

What is this "spirit of the hive"—where does it reside? It is not like the special instinct that teaches the bird to construct its well-planned nest, and then seek other skies when the day for migration returns. Nor is it a kind of mechanical habit of the race, or blind craving for life, that will fling the bees upon any wild hazard the moment an unforeseen event shall derange the accustomed order of phenomena. On the contrary, be the event never so masterful, the "spirit of the hive" still will follow it, step by step, like an alert and quick-witted slave, who is able to derive advantage even from his master's most dangerous orders.

It disposes pitilessly of the wealth and the happiness, the liberty and life, of all this winged people; and yet with discretion, as though governed itself by some great duty. It regulates day by day the number of births, and contrives that these shall strictly accord with the number of flowers that brighten the country-side. It decrees the queen's deposition, or warns her that she must depart; it compels her to bring her own rivals into the world, and rears them royally, protecting them from their mother's political hatred. . . . At other times, when the season wanes, and flowery hours grow shorter, it will command the workers themselves to slaughter the whole imperial brood, that the era of revolutions may close, and work become the sole object of all. The "spirit of the hive" is prudent and thrifty, but by no means parsimonious. And thus, aware, it would seem, that nature's laws are somewhat wild and extravagant in all that pertains to love, it tolerates, during summer days of abundance, the embarrassing presence in the hive of three or four hundred males, from whose ranks the queen about to be born shall select her lover; three or four hundred foolish, clumsy, useless, noisy creatures, who are pretentious, glutinous, dirty, coarse, totally and scandalously idle, insatiable, and enormous.

But after the queen's impregnation, when flowers begin to close sooner and open later, the spirit one morning will coldly decree the simultaneous and general massacre of every male. It regulates the workers' labours, with due regard to their age; it allots their task to the nurses who tend the nymphs and the larvæ, the ladies of honour who wait on the queen, and never allow her out of their sight; the house-bees who air, refresh, or heat the hive by fanning their wings, and hasten the evaporation of the honey that may be too highly

charged with water; the architects, masons, waxworkers and sculptors who form the chain and construct the combs; the foragers who sally forth to the flowers in search of the nectar that turns into honey, of the pollen that feeds the nymphs and the larvæ, the propolis that welds and strengthens the buildings of the city, or the water and salt required by the youth of the nation. Its orders have gone to the chemists, who ensure the preservation of the honey by letting



*Photo: Tickner Edwardes.*

#### A LIVING CHAIN.

The architects, masons, waxworkers, and sculptors form the chain and construct the comb, and there are the foragers, the chemists, the sweepers, the bearers, and other workers as described in the text.

a drop of formic acid fall in from the end of their sting; to the capsule-makers, who seal down the cells when the treasure is ripe; to the sweepers, who maintain public places and streets most irreproachably clean; to the bearers, whose duty it is to remove the corpses; and to the amazons of the guard who keep watch on the threshold by day and by night, question comers and goers, recognise the novices who return from their very first flight, scare away vagabonds, marauders,

and loiterers, expel all intruders, attack redoubtable foes in a body, and, if need be, barricade the entrance.

Finally, it is the spirit of the hive that fixes the hour of the great annual sacrifice to the genius of the race: the hour, that is, of the swarm, when we find a whole people, who have attained the topmost pinnacle of prosperity and power, suddenly abandon to the generation to come their wealth and their palaces, their homes and the fruits of their labour; themselves content to encounter the hardships and perils of a new and distant country. This act, be it conscious or not, undoubtedly passes the limits of human morality. Its result will sometimes be ruin, but poverty always; and the thrice-happy city is scattered abroad in obedience to a law superior to its own happiness. Where has this law been decreed, which, as we soon shall find, is by no means as blind and inevitable as one might believe? . . .

## II

Our hive, then, is preparing to swarm; making ready for the great immolation to the exacting gods of the race. In obedience to the order of the spirit—an order that to us may well seem incomprehensible, for it is entirely opposed to all our own instincts and feelings—60 or 70,000 bees out of the 80 or 90,000 that form the whole population, will abandon the maternal city at the prescribed hour. They will not leave at a moment of despair; or desert, with sudden and wild resolve, a home laid waste by famine, disease, or war. No; the exile has long been planned, and the favourable hour patiently awaited. Were the hive poor, had it suffered from pillage or storm, had misfortune befallen the royal family, the bees would not forsake it. They leave it only when it has attained the apogee of its prosperity; at a time when, after the arduous labours of the spring, the immense palace of wax has its 120,000 well-arranged cells overflowing with new honey, and with the many-coloured flour, known as "bees' bread," on which nymphs and larvæ are fed.

Never is the hive more beautiful than

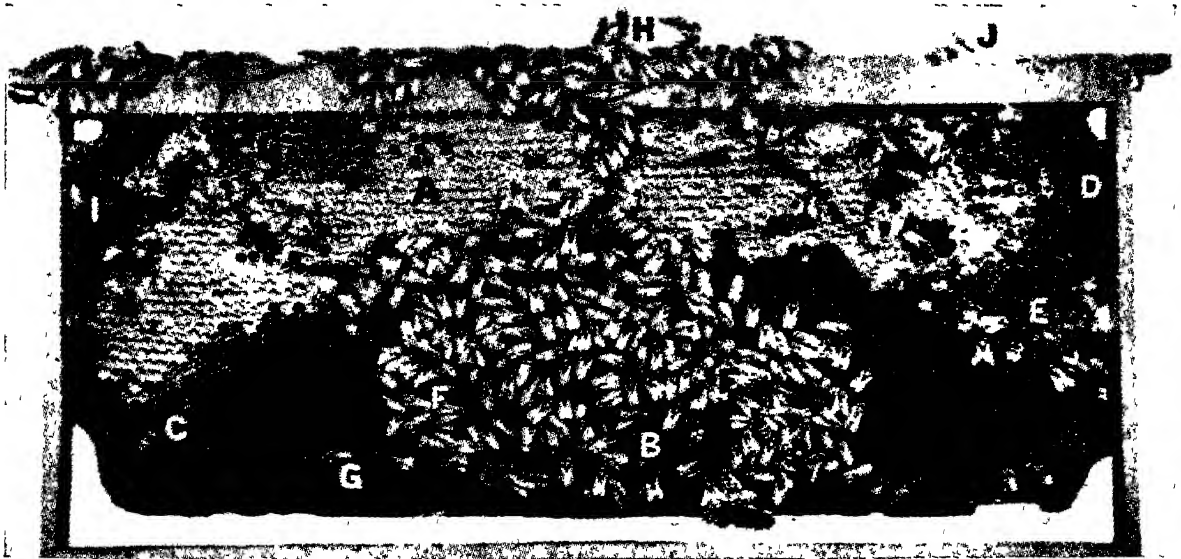
on the eve of its heroic renouncement, in its unrivalled hour of fullest abundance and joy; serene, for all its apparent excitement and feverishness. Let us endeavour to picture it to ourselves—not as it appears to the bees, for we cannot tell in what magical, formidable fashion things may be reflected in the 6 or 7,000 facets of their lateral eyes and the triple cyclopean eye on their brow—but as it would seem to us, were we of their stature. From the height of a dome more colossal than that of St. Peter's at Rome, waxen walls descend to the ground, balanced in the void and the darkness; gigantic and manifold, vertical and parallel geometric constructions, to which, for relative precision, audacity, and vastness, no human structure is comparable. Each of these walls, whose substance still is immaculate and fragrant, of virginal, silvery freshness, contains thousands of cells stored with provisions sufficient to feed the whole people for several weeks. Here, lodged in transparent cells, are the pollens, love-ferment of every flower of spring, making brilliant splashes of red and yellow, of black and mauve. Close by, sealed with a seal to be broken only in days of supreme distress, the honey of April is stored, most limpid and perfumed of all, in twenty thousand reservoirs that form a long and magnificent embroidery of gold, whose borders hang stiff and rigid. Still lower the honey of May matures, in great open vats by whose side watchful cohorts maintain an incessant current of air. In the centre, and far from the light whose diamond rays steal in through the only opening, in the warmest part of the hive, there stands the abode of the future; here does it sleep, and wake. For this is the royal domain of the brood-cells, set apart for the queen and her acolytes; about 10,000 cells wherein the eggs repose, 15 or 16,000 chambers tenanted by larvæ, 40,000 dwellings inhabited by white nymphs to whom thousands of nurses minister. And finally, in the holy of holies of these parts, are the three, four, six, or twelve sealed palaces, vast in size compared with the others, where the adolescent princesses lie who await their hour; wrapped in a kind of shroud, all

of them motionless and pale, and fed in the darkness. . . .

## 13

All things go to prove that it is not the queen, but the spirit of the hive, that decides on the swarm. . . . The hour once fixed, the spirit will probably let it be known at break of dawn, or the previous night, if indeed not two nights before; for scarcely has the sun drunk in the first drops of dew when a most unaccustomed stir, whose meaning the bee-keeper rarely will fail to grasp, is to be noticed within and around the buzzing

this be done in human fashion. It is possible even that their own refrain may be inaudible to them; the murmur that comes to us heavily laden with perfume of honey, the ecstatic whisper of fairest summer days that the bee-keeper loves so well, the festival song of labour that rises and falls around the hive in the crystal of the hour, and might almost be the chant of the eager flowers, hymn of their gladness and echo of their soft fragrance: the voice of the white carnations, the marjoram, and the thyme. They have, however, a whole gamut of sounds that we can distinguish, ranging



*Reproduced from the Smithsonian Report, 1920.*

Frame removed from a hive of bees, showing: (A) sealed honey; (B) sealed brood (pupae); (C) brood (eggs and young larvae); (D) old larvae, cells ready to be sealed; (E) pollen or bee-bread; (F) nurse bees; (G) fanner; (H) wax generators; (I) guard; and (J) old wax. Much reduced in size.

city. At times one would almost appear to detect a sign of dispute, hesitation, recoil. It will happen even that for day after day a strange emotion, apparently without cause, will appear and vanish in this transparent, golden throng. Has a cloud that we cannot see crept across the sky that the bees are watching; or is their intellect battling with a new regret? Does a winged council debate the necessity for the departure? Of this we know nothing; as we know nothing of the manner in which the spirit conveys its resolution to the crowd. Certain as it may seem that the bees communicate with each other, we know not whether

from profound delight to menace, distress and anger; they have the ode of the queen, the songs of abundance, the psalms of grief, and lastly the long and mysterious war-cries the adolescent princesses send forth during the combats and massacres that precede the nuptial flight. May this be a fortuitous music that fails to attain their inward silence? . . . It is possible that we on our side only hear a fractional part of the sounds that the bees produce, and that they have many harmonies to which our ears are not attuned. We soon shall see with what startling rapidity they are able to understand each other, and adopt concerted

measures, when for instance the great honey thief, the huge Sphinx Atropos, the sinister moth that bears a death's head on its back, penetrates into the hive, humming its own strange note, which acts as a kind of irresistible incantation ; the news spreads quickly from group to group, and from the guards at the threshold to the workers on the furthest combs, the whole population quivers.

## 14

It was for a long time believed that when these wise bees, generally so prudent, so far-sighted and economical, abandoned the treasures of their kingdom and flung themselves upon the uncertainties of life, they were yielding to a kind of irresistible folly, a mechanical impulse, a law of the species, a decree of nature, or to the force that for all creatures lies hidden in the revolution of time. It is our habit, in the case of the bees no less than our own, to regard as fatality all that we do not as yet understand. But now that the hive has surrendered two or three of its material secrets, we have discovered that this exodus is neither instinctive nor inevitable. It is not a blind emigration, but apparently the well-considered sacrifice of the present generation in favour of the generation to come. The bee-keeper has only to destroy in their cells the young queens that still are inert, and, at the same time, if nymphs and larvæ abound, to enlarge the storehouses and dormitories of the nation, for this unprofitable tumult instantaneously to subside, work to be at once resumed, and the flowers revisited ; while the old queen, who now is essential again, having no successor to hope for, or perhaps to fear, will renounce for this year her desire for the light of the sun. Reassured as to the future of the activity that will soon spring into life, she will tranquilly resume her maternal work, which consists in the laying of two or three thousand eggs a day, as she passes, in methodical spirals, from cell to cell, omitting none, and never pausing to rest.

Where is the fatality here, save in the love of the race of to-day for the race of to-morrow ? This fatality exists in

the human species also, but its extent and power seem infinitely less. Among men it never gives rise to sacrifices as great, as unanimous, or as complete. What far-seeing fatality, taking the place of this one, do we ourselves obey ? We know not ; as we know not the being who watches us as we watch the bees.

## 15

But the hive that we have selected is disturbed in its history by no interference of man ; and as the beautiful day advances with radiant and tranquil steps beneath the trees, its ardour, still moist with the dew, makes the appointed hour seem laggard. Over the whole surface of the golden corridors that divide the parallel walls the workers are busily making preparation for the journey. And each one will first of all burden herself with provision of honey sufficient for five or six days. From this honey that they carry within them they will distil, by a chemical process still unexplained, the wax required for the immediate construction of buildings. They will provide themselves also with a certain amount of propolis, a kind of resin with which they will seal all the crevices in the new dwelling, strengthen weak places, varnish the walls, and exclude the light ; for the bees love to work in almost total obscurity, guiding themselves with their many-faceted eyes, or with their antennæ perhaps, the seat, it would seem, of an unknown sense that fathoms and measures the darkness.

## 16

They are not without prescience, therefore, of what is to befall them on this the most dangerous day of all their existence. Absorbed by the cares, the prodigious perils of this mighty adventure, they will have no time now to visit the gardens and meadows ; and to-morrow, and after to-morrow, it may happen that rain may fall, or there may be wind ; that their wings may be frozen or the flowers refuse to open. Famine and death would await them were it not for this foresight of theirs. None would come to their help, nor would they seek help of any. For one city knows not the

other, and assistance never is given. And even though the apiarist deposit the hive in which he has gathered the old queen and her attendant cluster of bees by the side of the abode they have but this moment quitted, they would . . . all, one by one, and down to the last of them, perish of hunger and cold around their unfortunate queen rather than return to the home of their birth, whose sweet odour of plenty, the fragrance indeed of their own past assiduous labour, reaches them even in their distress.

## 17

That is a thing, some will say, that men would not do ; a proof that the bee, notwithstanding the marvels of its organisation, still is lacking in intellect and veritable consciousness. Is this so certain ? Other beings, surely, may possess an intellect that differs from ours and produces different results without therefore being inferior. And besides, are we, even in this little human parish of ours, such infallible judges of matters that pertain to the spirit ? Can we so readily divine the thoughts that may govern the two or three people whom we may chance to see moving and talking behind a closed window when their words do not reach us ? Or let us suppose that

an inhabitant of Venus or Mars were to contemplate us from the height of a mountain, and watch the little black specks that we form in space as we come and go in the streets and squares of our towns. Would the mere sight of our movements, our buildings, machines, and canals, convey to him any precise idea of our morality, intellect, our manner of thinking and loving and hoping—in a word, of our real and intimate self ? All he could do, like ourselves as we gaze at the hive, would be to take note of some facts that seem very surprising ; and from these facts to deduce conclusions probably no less erroneous, no less uncertain, than those that we choose to form concerning the bee.

This much at least is certain ; our "little black specks" would not offer the vast moral direction, the wonderful unity, that are so apparent in the hive. "Whither do they tend, and what is it they do ?" he would ask, after years and centuries of patient watching. "What is the aim of their life, or its pivot ? Do they obey some god ? I can see nothing that governs their actions. The little things that one day they appear to collect and build up, the next they destroy and scatter. They come and they go, they meet and disperse, but one knows



*Photo : Tickner Edwardes*

## THE FANNING ARMY.

The house-bees who air, refresh or heat the hive by fanning their wings, and hasten the evaporation of the honey that may be too highly charged with water.

not what it is they seek. In numberless cases the spectacle they present is altogether inexplicable. There are some, for instance, who, as it were, seem scarcely to stir from their place. They are to be distinguished by their glossier coat, and often, too, by their more considerable bulk. They occupy buildings ten or twenty times larger than ordinary dwellings, and richer, and more ingeniously fashioned. Every day they spend many hours at their meals, which sometimes, indeed, are prolonged far into the night. They appear to be held in extraordinary honour by those who approach them; men come from the neighbouring houses bringing provisions, and even from the depths of the country laden with presents. One can only assume that these persons must be indispensable to the race, to which they render essential service, although our means of investigation have not yet enabled us to discover what the precise nature of this service may be. There are others, again, who are incessantly engaged in the most wearisome labour, whether it be in great sheds full of wheels that forever turn round and round, or close by the shipping, or in obscure hovels, or on small plots of earth that from sunrise to sunset they are constantly delving and digging. We are led to believe that this labour must be an offence, and punishable. For the persons guilty of it are housed in filthy, ruinous, squalid cabins. . . . In numbers they are to the others as a thousand to one. It is remarkable that the species should have been able to survive to this day under conditions so unfavourable to its development. It should be mentioned, however, that, apart from this characteristic devotion to their wearisome toil, they appear inoffensive and docile, and satisfied with the leavings of those who evidently are the guardians, if not the saviours, of the race." . . .

22

The man who never before has beheld the swarm of a populous hive must regard this riotous, bewildering spectacle with some apprehension and diffidence. He will be almost afraid to draw near;

he will wonder can these be the earnest, the peace-loving, hard-working bees whose movements he has hitherto followed? It was but a few moments before he had seen them troop in from all parts of the country, as pre-occupied, seemingly, as little housewives might be with no thoughts beyond household cares. He had watched them stream into the hive, imperceptibly almost, out of breath, eager, exhausted, full of discreet agitation; and had seen the young amazons stationed at the gate salute them, as they passed by, with the slightest wave of antennæ. And then, the inner court reached, they had hurriedly given their harvest of honey to the adolescent portresses always stationed within, exchanging with these at most the three or four probably indispensable words; or perhaps they would hasten themselves to the vast magazines that encircle the brood-cells, and deposit the two heavy baskets of pollen that depend from their thighs, thereupon at once going forth once more, without giving a thought to what might be passing in the royal palace, the work-rooms, or the dormitory where the nymphs lie asleep; without for one instant joining the babel of the public place in front of the gate, where it is the wont of the cleaners, at time of great heat, to congregate and gossip.

23

To-day this is all changed. A certain number of workers, it is true, will peacefully go to the fields, as though nothing were happening; will come back, clean the hive, attend to the brood-cells, and hold altogether aloof from the general ecstasy. These are the ones that will not accompany the queen; they will remain to guard the old home, feed the nine or ten thousand eggs, the eighteen thousand larvæ, the thirty-six thousand nymphs and seven or eight royal princesses that to-day shall all be abandoned. Why they have been singled out for this austere duty, by what law, or by whom, it is not in our power to divine. . . .

24

And yet, the attraction must seem irresistible. It is the ecstasy of the

perhaps unconscious sacrifice the god has ordained; it is the festival of honey, the triumph of the race, the victory of the future; the one day of joy, of forgetfulness and folly; the only Sunday known to the bees. It would appear to be also the solitary day upon which all eat their fill, and revel, to heart's content, in the delights of the treasure themselves have amassed. It is as though they were prisoners to whom freedom at last had been given, who had been suddenly led to a land of refreshment and plenty. They exult, they cannot contain the joy that is in them. They come and go aimlessly—they whose every movement has always its precise and useful purpose—they depart and return, sally forth once again to see if the queen be ready, to excite their sisters, to beguile the tedium of waiting. They fly much higher than is their wont, and the leaves of the mighty trees round about all quiver responsive. They have left trouble behind, and care. They no longer are meddling and fierce, aggressive, suspicious, untameable, angry. Man—the unknown master whose sway they never acknowledge, who can subdue them only by conforming to their every law, to their habits of labour, and following step by step the path that is traced in their life by an intellect nothing can thwart or turn from its purpose, by a spirit whose aim is always the good of the morrow—on this day man can approach them, can divide the glittering curtain they form as they fly round and round in songful circles; he can take them up in his hand, and gather them as he would a bunch of grapes; for to-day, in their gladness, possessing nothing, but full of faith in the future, they will submit to everything and injure no one, provided only they be not separated from the queen who bears that future within her.

37

And now to return to our swarming hive, where the bees have already given the signal for departure, without waiting for these reflections of ours to come to an end. At the moment this signal is given, it is as though one sudden mad impulse had simultaneously flung open

wide every single gate in the city; and the black throng issues, or rather pours forth, in a double, or treble, or quadruple jet, as the number of exits may be—in a tense, direct, vibrating, uninterrupted stream that at once dissolves and melts into space, where the myriad transparent furious wings weave a tissue throbbing with sound. And this for some moments will quiver right over the hive, with prodigious rustle of gossamer silks that countless electrified hands might be ceaselessly rending and stitching; it floats undulating, it trembles and flutters, like a veil of gladness invisible fingers support in the sky and wave to and fro, from the flowers to the blue, expecting sublime advent or departure. And at last one angle declines, another is lifted; the radiant mantle unites its four sunlit corners; and, like the wonderful carpet the fairy-tale speaks of that flits across space to obey its master's command, it steers its straight course, bending forward a little as though to hide in its folds the sacred presence of the future, towards the willow, the pear-tree, or lime whereon the queen has alighted; and round her each rhythmical wave comes to rest, as though on a nail of gold, and suspends its fabric of pearls and of luminous wings.

And then there is silence once more; and, in an instant, this mighty tumult, this awful curtain apparently laden with unspeakable menace and anger, this bewildering golden hail that streamed upon every object near—all these become merely a great, inoffensive, peaceful cluster of bees, composed of thousands of little motionless groups, that patiently wait, as they hang from the branch of a tree, for the scouts to return who have gone in search of a place of shelter.

38

This is the first stage of what is known as the "primary swarm," at whose head the old queen is always to be found. They will settle, as a rule, on the shrub or the tree that is nearest the hive; for the queen, besides being weighed down by her eggs, has dwelt in constant darkness ever since her marriage-flight, or the swarm of the previous year; and is

naturally reluctant to venture far into space, having indeed almost forgotten the use of her wings.

The bee-keeper waits till the mass be completely gathered together; then, having covered his head with a large straw hat (for the most inoffensive bee will conceive itself caught in a trap if entangled in hair, and will infallibly use its sting) but, if he be experienced, wearing neither mask nor veil—having taken the precaution only of plunging his arms in cold water up to the elbow—he proceeds to gather the swarm by vigorously shaking the bough from which the bees depend over an inverted hive. Into this hive the cluster will fall as heavily as an over-ripe fruit. Or, if the branch be too stout, he can plunge a spoon into the mass and deposit where he will the living spoonfuls, as though he were ladling out corn. He need have no fear of the bees that are buzzing around him, settling on his face and his hands. The air resounds with their song of ecstasy, which is different far from their chant of anger. He need have no fear that the swarm will divide, or grow fierce, will scatter, or try to escape. This is a day, I repeat, when a spirit of holiday would seem to animate these mysterious workers, a spirit of confidence that apparently nothing can trouble. They have detached themselves from the wealth they had to defend, and they no longer recognise their enemies. They become inoffensive because of their happiness, though why they are happy we know not, except it be because they are obeying their law. A moment of such blind happiness is accorded by nature at times to every living thing, when she seeks to accomplish her ends. Nor need we feel any surprise that here the bees are her dupes; we ourselves, who have studied her movements these centuries past, and with a brain more perfect than that of the bee, we, too, are her dupes, and know not even yet whether she be benevolent or indifferent, or only basely cruel.

There where the queen has alighted the swarm will remain; and had she descended alone into the hive the bees would have followed, in long black files,

as soon as intelligence had reached them of the maternal retreat. The majority will hasten to her with utmost eagerness, but large numbers will pause for an instant on the threshold of the unknown abode, and there will describe the circles of solemn rejoicing with which it is their habit to celebrate happy events. "They are beating to arms," say the French peasants. And then the strange home will at once be accepted, and its remotest corners explored; its position in the apiary, its form, its colour, are grasped and retained in these thousands of prudent and faithful little memories. Careful note is taken of the neighbouring landmarks, the new city is founded and its place established in the mind and the heart of all its inhabitants; the walls resound with the love-hymn of the royal presence, and work begins.

## 39

But if the swarm be not gathered by man, its history will not end here. It will remain suspended on the branch until the return of the workers, who, acting as scouts, winged quartermasters, as it were, have at the very first moment of swarming sallied forth in all directions in search of a lodging. They return one by one, and render account of their mission; and as it is manifestly impossible for us to fathom the thought of the bees, we can only interpret in human fashion the spectacle that they present. We may regard it as probable, therefore, that most careful attention is given to the reports of the various scouts. One of them, it may be, dwells on the advantage of some hollow tree it has seen; another is in favour of a crevice in a ruinous wall, of a cavity in a grotto, or an abandoned burrow. The assembly often will pause and deliberate until the following morning. Then at last the choice is made, and approved by all. At a given moment the entire mass stirs, disunites, sets in motion, and then, in one sustained and impetuous flight that this time knows no obstacle, it steers its straight course, over hedges and corn-fields, over haystack and lake, over river and village, to its determined and always distant goal.



*Photo: Rischgatz Collection.*

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST: "In Hell itself are some laws binding reckoned?  
Bravo! Then, sire, with you one might contract  
A bond, and ye would keep it to a tittle?"



# FAUST

## GOETHE



Photo : Rischgitz Collection.

GOETHE, BY STIELER.

"Faust" is Goethe's greatest work and contains most of his philosophy. It is very long, and to many English readers it is not a little wearisome. The passages selected are mostly confined to the story of Faust and Margaret. They give, perhaps, an excellent conception of the great work.

The legend of Faust goes back far. The story is that this magician, a native of Swabia, was left a fortune by his uncle. He wasted it in riotous living, pursued pleasure and did not find it. When he had spent all, instead of returning like the Prodigal to the haunts of peace and purity, he made a pact with the Devil that he might live his life of indulgence for twenty-four years, at the end of which period he would give up his body and soul to his great partner.

"Faust" was not published until Goethe was fifty-seven, but the story had been forming itself in his mind from childhood. As a University student Goethe had

devoted himself to alchemy and mediæval mysteries, and conceived the idea of blending them with incidents from his own life. During his first love affair, he sketched out the drama of Margaret—the meeting with her at a fair, the scenes in her bedroom, the amorous passages in the garden—all inspired by his own experiences with a young lady named Lili. The compact with Mephistopheles came to him in Switzerland, where he saw a marionette performance in which Faust was beaten to death by the Devil; the famous cathedral scene, the witches' kitchen and the forest monologue, came to him in Italy. But it is not so much the ideas as the treatment which proclaimed the genius of Goethe.

As G. H. Lewes has said in his "Life of Goethe": "It has every element—wit, pathos, wisdom, farce, mystery, melody, reverence, doubt, magic and irony—not a chord of the lyre is unstrung, not a fibre of the heart untouched. Students earnestly wrestling with doubt, striving to solve the solemn riddles of life, feel their pulses strangely agitated by this poem. In Faust we see as in a mirror the eternal problem of our intellectual existence; and beside it, varied lineaments of our social existence. It is at once a problem and a picture. Therein lies its fascination. The problem embraces questions of vital importance; the picture represents opinions, sentiments, classes, moving on the stage of life. The great problem is staged in all its nudity; the picture is painted in all its variety."

The play is introduced with a Prologue in Heaven. The archangels are praising God, when Mephistopheles appears and protests that the world is in a sorry way, mankind only to be pitied. The Lord mentions His servant, Faust, and Mephistopheles obtains permission to tempt him. This prologue has been strangely

*misunderstood, being called a mere blasphemous, vulgar parody of the Book of Job ; but, as Lewes points out, it is merely part and parcel of the legend, opening the world of wonder with a touch of mediæval colouring.*

*The actual play begins with the philosopher Faust meditating at his desk. He has studied much, feels he is growing old, and has learnt nothing, and that there is little left to live for ; he devotes himself to medicine and the magic arts.*

*[The Translation used is by Albert G. Latham, published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., in their "Everyman Library."]*

#### FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY.

#### NIGHT. FAUST'S STUDY.

*[In a high-vaulted, narrow Gothic chamber, FAUST, restless, on his seat, at the desk.]*

I HAVE studied, alas ! Philosophy,  
And Jurisprudence, and Medicine too,  
And saddest of all, Theology,  
With ardent labour, through and through  
And here I stick, as wise, poor fool,  
As when my steps first turned to school  
Master they style me, nay, Doctor, for-  
sooth,

And nigh ten years, o'er rough and smooth,  
And up and down, and acrook and across,  
I lead my pupils by the nose,  
And know that in truth we can know—  
naught ! . . .

I hug to my heart no fond illusion,  
As that I know aught worth the knowing,  
Or men could better, my wisdom showing

And then, I own nor wealth nor land,  
Nor honour nor glory can command,  
A dog would scorn such a life to lead !  
So I've turned me to magic in my need,  
If haply spirit-power and speech  
May many a hidden mystery teach,  
That I with bitter labour so  
No more need say what I do not know  
That I the mighty inmost tether  
May know, that binds the world together ;  
All germs, all forces that lifewards struggle,  
And with vain words no longer juggle.

Would thou, full-orbéd Moon, didst shine  
Thy last upon this pain of mine,  
Thou whom, from this my desk, so oft  
I watched at midnight climb aloft !  
O'er books and papers thou didst send  
Thy radiance, melancholy friend.  
Ah, could I, on some mountain-height,  
Glide onward, steeped in thy dear light,  
Round mountain-caves with spirits hover,  
Or float the moonlit meadows over,  
From fumes of learning purge my soul,  
Bathe in thy dew, and so be whole ! . . .

*Faust turns over the leaves of the book and his eye lights upon the symbol of the Earth Spirit. He exclaims, "How otherwise upon me works this sign !"*

#### PART I.

I glow, as if with new-made wine.  
Full-steeled to tread the world I feel my  
mettle,  
Earth's woe, Earth's bliss, my soul can not  
unsettle,  
I would not blench with storms to battle,  
Nor quail amidst the shipwreck's crash and  
rattle !—  
Clouds gather overhead—  
The moon withdraws her light—  
The lamp is dying !  
Vapours arise !—Red lightnings quiver  
About my head !—A shudder  
Down-wafted from the vaulted gloom  
Lays hold on me !  
Spirit conjured, that hovering near me art,  
Unveil thyself !  
Ah ! what a spasm racks my heart !  
To novel emotions  
My senses are stirred with storm like the  
ocean's !  
I feel thee draw my heart, with might  
unmeasured !  
Thou must ! thou must ! though life  
stand on the hazard !

*[He takes up the book, and pronounces in mysterious wise the symbol of the Spirit. A ruddy flame flashes. The Spirit appears in the flame.]*

#### SPIRIT.

Who calls to me ?

FAUST, turning away

Appalling Apparition !

#### SPIRIT.

Thou'st drawn me here, with might and  
main,  
Long at my sphere hast sucked in vain,  
And now—

#### FAUST.

Woe's me ! I may not bear the vision !

#### SPIRIT.

Panting thou pleadest for my presence,  
To look upon my face, my voice to hear,  
Thy soul's puissant pleading compels me,  
I appear !—  
What mortal dread, thou man of more  
than mortal essence,  
Gets hold on thee ? Where now the outcry  
of thy soul ?  
The breast, that in itself a world did  
fashion whole.



THE MEETING OF FAUST AND MARGARET.  
From the painting by J. Tissot in the Lavembourg, Paris.

Photo · W. A. Mansell & Co.

And hugged, and cherished ? That, with  
 rapture all a-tingle,  
 Puffed itself up with us that spirits are to  
 mingle ?  
 Where art thou, Faust, whose clamour  
 filled mine ear,  
 Thou, that didst press amain into my  
 sphere ?  
 Say, is it thou, that by my breath sur-  
 rounded,  
 In all Life's utmost deeps confounded,  
 Dost shrink away, a timorous, writhing  
 worm ?

FAUST.

Creature of Flame, thou shalt not daunt  
 me !  
 'Tis I, 'tis Faust, thy peer I vaunt  
 me ! . . .

*They are interrupted by the visit of Wagner, a student, with whom Faust visits a public resort on the morrow, which is the Easter holiday. The two make friends with the crowd and Faust is followed by a black dog, which accompanies him to his lodging. There the dog turns itself into Mephistopheles, who, after long philosophical discourse, persuades Faust to agree to barter his soul in exchange for a new lease of life and many joys he has missed.*

FAUST.

In Hell itself are some laws binding  
 reckoned ?  
 Bravo ! then Sir, with you one might  
 contract  
 A bond, and ye would keep it to a tittle ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

From what we promise, not a shred we  
 whittle,  
 And unalloyed thou shalt enjoy the pact.  
 Yet these things ask a lengthier comment ;  
 We'll talk more of them by and by.  
 But now, I pray you instantly,  
 Dismiss me for the present moment.

FAUST.

Nay, yet a moment stay. Humour my  
 bent,  
 And tell me of thy tidings, prithee.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Dismiss me now ! I'll soon again be with  
 thee,  
 Then thou shalt question to thine heart's  
 content.

FAUST.

I set no snare ! Thou in hot haste  
 Didst blunder in, thyself entrapping.  
 Who holds the Devil, hold him fast,  
 Nor hope a second time to catch the Devil  
 napping ! . . .

*They set forth together and visit a Leipzig beer-cellar, where they are received suspiciously by a drinking-party, though they sing and join in the revels. Mephistopheles offers refreshment and bores holes in the table, whence flows every chosen wine, which presently turns into flames. The drinkers denounce Mephistopheles as a wizard and attack him with knives, but he casts a spell and they are at each other's throats.*

*Meanwhile, there has been much discourse between Faust and Wagner, "with you to ramble is both an honour and a gain." Wagner asks, "Why cloud your heart with vain contrition ?"*

FAUST.

O happy, who still hopes in very deed  
 This weltering sea of error to outwin !  
 The thing we know not is the thing we  
 need ;  
 If aught we know, at need we find no help  
 therein.  
 Yet let us not becloud the fleeting boon  
 Of this bright hour with melancholy  
 brooding !  
 See how the sunset-glory round us strewn  
 The green-embowered cots is flooding !  
 The sun slopes down—the day is over-  
 worn,  
 He hastens hence, to call to life new being.  
 O that on wings from earth I were upborne,  
 On in his track and ever onward fleeing !  
 Then should I see the splendour never  
 pale,  
 The tranquil world in endless sunset  
 glowing,  
 And every peak aflame, and hushed lie  
 every vale,  
 The silver stream in golden rivers flowing.  
 Then the wild mountain with its dread  
 ravine  
 No more from him my god-like flight would  
 sunder.  
 Straightway the sea before the eyes of  
 wonder  
 With all its sunny bays is seen. . . .

\* \* \*

FAUST MEETS MARGARET.

*Faust and Mephistopheles visit a witches' kitchen where, after horrible scenes, Faust receives a potent love-philtre, and presently meeting Margaret in the street, he falls desperately in love with her. She repulses him at first, but Mephistopheles enables him to place caskets of jewels in her room. She does not wish to keep them, but Martha, her companion,*

*tells her it would be foolish to reject them. She consents to meet Faust in a garden, conversing with him arm in arm. Mephistopheles, also, is there with Martha.*

FAUST.

Didst know me as I came into the garden,  
Thou little angel, at a single look?

MARGARET.

I was dumbfounded. That was new to me!  
None could speak evil of me, yet such  
daring  
Made me think: Ah! what boldness in my  
bearing,  
Or what unseemly freedom doth he see?  
He seemed to think—some sudden plan  
pursuing—

Now here's a  
wench will ask  
but little woo-  
ing.  
Yet I must own,  
straightway  
there stirred in  
me  
I know not what,  
that pleaded in  
your favour.  
Yet angry with  
myself was I,  
to be  
No angrier with  
you and your  
behaviour.

FAUST.

Sweet love!

MARGARET.

Stay now!

*[She pulls a  
marguerite,  
and plucks  
off the petals  
one by one.]*

FAUST.

What's that?  
A posy,  
shall it be?

MARGARET.

No, it is but a  
game!

FAUST.

What?

MARGARET.

Nay, you'll  
laugh at  
me.

*[She plucks and  
murmurs.]*

MARGARET.

Saw you not how mine eyes fell?

FAUST.

What murmurest thou?

FAUST.

And dost pardon  
The unpardonable liberty I took  
As thou from church didst come, the  
shameless boldness  
That thou didst check with such a maiden  
coldness?

MARGARET, *under her breath.*

He loves me—loves me not—

FAUST.

Thou Flower from Heaven's own garden-  
plot!



FAUST, WITH THE AID OF MEPHISTOPHELES, HAS PLACED A CASKET OF JEWELS IN MARGARET'S ROOM.

MARGARET *continues*  
Loves me—not—loves me—not—  
[*Plucking off the last leaf with winsome glee.*]  
He loves me !

FAUST.  
Aye, mine own, hold thou  
this flower-word  
An oracle divine ! *He loves thee !*  
Dost understand that word—he loves  
thee ? . . .  
[*He clasps both her hands.*]

\* \* \*

*Time passes and Margaret has succumbed to Faust's desires, she is filled with misgivings, and we find her sitting in her room, alone at her spinning-wheel, in piteous lamentation.*

#### MARGARET'S LAMENTATION.

My peace is fled,  
My heart is sore ;  
I shall find it never,  
Ah ! nevermore.

Save him I have  
For me 'tis the grave ;  
The sweet world all  
Is turned to gall.

My weary head  
Is sore distraught,  
And my poor wits  
With frenzy fraught.

My peace is fled,  
My heart is sore ;  
I shall find it never,  
Ah ! nevermore.

Him only I watch for  
The window anear,  
Him only I look for  
When forth I fare.

His lofty gait,  
His lordly guise,  
The smile of his lips,  
The might of his eyes,

The charmed flow  
Of speech that is his,  
The clasp of his hand,  
And ah ! his kiss !

My peace is fled,  
My heart is sore ;  
I shall find it never,  
Ah ! nevermore.

My bosom yearns  
For him, for him,  
Ah ! could I clasp him  
And cling to him,

And kiss him, as fain  
I would, then I,  
Faint with his kisses,  
Should swoon and die !

*However, she consents to meet Faust again in the garden. She tells him of her dread of Mephistopheles.*

MARGARET.

His glance,  
His very presence maketh my blood run  
chill.  
To all men else I bear good-will.  
I long to see thee, no maid longs sorer,  
Yet that man thrills me with secret  
horror,  
And if I must speak what's on my tongue,  
He's a knave, too ! Now if I do him wrong  
May God forgive me !

FAUST.

Such odd fish  
There must be too.

MARGARET

I would not wish  
To live with his likes ! If he come but in  
At the door, he hath such a mocking grin,  
Yet wrathful more.  
You can see that there's naught he careth  
for  
Upon his brow 'tis writ full clearly  
He loves not a single soul. So dearly  
I yield me unto thy clasp arm,  
So wholly thine, with a love so warm ;  
Like a chill hand his presence grips my  
heart.

FAUST

Foreboding angel that thou art !

MARGARET.

It overpowers me so  
That whenever he comes to us, I even  
Fancy I love thee no longer, and oh !  
When he is there, I could not pray to  
Heaven !  
Thou too must feel it, for thy part ! . . .

*Then we see Margaret placing flowers before a devotional image of the Mother of Sorrows outside the city wall, uttering pathetic plaints.*

#### THE TOWN WALL.

[*In a niche in the wall, a picture of the Mater Dolorosa, with flower-jugs before it.*]

MARGARET *putting fresh flowers into the jugs.*

Ah, bow  
Thy gracious brow,  
Mother of Woes, to the woebegone !  
With pierced heart,  
With bitter smart,  
Thou liftest Thine eyes to Thine own dead  
Son.  
Thou liftest Thine eyes,  
Thou sendest sighs,  
For Him and Thee, to the Father's throne.



MARG : ' Loves me—not—loves me—not—  
He loves me ' "

FAUST : ' Aye, mine own, hold thou this flower-word  
An oracle divine ' He loves thee ' "

Who knows  
The throes  
That rack mine every bone ?  
How my heart is wrung with anguish,  
In what dread, what hope I languish,  
Knowest Thou, and Thou alone !

Ever, where'er I go,  
What woe, what woe, what woe  
Within my breast is nursed !  
When lonely watch I keep,  
I weep, I weep, I weep,  
My aching heart will burst.

The flower-pots at my window  
I watered with tears, ah me !  
As in the early morning  
I broke these flowers for Thee.  
The sun within my chamber  
His early radiance shed,  
And I, alas ! as early,  
Sat weeping on my bed.

From shame ! from death ! oh ! hear my  
moan !

Ah, bow  
Thy gracious brow,  
Mother of Woes, to the woebegone ! . . .

#### FAUST KILLS VALENTINE.

*The next scene is at night in a street outside Margaret's door. Valentine, her brother, has returned from the wars and has heard of her shame. He furiously attacks Faust, who kills him with supernatural aid from Mephistopheles.*

#### MEPHISTOPHELES

Now is the lubber tame !  
A murd'rous outcry rises, we must vanish !  
For the police I fear not, I can blunt their  
fang  
But the swift doom to 'scape that doth  
o'er-hang  
The blood guilty, thyself thyself must  
banish

MARTHA, *at the window*  
Out, neighbours, out !

MARGARET, *at the window*  
A light ! a light !

MARTHA, *as above*  
They bawl and brawl, they shriek and  
fight !

CROWD.

There's one lies here in parlous case !

MARTHA, *coming out*

The murderers ! what, are they flown ?

MARGARET, *coming out*

Who is't lies here ?

CROWD.

Thy mother's son !

MARGARET.

Almighty God ! what sore distress !

VALENTINE.

I'm dying ! that is quickly said,  
And still more quickly done !  
Ye women-folk, come here ! give heed !  
What boots to wail and moan ?  
[*All gather round him.*]  
My Gretchen, still but young thou art,  
Nor shrewd enough. Dost play thy part  
But sorrowly, I doubt.  
I speak in confidence withal.  
Thou art a strumpet once for all  
Then be one out and out

MARGARET.

My brother ! God ! to me you spoke ?

VALENTINE.

Nay, leave our Lord God out o' the joke !  
What's done is done, and there's an end !  
Go as it may, it will not mend.  
With one by stealth thou didst begin,  
But others soon will follow in.  
When one is to a dozen grown,  
Then art thou common to the town. . . .

I' the church no more shalt stand by the altar !

In fair lace-collars, with careless pleasure,  
No more i' the dance shalt tread a measure !

In some dark woeful nook shalt hide thee,  
With none but cripples and beggars beside thee !

And e'en though God i' the end forgive,  
On Earth accurséd shalt thou live !

MARTHA.

With God thy soul be reconciling !  
Wilt spend thy last breath in reviling ?

VALENTINE.

Could I but come at thy withered skin,  
Thou sinful, shameful go-between,  
For all the sins my soul that burden,  
I'd trust to find abundant pardon !

MARGARET.

My brother ! Oh, what agony !

VALENTINE.

I tell thee, let thy weeping be !  
When with thine honour thou didst part,  
Gav'st me the sorest stab i' the heart.

Now through the sleep of death I go  
To God, a soldier brave and true. [*Dies.*]

\* \* \*

# THE CATHEDRAL SCENE.

*Now comes the famous scene in the Cathedral, where Margaret has gone and endeavours to pray ; the mocking evil spirit stands behind her and taunts her, and she swoons away.*

MINSTER.

[*Service, Organ, and Choir*

MARGARET amongst many people, EVIL SPIRIT behind Margaret.

EVIL SPIRIT.

Once with what other feelings  
Gretchen, thou, still guileless,  
Cam'st to the altar,  
And from thy well-thumbed missal here  
Thy prayers thou lisp'dst,  
Half toys of childhood,  
Half God thine heart in !  
Gretchen !  
Where are thy thoughts ?  
And in thine heart too  
What a deed of sin !  
Is't for thy mother's soul thou prayest,  
that  
Through thee to long, long torment fell  
asleep ?  
Upon thy threshold whose the blood ?  
And 'neath thine heart already  
Leaping and fluttering,  
What is it anguisheth  
With boding presence thee and itself ?

MARGARET.

Woe ! woe !  
Would I could free me of the thoughts  
That to and fro within my bosom throng  
Despite me !

CHOIR.

*Dies irae, dies illa  
Solvat saeculum in favilla.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

Wrath takes thee !  
The great trump sounds  
The graves are heaving  
And thine heart  
From ashen rest  
To flaming torments  
Now again created,  
Quakes up !

MARGARET.

Would I were forth !  
I feel as did the organ here  
Stifle my breathing,  
The song mine heart  
Did melt to water !

CHOIR.

*Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet adparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.*

MARGARET.

I cannot breathe !  
The massy columns  
imprison me !  
The vaulted arches  
Crush me !—Air !

EVIL SPIRIT

Hide thee ! Sin and shame  
Abide not hidden !  
Air ? Light ?  
Woe's thee !

MARGARET

Neighbour ! Your smelling-salts !  
*[She falls into a swoon]*

\* \* \*

WALPURGIS NIGHT.

*The scene changes to Walpurgis Night on the Harz Mountains, where the orgies of witches are witnessed by Faust and Mephistopheles. Then comes the climax. Faust has heard that Margaret is in prison for infanticide.*



FAUST AND VALENTINE FIGHT.

"Mephistopheles by supernatural means enables Faust to kill Margaret's brother"

CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?  
Quem patronum rogaturus?  
Cum vix justus sit securus.

EVIL SPIRIT.

From thee their faces  
The Glorified avert !  
To thee to stretch their hands out  
Shudder the Stainless !  
Woe !

CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

A GLOOMY DAY.

*Open Country.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery ! Despairing ! Long a piteous wanderer on the face of the Earth, and now a captive ! Shut up in a felon's cell ! abandoned to appalling torments—that sweet, that ill-starred creature ! To that depth ! to that depth ! Thou false Spirit ! thou vile Spirit ! thus hast thou hidden from me ! Aye, stand now ! stand ! Roll

thy devil's eyes wrathfully round in thine head ! Stand and beard me with thy loathsome presence ! A captive ! In irretrievable misery ! Abandoned to evil spirits and to the pitiless justice of mortals ! And me thou lullest meanwhile in the most tasteless dissipations ! her growing wretchedness thou hidest from me, and lettest her perish unaided !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first !

FAUST.

Thou hound ! Thou hideous monster ! Change him, thou Infinite Spirit ! change the worm again into his curish form, as oft in the hours of night it was his whim to trot before me, to roll at the feet of the harmless wayfarer, and as he fell to fasten upon his shoulders. Change him again into his favourite semblance, that he may grovel on his belly in the sand before me, that I may trample him underfoot, the caitiff ! Not the first ! Woe ! Woe ! Such woe as the soul of man cannot conceive of ! that more than one creature hath been whelmed in the depths of this misery, that the first atoned not in its wrestling death-agony for the guilt of all the others in the eyes of Eternal Forgiveness ! It racks me through life and marrow, the misery of this single one, thou grindest coldly over the fate of thousands !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now we are again already at our wits' end, where you mortals lightly slip over into madness. Why dost thou seek community with us if thou canst not carry it through ? Wilt thou fly, and art not proof against giddiness ? Did we thrust ourselves upon thee or thou thyself upon us ?

FAUST.

Bare not thus thy wolfish fangs upon me ! My gorge rises at it ! Thou great and glorious Spirit, thou that didst vouchsafe to appear to me, thou that readest mine heart and soul within me, why hast thou shackled me to this infamous comrade, that battens on mischief, that drinks destruction as a refreshing draught ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast thou done ?

FAUST.

Deliver her, or woe betide thee ! The most hideous curse be upon thee for thousands of years !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loosen the bonds of the Avenger ! I cannot shoot back his bolts ! Deliver her ? Who was it plunged her into ruin, I or thou ?

[Faust glances around him furiously.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dost clutch at the thunderbolt ? Well that it was not given to you pitiful mortals ! To smash to pieces the innocent that crosses his path, that is your true tyrant's way of giving his fury a vent in perplexities.

FAUST.

Bring me to her ! She shall be free !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the risk that thou wilt run ? Know that still there lieth blood-guilt upon the town from thine hand. Over the place of the slain hover avenging spirits, lying in wait for the returning murderer.

FAUST.

That too from thee ! Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster ! Lead me thither, I tell thee, and set her free !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will lead thee, and what I can do, hear thou ! Have I all power in Heaven and on Earth ? I will becloud her gaoler's senses ; do thou possess thee of the keys, and lead her forth with the hand of man I will keep watch ! The magic horses are ready and I will bear ye away ! So much I can do.

FAUST.

Up and away !

\* \* \*

#### MARGARET IN THE PRISON CELL.

FAUST *with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket.*

There seizes me a long unwonted shudder ; The woes of all mankind upon me throng. Here, in these foul, dank walls, have they immewed her, And a fond dream was all she wrought of wrong !

And dost thou flinch to her to go ? Dost fear to look upon her woe ?

Away ! thy faltering lingers death along.  
[He seizes the lock. Singing is heard within.]

*My mother, the wanton,  
She did me to death !  
My father, the villain,  
He eaten me huth !  
My bones one and all,  
My sister small  
I' the cool did lay ;*

*Then I turned to a beautiful woodland-bird !*

*Fly away, fly away !*

FAUST, *unlocking the door.*

She doth not dream her lover list'neth near,  
The clanking chains, the rustling straw can hear.

[He goes in.]

MARGARET, *cowering upon her pallet*  
Woe! woe! they come. O bitter death!

FAUST, *softly*.

Hush! hush! I come to free thee, dearest one.

MARGARET, *grovelling at his feet*  
Have pity, if thou'rt man, and liv'st by breath.

FAUST.

Thou'lt shriek thy warders from their drowsy swoon!

[*He lays hold of the chains to unlock them.*]

MARGARET, *on her knees*.

Nay, Headsman, whence hast thou this right?

Whence didst thou power receive  
To lead me forth at dead of night?  
Have pity! Let me live!  
Wait till the matin-bell hath rung!

[*She rises to her feet*]

Alas! I am still so young, so young,  
And now to death am going.  
Fair was I too, and that was mine undoing  
Near was my love, now is he far;  
Rent is the wreath, the blossoms scattered  
are

Lay not such violent hands on me!  
Spare me! What have I done to thee?  
Be not deaf to my pleading tongue,  
I've never seen thee my whole life long!

FAUST

Shall I ever outlive this woe?

MARGARET.

I am thine; now do what thou needs must do.

But let me first give suck to the child!  
I fondled it the whole night through;  
They took it from me to drive me wild,  
And now they say my babe I slew,  
And never again shall I be glad.  
The folk sing ballads at me! they have  
no pity!

An old, old fairy-tale such ending had;  
Why taunt they me with the ditty?

FAUST *casts himself down*.

A lover at thy feet doth kneel,  
Thy piteous bondage to unseal.

MARGARET *casts herself down beside him*.

O let us kneel, the holy saints adoring!  
See! under the flooring,  
The threshold under,  
Hell seethes in thunder!  
Satan,  
With din appalling,  
Doth rage and threaten!

FAUST, *in a loud voice*.

Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET, *listening attentively*.

That was my dear one calling!

[*She springs to her feet; the chains fall off.*]

Where is he? Nay, but I heard him call me.

I am free! and none shall thrall me!

To his neck will I fly,

On his bosom lie!

Gretchen! he cried, from the door of my cell!

Not all the wailing and gnashing of Hell,  
Not all the hideous, devilish jeers,  
Could drown the dear accents that  
gladdened mine ears.

FAUST.

'Tis I!

MARGARET

'Tis thou! O, say it yet again!  
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Where now is all the  
pain?

Where is the dungeon's, where the fetters'  
agony?

'Tis thou! Thou comest to set me free!  
I am free!—

Already I see again the street  
Where thou and I for the first time did  
meet,

And the garden gaily blooming,  
Where I and Martha waited oft thy coming.

FAUST, *urging her to go*.

Come with me! Come!

MARGARET.

O tarry!

I tarry so blithely where thou dost tarry.  
[*Caressing him.*]

FAUST.

Hurry!

Unless thou hurry,

Sore we shall rue our loit'ring, sore!

MARGARET.

What, and canst thou kiss no more?

My love, so short a while a-missing

And hast unlearned thy kissing?

Why hang I upon thy neck with heavy  
soul?

Once at a word, at a glance, at a trifle,

A very heaven o'er me stole,

And thou didst kiss, as my breath thou  
wouldst stifle.

Kiss thou me!

Or I kiss thee!

[*She embraces him.*]

Alas! for thy lips are mute,

Are chill.

Where is thy loving

A-roving?

Who wrought me thus ill?

[*She turns away from him.*]

FAUST.

Come! Follow me! Dear heart, but now  
be bold!

And I will fondle thee with passion  
thousandfold;

But follow me! This one entreaty heed!

MARGARET, *turning to him.*

And is it thou? And is it thou indeed?

FAUST.

'Tis I! Come with me!

MARGARET.

Wilt thou loose my chain?  
And wilt thou take me to thine heart  
again?  
I marvel thou canst see me and not shrink.  
Thou knowest not whom thou wouldst free,  
I think!

FAUST.

Come! come! deep night doth swiftly  
wane.

MARGARET.

My mother have I foully slain,  
My babe I've drownéd deep.  
'Twas given thee and me to keep.  
Thee too!—'Tis thou, though false it seem!  
Give me thine hand! It is no dream!  
Thy dear, dear hand! Ah God! but it is  
wet!  
Wipe it off! 'Tis dripping yet.  
There's blood on it!  
Dear God in Heaven! what hast thou  
done?  
Put up thy blade,  
I prithee, in its sheath!

FAUST.

Let the dead past bury its dead!  
Each word to me is death!

MARGARET.

Nay, thou must live! There's work for  
thee!  
I'll tell thee how the graves shall be.  
The time is narrow—  
They'll be thy care to-morrow;  
My mother in the best place lay,  
And close beside her, my brother, I pray;  
Me a little space aside,  
But not too wide.  
And my little one lay on my right breast,  
None but my babe by me will rest!—  
Close into thy side to nestle,  
That was a sweet, a glad some bliss!  
But now I know not what is amiss!  
I am fain to come near thee, yet needs  
must wrestle,  
As thou wert putting me away;  
And yet 'tis thou, thou lookest good and  
kind.

FAUST.

O come, if such thou hold me in thy mind.

MARGARET.

Out yonder?

FAUST.

Into the open.

MARGARET.

Is the grave there?  
Lies Death in wait? Then come!  
From here, into the bed of endless sleep,

And further, not a step!—

Thou'lt leave me now? O Heinrich, could  
I but go!

FAUST.

Thou canst, but will it! Open stands the  
door.

MARGARET.

I may not go; naught can I hope for more  
And what boots flight? they'll hem me  
with their snares.  
It is so wretched to beg one's bread,  
With an evil conscience, ill-bestead.  
It is so wretched to roam forsaken,  
And do what I will, I shall still be taken!

FAUST.

I shall stay with thee.

MARGARET.

O haste! O haste!  
Save thy poor babe.  
Away by the path  
That skirts the brook,  
Over the bridge  
And into the wood,  
There to the left by the plank  
In the pool.  
Seize it straight!  
It strives to rise,  
It struggles still!  
Save it! Save it!

FAUST.

O, but thine own self be!  
'Tis but a step, and thou art free!

MARGARET.

Ah! would we were only past the hill!  
There sitteth my mother on yonder stone,  
An icy chill creeps o'er me!  
There sitteth my mother on yonder stone  
And wags her head before me.  
She winks not, she blinks not, so heavy her  
head,  
She'll waken no more, her sleep is of lead.  
She slept, that our love might have leisure.  
O! days of bliss beyond measure!

FAUST.

Here boots it not to pray and reason,  
I'll bear thee forth with loving treason.

MARGARET.

Hands off! Nay, I'll not brook violence!  
Handle me not so murderously!  
What did I not once, for the love of thee?

FAUST.

The grey dawn breaks! 'Tis day! Dear  
heart! Dear heart!

MARGARET.

Day! Aye, it grows to day! The last day  
struggles in;  
My wedding-day, it should have been!  
Tell none thou hast been with Gretchen  
already.  
My garland! O pain!  
Nay then, so it chances!



MARGARET IN THE PRISON CELL

MARGARET "Judgment of God! Myself to thee I give!"

We shall meet yet again,  
But not where the dance is.  
How surges the crowd, in silence wrapt!  
The square below  
And the alleys o'erflow,  
The death-bell tolls, the wand is snapped!  
My limbs with thongs the Headsman  
lashes!  
They seize me, they drag me to the block!  
No neck but winces from the stroke,  
As swift at my neck the keen edge flashes.  
Hushed lies the world as the tomb!

FAUST.

Would I never had been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES *appears without*

Up! or ye are lost and lorn!  
Bootless and fruitless your paltering and  
faltering!  
My horses are quaking!  
The dawn is breaking!

MARGARET

What rises yonder from out the earth?  
Him! him! send him forth!  
What doth he here? the ground is conse-  
crate!  
Me! he seeks me!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live!

MARGARET.

Judgment of God! Myself to thee I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

Come! or I leave thee with her to thy  
fate!

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father! Save me!  
Ye angels! ye holy battalions! shield  
me!  
Encamp about me! To you I yield me!  
Heinrich! I shudder at thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is condemned!

VOICE *from above.*

She is redeemed!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

Hither to me!  
[*Vanishes with Faust.*]

VOICE *from within, dying away.*

Heinrich! Heinrich!

# THE MURDER OF THOMAS A'BECKET

J. A. FROUDE

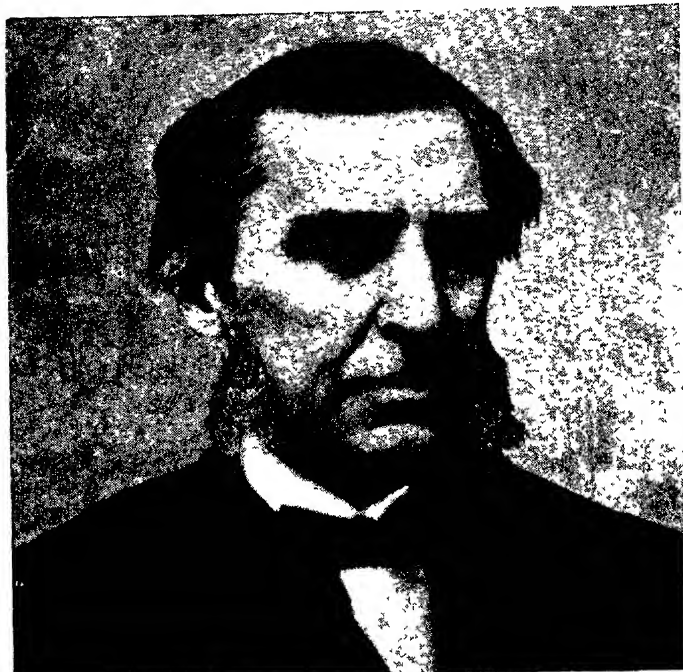


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JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

The murder of Becket in Canterbury Cathedral is one of the most terrible and dramatic in English history, and no one has told the story better than Froude in the passage reprinted here from his "Short Studies." The able, prudent and energetic Henry the Second made Thomas Becket Chancellor of England in 1155. At this time Becket showed no features of the Becket of Catholic tradition. He has been described as "a magnificent trifler, a scornor of law and the clergy . . . his dress was gorgeous, his retinue of knights as splendid as the King's. His hospitalities were boundless. His expenditure was enormous. How the means for it were supplied is uncertain. The King was often on the Continent, and at such times the Chancellor governed everything. He retained his Church benefices—the Arch-

deaconry of Canterbury, certainly, and probably the rest. Vast sums fell irregularly into Chancery. All these Becket received, and never accounted for the whole of them."

"Of his administration his adoring and admiring biographer, the monk Grim, who was present at his martyrdom, draws a more than unfavourable picture, and even charges him with cruelty and ferocity. 'The persons that he slew,' says Grim, 'the persons that he deprived of their property, no one can enumerate. Attended by a large company of knights, he assailed whole communities, destroyed cities and towns, villages and farms, and without remorse or pity, gave them to devouring flames.'"

To bring the Church more inside his power and to take in hand the reform of the clergy, the King, relying on Becket's aid and ability, made him Archbishop of Canterbury. From a friend, Becket now became the King's bitter enemy; instead of aiding him, he opposed him; his life underwent a startling transformation. "Becket remained as violent, as overbearing, as ambitious, as unscrupulous as he had shown himself when Chancellor, though the objects at which he was henceforth to aim were entirely different. His object was not the purity of the Church, but the privilege and supremacy of the Church. . . . An Archbishop, in the name of the Church, he intended to be head both of the State and King."

The bitter quarrels between the Archbishop and the King came to a head in 1164, when, in a Great Council held at Northampton, Becket was condemned to

an enormous fine, and confiscation of his goods. He fled to France, where he remained in exile for nearly six years. He relinquished the Archbishopric to Pope Alexander who, however, reinstated him and assigned him a residence in France; "he was directed to remain quiet and avoid for the present irritating the King further." We pass over these six years; the quarrel became the topic of the hour throughout Europe; each party had a large following. Terms of peace were eventually patched up, and Becket determined to return to England, judging that abundant disaffection there would aid his cause.

On the morning of December 1st, 1170, he sailed up the river to Sandwich.

#### **Becket's Return.**

The brief winter day's ride was one long triumphal procession. Old men, women, and children lined the roads on their knees to beg his blessing. Clergy came at the head of their parishioners with garlands and banners. Boys chanted hymns. Slowly at a foot's pace the archbishop made his way among the delighted multitudes. It was evening before he reached Canterbury. He went direct to the cathedral. His face shone as he entered, "like the face of Moses when he descended from the mount." He seated himself on his throne, and the monks came one by one and kissed him. Tears were in all eyes. "My lord," Herbert whispered to him, "it matters



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BECKET LEAVING NORTHAMPTON CASTLE, WHERE HE DEFIED THE BISHOPS, AFTERWARDS ESCAPING TO FRANCE.

From the colour drawing by Morris Meredith Williams

not now when you depart hence. Christ has conquered. Christ is now king." "He looked at me," says Herbert, "but he did not speak."

Strangely in that distant century, where the general history is but outline, and the colours are dim, and the lights and shadows fall where modern imagination chooses to throw them, and the great men and women who figured on the world's stage are, for the most part, only names, the story of Becket, in these

last days of it especially, stands out as in some indelible photograph, every minutest feature of it as distinct as if it were present to our eyes. We have the terrible drama before us in all its details. We see the actors, we hear their very words, we catch the tones of their voices, we perceive their motives; we observe them from day to day, and hour to hour; we comprehend and sympathise with the passions through the fierce collision of which the action was worked out to its catastrophe. The importance of the questions which were at issue, the characters of the chief performers, and the intense interest with which they were watched by the spectators, raise the biographies and letters in which the story is preserved to a level of literary excellence far beyond what is to be found in all contemporary writings. . . .

Soon Becket began to interfere in what had been done in his absence; excommunications were in the air. The King was absent in Normandy. Becket found an excuse to circuit through the provinces; his progress soon assumed "the form of a military parade."

#### A Warning.

Few as the days had been since he had set his foot on the English shore, he had contrived to gather about him a knot of laymen of high birth and station. *Quidam illustres*, certain persons of distinction, attended him with their armed retainers, and, surrounded by a steel-clad retinue with glancing morions and bristling lances, the archbishop set out for London a week after his return from the Continent. Rochester lay in his way. Rochester Castle was one of the strongholds which he had challenged for his own. The gates of the castle remained closed against him, but the townsmen received him as their liege lord. As he approached Southwark the citizens poured out to greet the illustrious Churchman who had dared to defy his sovereign. A vast procession of three thousand clergy and scholars formed on the road, and went before him, chanting a *Te Deum*; and this passionate display had a deliberate and dangerous meaning which every

one who took part in it understood. To the anxious eyes of the court it was a first step in treason, and in the midst of the shouts of the crowd a voice was distinguished, saying, "Archbishop, 'ware the knife!"

#### § 2

The story now turns to the King's Court in Normandy. He learned of the excommunications. "By God's eyes," said the King, "if all are excommunicated who were concerned in the coronation, I am excommunicated also." (Henry had been crowned by the Archbishop of York, and other Bishops, in Becket's absence.) The King is reported to have exclaimed, "Is this varlet that I loaded with kindness, that came first to Court to me on a lame mule, to insult me and my children, and take my crown from me? What cowards have I about me, that no one will deliver me from this low-born priest!"

Four knights of high birth—Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Morville, Sir William de Tracy and Sir Richard le Breton, started out secretly for England. Messengers were sent to recall them when their disappearance was observed, but the four knights had gone by separate routes to separate ports.

Becket, meanwhile, had returned from his adventurous expedition.

#### At Canterbury.

On Christmas Day he preached in the cathedral on the text "Peace to men of good will." There was no peace, he said, except to men of good will. He spoke passionately of the trials of the Church. As he drew towards an end he alluded to the possibility of his own martyrdom. He could scarcely articulate for tears. The congregation were sobbing round him. Suddenly his face altered, his tone changed. Glowing with anger, with the fatal candles in front of him, and in a voice of thunder, the solemn and the absurd strangely blended in the overwhelming sense of his own wrongs, he cursed the intruders into his churches; he cursed Sir Ranulf de Broc; he cursed Robert de Broc for cutting off his mule's tail; he cursed by name several of the

old king's most intimate councillors who were at the court in Normandy. At each fierce imprecation he quenched a light, and dashed down a candle. "As he spoke," says the enthusiastic Herbert, repeating the figure under which he had described his master's appearance at Northampton, "you saw the very beast of the prophet's vision, with the face of a lion and the face of a man." He had drawn the spiritual sword, as he had sworn that he would. So experienced a man of the world could not have failed to foresee that he was provoking passions which would no longer respect his office, and that no rising in England would now be in time to save him. He was in better spirits, it was observed, after he had discharged his anathema. The Christmas festival was held in the hall. Asceticism was a virtue which was never easy to him. He indulged his natural inclinations at all permitted times, and on this occasion he ate and drank more copiously than usual. . . .

\* \* \*

#### *The Four Knights Arrive.*

On the morning of the 29th December the four knights rode with an escort of horse along the old Roman road to Canterbury. They halted at St. Augustine's Monastery, where they were entertained by the abbot elect, Becket's old enemy, the scandalous Clarembald.

Leaving their men outside the great gate of the archbishop's palace, the four knights alighted and entered the court. They unbuckled their swords, leaving them at the lodge, and, throwing gowns over their armour, they strode across to the door of the hall. Their appearance could hardly have been unexpected. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. They had been some time in the town, and their arrival could not fail to have been reported. The archbishop's midday meal was over. The servants were dining on the remains, and the usual company of mendicants were waiting for their turn. The archbishop had been again disturbed at daybreak by intimation of danger. He had advised any of his clergy who were

afraid to escape to Sandwich, but none of them had left him. He had heard mass as usual. He had received his customary floggings. At dinner, he observed, when some one remarked on his drinking, that a man that had blood to lose needed wine to support him. Afterwards he had retired into an inner room with John of Salisbury, his chaplain Fitzstephen, Edward Grim of Cambridge, who was on a visit to him, and several others, and was now sitting in conversation with them in the declining light of the winter afternoon till the bell should ring for vespers. . . .

The knights were introduced. They advanced. The archbishop neither spoke nor looked at them, but continued talking to a monk who was next to him. He himself was sitting on a bed. The rest of the party present were on the floor. The knights seated themselves in the same manner, and for a few moments there was silence. Then Becket's black restless eye glanced from one to the other. He slightly noticed Tracy; and Fitzurse said a few unrecorded sentences to him, which ended with "God help you!" To Becket's friends the words sounded like insolence. They may have meant no more than pity.

Becket's face flushed. Fitzurse went on: "We bring you the commands of the king beyond the sea; will you hear us in public or in private?" Becket said he cared not. "In private, then," said Fitzurse. The monks thought afterwards that Fitzurse had meant to kill the archbishop where he sat. If the knights had entered the palace, thronged as it was with men, with any such intention, they would scarcely have left their swords behind them. The room was cleared, and a short altercation followed, of which nothing is known save that it ended speedily in high words on both sides. Becket called in his clergy again, his lay servants being excluded, and bade Fitzurse go on. "Be it so," Sir Reginald said. "Listen then to what the king says. When the peace was made, he put aside all his complaints against you. He allowed you to return, as you desired, free to your see. You have now added contempt to your other

offences. You have broken the treaty. Your pride has tempted you to defy your lord and master to your own sorrow. You have censured the bishops by whose ministration the prince was crowned. You have pronounced an anathema against the king's ministers, by whose advice he is guided in the management of the Empire. You have made it plain that if you could you would take the prince's crown from him. Your plots and contrivances to attain your ends are notorious to all men. Say, then, will you attend us to the king's presence, and there answer for yourself? For this we are sent."

The archbishop declared that he had never wished any hurt to the prince. The king had no occasion to be displeased if crowds came about him in the towns and cities after they had been so long deprived of his presence. If he had done any wrong he would make satisfaction, but he protested against being suspected of intentions which had never entered his mind.

Fitzurse did not enter into an altercation with him, but continued: "The king commands further that you and your clerks repair without delay to the young king's presence, and swear allegiance, and promise to amend your faults."

The archbishop's temper was rising. "I will do whatever may be reasonable," he said; "but I tell you plainly the king shall have no oaths from me, nor from any one of my clergy. There has been too much perjury already. I have absolved many, with God's help, who had perjured themselves. I will absolve the rest when He permits."

"I understand you to say that you will not obey," said Fitzurse; and went on in the same tone: "The king commands you to absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated without his permission (*absque licentiâ suâ*)."

"The pope sentenced the bishops," the archbishop said. "If you are not pleased, you must go to him. The affair is none of mine."

Fitzurse said it had been done at his instigation, which he did not deny; but he proceeded to reassert that the

king had given him permission. He had complained at the time of the peace of the injury which he had suffered in the coronation, and the king had told him that he might obtain from the pope any satisfaction for which he liked to ask.

If this was all the consent which the king had given, the pretence of his authority was inexcusable. "Ay, ay!" said Fitzurse, "will you make the king out to be a traitor, then? The king gave you leave to excommunicate the bishops when they were acting by his own order! It is more than we can bear to listen to such monstrous accusations."

John of Salisbury tried to check the archbishop's imprudent tongue, and whispered to him to speak to the knights in private; but when the passion was on him, no mule was more ungovernable than Becket. Drawing to a conclusion, Fitzurse said to him: "Since you refuse to do any one of those things which the king requires of you, his final commands are that you and your clergy shall forthwith depart out of this realm and out of his dominions, never more to return. You have broken the peace, and the king cannot trust you again."

Becket answered wildly that he would not go—never again would he leave England. Nothing but death should now part him from his church. Stung by the reproach of ill-faith, he poured out the catalogue of his own injuries. He had been promised restoration, and instead of restoration he had been robbed and insulted. Ranulf de Broc had laid an embargo on his wine. Robert de Broc had cut off his mule's tail, and now the knights had come to menace him.

De Morville said that if he had suffered any wrong he had only to appeal to the council, and justice would be done.

Becket did not wish for the council's justice. "I have complained enough," he said; "so many wrongs are daily heaped upon me that I could not find messengers to carry the tale of them. I am refused access to the court. Neither one king nor the other will do me right. I will endure it no more. I will use my own



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"NEVER! NO SEAL OF MINE SHALL TOUCH THESE ARTICLES."

From the drawing by Morris Meredith Williams

powers as archbishop, and no child of man shall prevent me."

"You will lay the realm under interdict then, and excommunicate the whole of us?" said Fitzurse.

"So God help me," said one of the others, "he shall not do that. He has excommunicated over-many already. We have borne too long with him."

The knights sprang to their feet, twisting their gloves and swinging their arms. The archbishop rose. In the general noise words could no longer be accurately heard. At length the knights

moved to leave the room, and, addressing the archbishop's attendants, said, "In the king's name we command you to see that this man does not escape."

"Do you think I shall fly, then?" cried the archbishop. "Neither for the king nor for any living man will I fly. You cannot be more ready to kill me than I am to die. . . . Here you will find me," he shouted, following them to the door as they went out, and calling after them. . . .

#### *The Murder.*

It must have been now past four o'clock; and unless there were lights the room was almost dark. Beyond the archbishop's chamber was an ante-room, beyond the ante-room the hall. The knights, passing through the hall into the quadrangle, and thence to the lodge, called their men to arms. The great gate was closed. A mounted guard was stationed outside with orders to

allow no one to go out or in. The knights threw off their cloaks and buckled on their swords. This was the work of a few minutes. From the cathedral tower the vesper bell was beginning to sound. The archbishop had seated himself to recover from the agitation of the preceding scene, when a breathless monk rushed in to say that the knights were arming. "Who cares? Let them arm," was all that the archbishop said. His clergy were less indifferent. If the archbishop was ready for death, they were not. The door from the hall into

the court was closed and barred, and a short respite was thus secured. The intention of the knights, it may be presumed, was to seize the archbishop and carry him off to Saltwood, or to De Morville's castle at Knaresborough, or perhaps to Normandy. Coming back to execute their purpose, they found themselves stopped by the hall door. To burst it open would require time; the ante-room between the hall and the archbishop's apartments opened by an oriel window and an outside stair into a garden. Robert de Broc, who knew the house well, led the way to it in the dusk. The steps were broken, but a ladder was standing against the window, by which the knights mounted, and the crash of the falling casement told the fluttered group about the archbishop that their enemies were upon them. There was still a moment. The party who entered by the window, instead of turning into the archbishop's room, first went into the hall to open the door and admit their comrades. From the archbishop's room a second passage, little used, opened into the north-west corner of the cloister, and from the cloister there was a way into the north transept of the cathedral. The cry was, "To the church. To the church." There at least there would be immediate safety.

The archbishop had told the knights that they would find him where they left him. He did not choose to show fear, or he was afraid, as some thought, of losing his martyrdom. He would not move. The bell had ceased. They reminded him that vespers had begun, and that he ought to be in the cathedral. Half yielding, half resisting, his friends swept him down the passage into the cloister. His cross had been forgotten in the haste. He refused to stir till it was fetched and carried before him as usual. Then only, himself incapable of fear, and rebuking the terror of the rest, he advanced deliberately up the cloister to the church door. As he entered the cathedral cries were heard from which it became plain that the knights had broken into the archbishop's room, had found the passage, and were following him. Almost immediately Fitzurse,

Tracy, De Morville, and Le Breton were discerned, in the twilight, coming through the cloister in their armour, with drawn swords, and axes in their left hands. A company of men-at-arms was behind them. In front they were driving before them a frightened flock of monks.

From the middle of the transept in which the archbishop was standing a single pillar rose into the roof. On the eastern side of it opened a chapel of St. Benedict, in which were the tombs of several of the old primates. On the west, running parallel to the nave, was a lady chapel. Behind the pillar, steps led up into the choir, where voices were already singing vespers. A faint light may have been reflected into the transept from the choir tapers, and candles may perhaps have been burning before the altars in the two chapels—of light from without through the windows at that hour there could have been scarcely any. Seeing the knights coming on, the clergy who had entered with the archbishop closed the door and barred it. "What do you fear?" he cried in a clear, loud voice. "Out of the way, you cowards! The Church of God must not be made a fortress." He stepped back and reopened the door with his own hands to let in the trembling wretches who had been shut out. They rushed past him, and scattered in the hiding-places of the vast sanctuary in the crypt, in the galleries, or behind the tombs. All, or almost all, even of his closest friends, William of Canterbury, Benedict, John of Salisbury himself, forsook him to shift for themselves, admitting frankly that they were unworthy of martyrdom. The archbishop was left alone with his chaplain Fitzstephen, Robert of Merton his old master, and Edward Grim, the stranger from Cambridge—or perhaps with Grim only, who says that he was the only one who stayed, and was the only one certainly who showed any sign of courage. A cry had been raised in the choir that armed men were breaking into the cathedral. The vespers ceased; the few monks assembled left their seats and rushed to the edge of the transept, looking wildly into the darkness.

The archbishop was on the fourth step



*Photo: Raschig's Collection.*

THE MURDER OF THOMAS BECKET IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.  
From the painting by C. H. Weigall.

beyond the central pillar ascending into the choir when the knights came in. The outline of his figure may have been just visible to them, if light fell upon it from candles in the lady chapel. Fitzurse passed to the right of the pillar, De Morville, Tracy, and Le Breton to the left. Robert de Broc and Hugh Mauclerc, an apostate priest, remained at the door by which they entered. A voice cried "Where is the traitor? Where is Thomas Becket?" There was silence; such a name could not be acknowledged. "Where is the archbishop?" Fitzurse shouted. "I am here," the archbishop replied, descending the steps, and meeting the knights full in the face. "What do you want with me? I am not afraid of your swords. I will not do what is unjust." The knights closed round him. "Absolve the persons whom you have excommunicated," they said, "and take off the suspensions." "They have made no satisfaction," he answered; "I will not." "Then you shall die as you have deserved," they said.

They had not meant to kill him—certainly not at that time and in that place. One of them touched him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, and hissed in his ears, "Fly, or you are a dead man." There was still time; with a few steps he would have been lost in the gloom of the cathedral, and could have concealed himself in any one of a hundred hiding-places. But he was careless of life, and he felt that his time was come. "I am ready to die," he said. "May the Church through my blood obtain peace and liberty! I charge you in the name of God that you hurt no one here but me." The people from the town were now pouring into the cathedral; De Morville was keeping them back with difficulty at the head of the steps from the choir, and there was danger of a rescue. Fitzurse seized hold of the archbishop, meaning to drag him off as a prisoner. He had been calm so far; his pride rose at the indignity of an arrest. "Touch me not, Reginald!" he said, wrenching his cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. "Off, thou pander, thou!" Le Breton and Fitzurse grasped him again,

and tried to force him upon Tracy's back. He grappled with Tracy and flung him to the ground, and then stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim supporting him. He reproached Fitzurse for ingratitude for past kindness; Fitzurse whispered to him again to fly. "I will not fly," he said, and then Fitzurse swept his sword over him and dashed off his cap. Tracy, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm and caught the blow. The arm fell broken, and the one friend found faithful sank back disabled against the wall. The sword, with its remaining force, wounded the archbishop above the forehead, and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly with his hands clasped, he bent his neck for the death-stroke, saying in a low voice, "I am prepared to die for Christ and for His Church." These were his last words. Tracy again struck him. He fell forward upon his knees and hands. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from the head and broke the sword against the stone, saying, "Take that for my Lord William." De Broc or Mauclerc—the needless ferocity was attributed to both of them—strode forward from the cloister door, set his foot on the neck of the dead lion, and spread the brains upon the pavement with his sword's point. "We may go," he said; "the traitor is dead, and will trouble us no more."

Such was the murder of Becket, the echoes of which are still heard across seven centuries of time, and which, be the final judgment upon it what it may, has its place among the most enduring incidents of English history. Was Becket a martyr, or was he justly executed as a traitor to his sovereign? . . .

### § 3

*"Martyr for the Church of Christ, or turbulent incendiary justly punished for his madness? That was the alternative which lay before the judgment of the Christian world." We have not space here to reprint Froude's description of all the*

*amazing miracles that are said to have followed the murder of Becket.*

### *The Wonders Begin.*

After the murder the body was lifted by the trembling brotherhood from the spot where it had fallen, and was laid for the night in front of the high altar. The monks then sought their pallets with one thought in the minds of all of them. Was the archbishop a saint, or was he a vain dreamer? God only could decide. Asleep or awake—he was unable to say which—Benedict conceived that he saw the archbishop going towards the altar in his robes, as if to say mass. He approached him trembling “My lord,” he supposed himself to have said, “are you not dead?” The archbishop answered, “I was dead, but I have risen again.” “If you are risen, and, as we believe, a martyr,” Benedict said, “will you not manifest yourself to the world?” The archbishop showed Benedict a lantern with a candle dimly burning in it. “I bear a light,” he said, “but a cloud at present conceals it.” He then seemed to ascend the altar steps. The monks in the choir began the introit. The archbishop took the word from them, and in a rich full voice poured out, “Arise, why sleepest thou, O Lord? Arise, and cast us not forth for ever.”

Benedict was dreaming; but the dream was converted into reality. The word went round the dormitory that the archbishop had risen from the dead and had appeared to Benedict. The monks, scarcely knowing whether they too were awake or entranced, flitted into the cathedral to gaze on the mysterious form before the altar. In the dim winter dawn they imagined they saw the dead man's arm raised as if to bless them. The candles had burnt out. Someone placed new candles in the sockets and lighted them. Those who did not know whose hand had done it concluded that it was an angel's. Contradiction was unheard or unbelieved; at such a moment incredulity was impious. Rumours flew abroad that miracles had already begun, and when the cathedral doors were opened the townspeople flocked in to adore. They rushed to the scene of the

murder. They dipped their handkerchiefs in the sacred stream which lay moist upon the stones. A woman whose sight had been weak from some long disease touched her eyes with the blood, and cried aloud that she could again see clearly. Along with the tale of the crime there spread into the country, gathering volume as it rolled, the story of the wonders which had been wrought; and every pious heart which had beat for the archbishop when he was alive was set bounding with delighted enthusiasm. . . .

### *The Benedict of Canterbury wrote:*

“Through the merits of our blessed martyr the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, the poor have the gospel preached to them. In him all the miracles of the Gospel are repeated, and find their full completion. Four times the lamps about his tomb have been kindled by invisible hands. An innocent man who was mutilated by the executioner called on the martyr for help, and is restored: new eyes and new members have been granted to him. Never anywhere, so soon after death and in so brief a time, has saint been made illustrious by so many and so mighty tokens of God's favour.”

### *The Miracles.*

In the outside world there were those who said that the miracles were delusion or enchantment; but with the scoffs came tales of the retribution which instantly overtook the scoffers. A priest at Nantes was heard to say that if strange things had happened at Canterbury the cause could not be the merits of the archbishop, for God would not work miracles for a traitor. As “the man of Belial” uttered his blasphemies his eyes dropped from their sockets, and he fell to the ground foaming at the mouth. His companions carried him into a church, replaced the eye-balls, and sprinkled them with holy water, and prayed to St. Thomas for pardon. St. Thomas was slowly appeased, and the priest recovered, to be a sadder and a wiser man.

Sir Thomas of Etton had known Becket in early youth, and refused to believe that a profligate scoundrel could be a saint. Sir Thomas was seized with

a quinsy which almost killed him, and only saved his life by instant repentance.

In vain the De Brocs and their friends attempted to stem the torrent by threatening to drag the body through the streets, to cut it in pieces, and fling it into a cesspool. The mob of Kent would have risen in arms, and burnt their castle over their heads, had they dared to touch so precious a possession. The archbishop was laid in a marble sarcophagus before the altar of St. John the Baptist in the crypt. The brain which De Broc's rude sword had spread out was gathered up by reverent hands, the blood stains were scraped off the stones, and the precious relics were placed on the stone lid where they could be seen by the faithful. When the body was stripped for burial, on the back were seen the marks of the stripes which he had received on the morning of his death. The hair shirt and drawers were found swarming (*scaturientes*) with vermin. These transcendent evidences of sanctity were laid beside the other treasures, and a wall was built round the tomb to protect it from profanation, with openings through which the sick and maimed, who now came in daily crowds for the martyr's help, could gaze and be healed. . . .

As time went on the miracles grew more and more prodigious. At first weak eyes were made strong; then sight was restored which was wholly gone. At first sick men were made whole; then dead men were brought back to life. At first there was the unconscious exaggeration of real phenomena; then there was incautious embellishment; finally, in some instances, of course with the best intentions, there was perhaps deliberate lying. To which of these classes the story should be assigned which has now to be told the reader must decide for himself. No miracle in sacred history is apparently better attested. The more complete the evidence, the more the choice is narrowed to the alternative between a real supernatural occurrence and an intentional fraud.

In the year which followed Becket's death there lived near Bedford a small farmer named Ailward. This Ailward, unable to recover otherwise a debt from

one of his neighbours, broke into his debtor's house, and took possession of certain small articles of furniture to hold as security. The debtor pursued him, wounded him in a scuffle, and carried him before the head constable of the district, who happened to be Ailward's personal enemy. A charge of burglary was brought against him, with the constable's support. Ailward was taken before the sheriff, Sir Richard Fitzosbert, and committed to Bedford Gaol to await his trial. A priest in the interval took charge of his soul, gave him a whip with which to flog himself five times a day, and advised him to consign his cause to the Virgin, and especially to the martyr Thomas. At the end of a month he was brought before the justices at Leighton Buzzard. The constable appeared to prosecute; and his own story not being received as true, he applied for wager of battle with his accuser, or else for the ordeal of hot iron. Through underhand influence the judges refused either of these comparatively favourable alternatives, and sentenced the prisoner to the ordeal of water, which meant death by drowning or else dismemberment. The law of the Conqueror was still in force; the penalty of felony was the loss of his eyes and further mutilation; and the water ordeal being over, which was merely a form, Ailward, in the presence of a large number of clergy and laity, was delivered to the knife. He bled so much that he was supposed to be dying, and he received the last sacrament. A compassionate neighbour, however, took him into his house, and attended to his wounds, which began slowly to heal. On the tenth night St. Thomas came to his bedside, made a cross on his forehead, and told him that if he presented himself the next day with a candle at the altar of the Virgin in Bedford Church, and did not doubt in his heart, but believed that God was able and willing to cure him, his eyes would be restored. In the morning he related his vision. It was reported to the dean, who himself accompanied him to the altar, the townspeople coming in crowds to witness the promised miracle. The blinded victim

of injustice and false evidence believed as he was directed, and prayed as he was directed. The bandages were then removed from the empty eye-sockets, and in the hollows two small glittering spots were seen, the size of the eyes of a small bird, with which Ailward pronounced he could again see. He set off at once to offer his thanks to his preserver at Canterbury. The rumour of the miracle had preceded him, and in London he was detained by the bishop till the truth had been inquired into. The result was a deposition signed by the Mayor and Corporation of Bedford declaring that they had ascertained the completeness of the mutilation beyond all possibility of doubt. . . .

#### § 4

*Such are instances of the innumerable "miracles" attributed to Saint Thomas, to whose shrine for many years to come pilgrims flocked from all parts, and whose journeyings furnished Chaucer with the idea and plan of his finest poem, "The Canterbury Tales."*

*Froude continues the story of the great conflict between the Church and the King. The catastrophe at Canterbury left him stunned. He had not willed it, but he took the responsibility on himself. He succeeded in appeasing the anger and allaying the suspicions of Pope Alexander III. Froude relates the King's pilgrimage to Becket's tomb.*

#### **The King's Penance.**

He, it is clear, did not share in the suspicion that the miracles at the archbishop's tomb were the work either of fraud or enchantment. He was not a person who for political reasons would affect emotions which he despised. He had been Becket's friend. Becket had been killed, in part at least, through Henry's fault; and, though he might still believe himself to have been essentially right in the quarrel, the miracles showed that the archbishop had been really a saint.

From Southampton he directed his way to Canterbury, where the bishops had been ordered to meet him. At St Dunstan's Oratory he stripped off his

usual dress. He put on a hair penitential shirt, over which a coarse pilgrim's cloak was thrown; and in this costume, with bare and soon bleeding feet, Henry, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy, and Count of Anjou, walked through the streets to the cathedral. Pausing at the spot where the archbishop had fallen, and kissing the stone, he descended into the crypt to the tomb, burst into tears, and flung himself on the ground. There, surrounded by a group of bishops, knights, and monks, he remained long upon his knees in silent prayer. The Bishop of London said for him, what he had said himself at Avranches, that he had not commanded the murder, but had occasioned it by his hasty words. When the bishop ended, Henry rose, and repeated his confession with his own lips. He had caused the archbishop's death; therefore he had come in person to acknowledge his sin, and to entreat the brothers of the monastery to pray for him.

At the tomb he offered rich silks and wedges of gold. To the chapter he gave lands. For himself he vowed to erect and endow a religious house, which should be dedicated to St. Thomas. Thus amply, in the opinion of the monks, *reconciliari meruit*, he deserved to be forgiven. But the satisfaction was still incomplete. The martyr's injuries, he said, must be avenged on his own person. He threw off his cloak, knelt again, and laid his head upon the tomb. Each bishop and abbot present struck him five times with a whip. Each one of the eighty monks struck him thrice. Strange scene! None can be found more characteristic of the age; none more characteristic of Henry Plantagenet.

The penance done, he rose and resumed his cloak; and there by the tomb through the remainder of the July day, and through the night till morning, he remained silently sitting, without food or sleep. The cathedral doors were left open by his orders. The people of the city came freely to gape and stare at the singular spectacle. There was the terrible King Henry, who had sent the knights to kill their archbishop, sitting now in dust and ashes.

# RUBÁIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

EDWARD FITZGERALD



*Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd., from their edition of "Omar Khayyám," illustrated by Ronald Balfour.*

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"  
—OMAR

The story of the first publication of FitzGerald's translation of the old Persian poet, or, rather, paraphrase, for the poem is far from being a mere translation, is interesting. It was printed privately in 1859;

the overstock, in brown paper wrappers, was given by the Author to Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the famous second-hand bookseller; it was hopelessly unsaleable at the published price of a shilling, and was offered at a penny a copy. A hundred pounds would probably be paid for a copy now a days. Eventually, the poem attracted the attention of Swinburne and Rossetti, and soon obtained a multitude of admirers. How many editions have been published since it is almost impossible to say.

"The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" was written at least eight centuries ago; certain lines of the poem had long been well known. There had been translations before FitzGerald's, but it was his effort that gave it its "natural magic." Omar Khayyám, the Persian poet, lived in the twelfth century.

He was a man of "subtle, strong and cultivated intellect, fine imagination, with a heart passionate for truth and justice."

"Omar," FitzGerald says, "pretending sensual pleasure as the serious purpose of

*Life, only diverted himself with speculative problems of Deity, Destiny, Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down.' There are some learned students of Omar who, as FitzGerald says, "do not consider Omar to be the material Epicurean that I have literally taken him for, but a Mystic, shadowing the Deity under the figure of Wine, Wine-bearer, etc., as Hafiz is supposed to do."*

*FitzGerald is certainly right and the pedants as certainly wrong. Omar's philosophy of life is simply that of Horace and Herrick—"gather ye rose-buds while ye may"—for the riddle of the universe is beyond man's solving, and time flies, and night is coming.*



Photo - Rischgatz Collection.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

*Supreme beauty—glamour alike of verse, of imagery, and of feeling—these are the qualities by which FitzGerald has made the old poet of Persia as dear to us as one of our own kin.*

*FitzGerald's first translation runs to seventy-five stanzas. In all he published four different versions. The version used here is the first, except the first four stanzas.*

*Edward FitzGerald, of somewhat eccentric habits, lived for the most part in seclusion and privacy at Woodbridge in Suffolk. He was of independent means, which accounted for his leisurely way of taking life, as well as for the economy of his literary production. His unfortunate marriage with Lucy Barton is an unhappy story; he had many excellent and lovable qualities, likewise many weaknesses.*

VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring  
Your Winter garment of Repentance fling;  
The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

XII

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

XVIII

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and  
drank deep;  
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the  
Wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break  
his Sleep.

XXVI

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave  
the Wise  
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life  
flies;  
One thing is certain, and the Rest is  
Lies;  
The Flower that once has blown for ever  
dies.

XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argu-  
ment  
About it and about: but evermore  
Came out by the same Door as in I went.

XXVIII

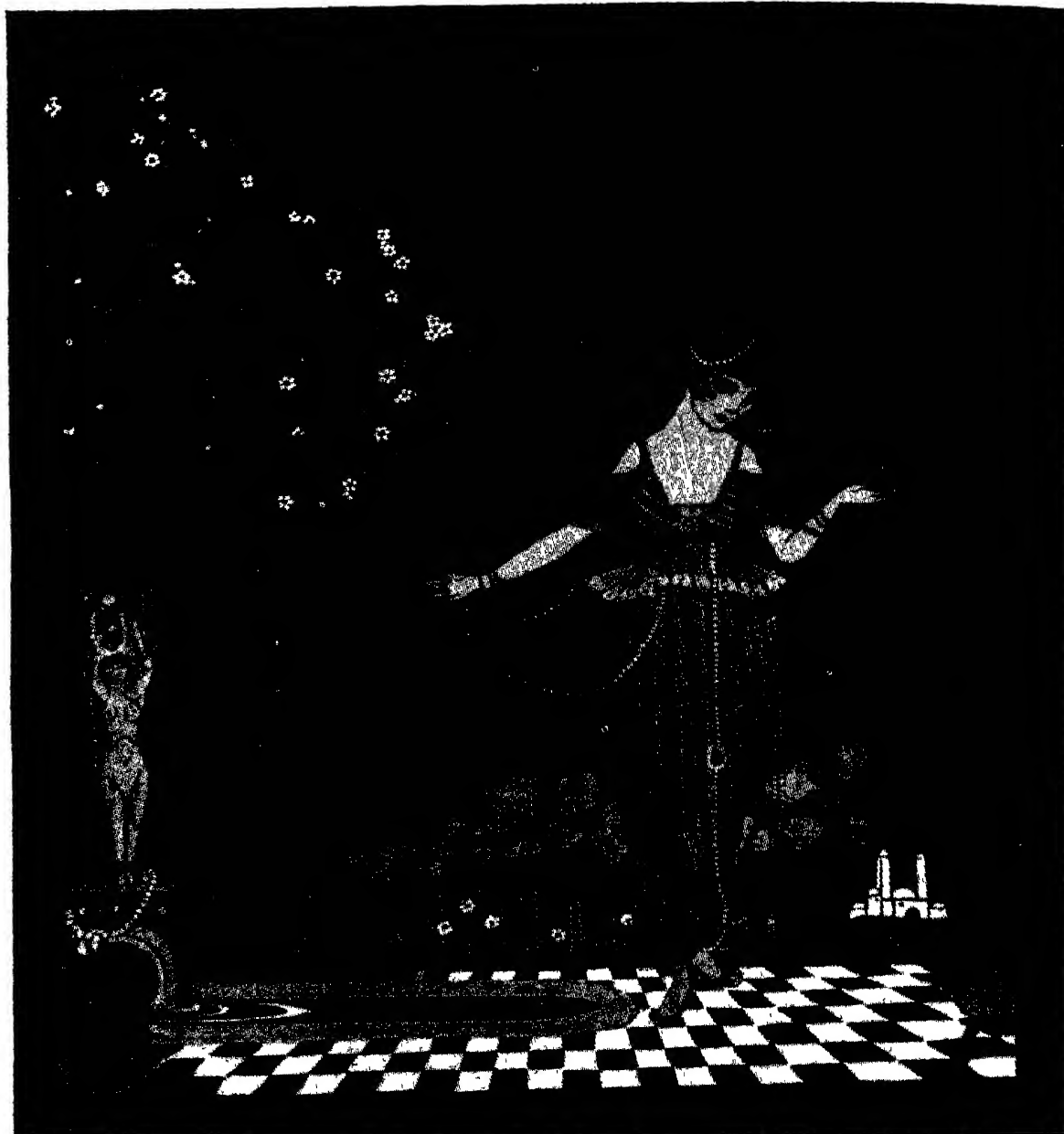
With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,  
And with my own hand labour'd it to  
grow;  
And this was all the Harvest that I  
reap'd—  
"I came like Water, and like Wind I  
go."

XXIX

Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,  
Nor whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing;  
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

XXXII

There was a Door to which I found no  
Key:  
There was a Veil past which I could not  
see:  
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE  
There seem'd—and then no more of THEE  
and ME.



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VII

' Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring  
Your Winter Garment of Repentance fling;  
The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

XXXIII

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,  
Asking, "What Lamp had Destiny to  
guide  
Her little Children stumbling in the  
Dark?"  
And—"A blind Understanding!" Heav'n  
replied.

XXXIV

Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn  
My Lip the secret Well of Life to  
learn:  
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While  
you live  
Drink!—for once dead you never shall  
return."

## XXXV

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive  
Articulation answer'd, once did live,  
And merry-make; and the cold Lip I  
kiss'd,  
How many Kisses might it take—and give !

## XXXVI

For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,  
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet  
Clay :  
And with its all obliterated Tongue  
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently,  
pray !"

## XXXVII

Ah, fill the Cup :—what boots it to repeat  
How Time is slipping underneath our  
Feet :  
Unborn To-morrow, and dead YESTER-  
DAY,  
Why fret about them if To-day be sweet !

## XXXVIII

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,  
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—  
The Stars are setting and the Caravan  
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh,  
make haste !

## XLII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,  
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel  
Shape  
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder ; and  
He bid me taste of it ; and 'twas—the  
Grape !

## XLIII

The Grape that can with Logic absolute  
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects  
confute :  
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice  
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

## XLV

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with  
me  
The Quarrel of the Universe let be :  
And, in some corner of the Hubbub  
coucht,  
Make Game of that which makes as much  
of Thee.

## XLVI

For in and out, above, about, below,  
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,  
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,  
Round which we Phantom Figures come  
and go.

## XLIX

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and  
Days  
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays :  
Hither and thither moves, and mates,  
and slays,  
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

## LI

The Moving Finger writes ; and, having  
writ,  
Moves on : nor all thy Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

## LII

And that inverted Bowl we call the Sky,  
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and  
die,  
Lift not thy hands to *It* for help—for *It*  
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

## LXXII

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the  
Rose !  
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript  
should close !  
The Nightingale that in the Branches  
sang,  
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who  
knows !

## LXXIII

Ah Love ! could thou and I with Fate  
conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things  
entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—and  
then  
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire !

## LXXIV

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no  
wane,  
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again :  
How oft hereafter rising shall she look  
Through this same Garden after me—in  
vain !

## LXXV

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall  
pass  
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the  
Grass,  
And in thy joyous Errand reach the  
Spot  
Where I made one—turn down an empty  
Glass !

# A STRAGGLER OF '15

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

[Reproduced by permission of Sir A. Conan Doyle.]



Photo: E. O. Hopps.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

Conan Doyle, of course, has taken rank among the greatest story-tellers in the world. Not even Maupassant excels him in ingenuity of plot, in the gift of bringing characters to life within the space of a short story, in the art of setting forth the narrative with a power that holds the reader spellbound. The fame of Sherlock Holmes and his adventures has somewhat overshadowed a score of other stories which display these qualities in quite an equal measure. The great detective has become as much a household word as Mr. Pickwick—but the Brigadier Gerard, to take a single instance out of hundreds, is just as real a living person. And so with Sergeant Brewster, in the story which we give below. Conan Doyle has made it known that, of his short stories, he considers this the best:—  
“I think this,” he says, “because so large

a theme is treated in so limited a sphere.” Indeed, the portrait of the ancient hero, who drove the powder-wagon through the flames at Waterloo, painted with a few sharp vivid touches, seems to walk out of the canvas. Sergeant Brewster is a masterpiece—a true creation.

IT was a dull October morning, and heavy, rolling fog-wreaths lay low over the wet, grey roofs of the Woolwich houses. Down in the long, brick-lined streets all was sodden and greasy and cheerless. From the high buildings of the Arsenal came the whirr of many wheels, the thudding of weights, and the buzz and babel of human toil. Beyond, the dwellings of the workingmen, smoke-stained and unlovely, radiated away in a lessening perspective of narrowing road and dwindling wall.

There were few folk in the streets, for the toilers had all been absorbed since break of day by the huge, smoke-spouting monster, which sucked in the manhood of the town, to belch it forth, weary and work-stained, every night. Stout women, with thick red arms and dirty aprons, stood upon the whitened doorsteps, leaning upon their brooms, and shrieking their morning greetings across the road. One had gathered a small knot of cronies around her, and was talking energetically, with little shrill titters from her audience to punctuate her remarks.

“Old enough to know better!” she cried, in answer to an exclamation from one of the listeners. “Why, ’ow old is he at all? Blessed if I could ever make out”

“Well, it ain’t so hard to reckon,” said a sharp-featured, pale-faced woman, with watery-blue eyes. “He’s been at the battle o’ Waterloo, and has the pension and medal to prove it.”

“That were a ter’ble long time agone,”

remarked a third.  
"It were afore I  
were born."

"It were fifteen  
year after the  
beginnin' of the  
century," cried a  
younger woman,  
who had stood lean-  
ing against the wall,  
with a smile of  
superior knowledge  
upon her face. "My  
Bill was a-saying so  
last Sabbath, when  
I spoke to him o' old  
Daddy Brewster,  
here."

"And suppose he  
spoke truth, Missus  
Simpson, 'ow long  
agone do that make  
it?"

"It's eighty-one now,"  
said the original speaker,  
checking off the years upon  
her coarse, red fingers,  
"and that were fifteen. Ten,  
and ten, and ten, and ten,  
and ten—why, it's only sixty  
and six year, so he ain't so  
old after all."

"But he weren't a new-  
born babe at the battle,  
silly," cried the young  
woman with a chuckle.  
"S'pose he were only  
twenty, then he couldn't be  
less than six-and-eighty  
now, at the lowest."

"Ay, he's that—every day  
of it," cried several.

"I've had 'bout enough  
of it," remarked the large  
woman, gloomily. "Unless  
his young niece, or grand  
niece, or whatever she is,  
come to-day, I'm off; and he can find  
someone else to do his work. Your own  
'ome first, says I."

"Ain't he quiet, then, Missus Simp-  
son?" asked the youngest of the group

"Listen to him now," she answered,  
with her hand half-raised, and her head  
turned skantwise towards the open door.

From the upper floor came a shuffling,  
sliding sound, with a sharp tapping of a  
stick. "There he go back and forrards  
doing what he call his sentry-go. 'Arf  
the night through he's at that game, the  
silly old juggins. At six o'clock this very



As the old veteran breathed his  
last he sprang up and shouted

"The Guards need powder, and by God they shall  
have it!"

mornin', there he was beatin' with a stick  
at my door. 'Turn out, guard,' he cried,  
and a lot more jargon that I could make  
nothing of. Then what with his coughin'  
and 'awkin' and spittin', there ain't no  
gettin' a wink o' sleep. Hark to him  
now!"

"Missus Simpson! Missus Simpson!"

cried a cracked and querulous voice from above.

"That's him!" she cried, nodding her head with an air of triumph. "He do go on somethin' scandalous. Yes, Mister Brewster, sir."

"I want my morning ration, Missus Simpson."

"It's just ready, Mister Brewster, sir."

"Blessed if he ain't like a baby cryin' for its pap," said the young woman.

"I feel as if I could shake his old bones up sometimes," cried Mrs. Simpson viciously. "But who's for a 'arf of four-penny?"

The whole company were about to shuffle off to the public-house when a young girl stepped across the road and touched the housekeeper timidly upon the arm. "I think that is No. 56, Arsenal View," she said. "Can you tell me if Mr. Brewster lives there?"

The housekeeper looked critically at the newcomer. She was a girl of about twenty, broad-faced and comely, with a turned-up nose and large, honest, grey eyes. Her print dress, her straw hat with its bunch of glaring poppies, and the bundle she carried had all a smack of the country.

"You're Norah Brewster, I s'pose," said Mrs. Simpson, eyeing her up and down with no friendly gaze.

"Yes; I've come to look after my grand-uncle Gregory."

"And a good job too," cried the housekeeper, with a toss of her head. "It's about time that some of his own folk took a turn at it, for I've had enough of it. There you are, young woman! in you go, and make yourself at home. There's tea in the caddy, and bacon on the dresser, and the old man will be about you if you don't fetch him his breakfast. I'll send for my things in the evenin'."

With a nod she strolled off with her attendant gossips in the direction of the public-house.

Thus left to her own devices, the country girl walked into the front room and took off her hat and jacket. It was a low-roofed apartment with a sputtering fire, upon which a small brass kettle was

singing cheerily. A stained cloth lay over half the table, with an empty brown teapot, a loaf of bread, and some coarse crockery. Norah Brewster looked rapidly about her, and in an instant took over her new duties. Ere five minutes had passed the tea was made, two slices of bacon were frizzling on the pan, the table was rearranged, the antimacassars straightened over the sombre brown furniture, and the whole room had taken a new air of comfort and neatness. This done, she looked round curiously at the prints upon the walls. Over the fireplace, in a small square case, a brown medal caught her eye, hanging from a strip of purple ribbon. Beneath was a slip of newspaper cutting. She stood on her tiptoes, with her fingers on the edge of the mantelpiece, and craned her neck up to see it, glancing down from time to time at the bacon which simmered and hissed beneath her. The cutting was yellow with age, and ran in this way:—

"On Tuesday an interesting ceremony was performed at the barracks of the 3rd Regiment of Guards, when, in the presence of the Prince Regent, Lord Hill, Lord Saltoun, and an assemblage which comprised beauty as well as valour, a special medal was presented to Corporal Gregory Brewster, of Captain Haldane's flank company, in recognition of his gallantry in the recent great battle in the Lowlands. It appears that on the ever-memorable 18th of June, four companies of the 3rd Guards and of the Coldstreams, under the command of Colonels Maitland and Byng, held the important farmhouse of Hougoumont at the right of the British position. At a critical point of the action these troops found themselves short of powder. Seeing that Generals Foy and Jerome Buonaparte were again massing their infantry for an attack on the position, Colonel Byng despatched Corporal Brewster to the rear to hasten up the reserve ammunition. Brewster came upon two powder tumbrils of the Nassau division, and succeeded, after menacing the drivers with his musket, in inducing them to convey their powder to Hougoumont. In his absence, however, the hedges surrounding the position had



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**"THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO."**

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. CROFTS, R.A., IN THE MAPPIN ART GALLERY, SHEFFIELD.

"The Straggler of 15." See page 354.



been set on fire by a howitzer battery of the French, and the passage of the carts full of powder became a most hazardous matter. The first tumbril exploded, blowing the driver to fragments. Daunted by the fate of his

British arms, for without powder it would have been impossible to have held Hougoumont, and the Duke of Wellington had repeatedly declared that had Hougoumont fallen, as well as La Haye Sainte, he would have found it im-

possible to have held his ground. Long may the heroic Brewster live to treasure the medal which he has so bravely won, and to look back with pride to the day when in the presence of his comrades he received this tribute to his valour from the august hands of the first gentleman of the realm."

The reading of this old cutting increased in the girl's mind the veneration which she had always had for her warrior kinsman. From her infancy he had been her hero, and she remembered how her



Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

#### THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.

From the painting by R. Ansdell, R.A.

Sergeant Ewart (Scots Greys) taking the Eagle from the 45th Regiment (The Invincibles) at Waterloo.

comrade, the second driver turned his horses, but Corporal Brewster, springing upon his seat, hurled the man down, and urging the powder cart through the flames, succeeded in forcing a way to his companions. To this gallant deed may be directly attributed the success of the

father used to speak of his courage and his strength, how he could strike down a bullock with a blow of his fist, and carry a fat sheep under either arm. True that she had never seen him, but a rude painting at home, which depicted a square-faced, clean-shaven, stalwart

man, with a great bearskin cap, rose ever before her memory when she thought of him.

She was still gazing at the brown medal and wondering what the "*dulce et decorum est*" might mean, which was inscribed upon the edge, when there came a sudden tapping and shuffling upon the stair, and there at the door was standing the very man who had been so often in her thoughts.

But could this indeed be he? Where was the martial air, the flashing eye, the warrior face which she had pictured? There, framed in the doorway, was a huge, twisted old man, gaunt and puckered, with twitching hands and shuffling, purposeless feet. A cloud of fluffy white hair, a red-veined nose, two thick tufts of eyebrows and a pair of dimly questioning, watery-blue eyes—these were what met her gaze. He leaned forward upon a stick, while his shoulders rose and fell with his crackling, rasping breathing.

"I want my morning rations," he crooned, as he stumped forward to his chair. "The cold nips me without 'em. See to my fingers!"

He held out his distorted hands, all blue at the tips, wrinkled and gnarled, with huge, projecting knuckles.

"It's nigh ready," answered the girl, gazing at him with wonder in her eyes. "Don't you know who I am, grand-uncle? I am Norah Brewster from Witham."

"Rum is warm," mumbled the old man, rocking to and fro in his chair, "and schnapps is warm and there's 'eat in soup, but it's a dish o' tea for me. What did you say your name was?"

"Norah Brewster."

"You can speak out, lass. Seems to me folk's voices isn't as loud as they used."

"I'm Norah Brewster, uncle. I'm your grand-niece come from down Essex way to live with you."

"You'll be brother Jarge's girl! Lor', to think o' little Jarge having a girl."

He chuckled hoarsely to himself, and

the long, stringy sinews of his throat jerked and quivered.

"I am the daughter of your brother George's son," said she as she turned the bacon.

"Lor', but little Jarge was a rare 'un," he continued. "Eh, by Jimini, there was no chousing Jarge. He's got a bull pup o' mine that I gave him when I took the bounty. You've heard him speak of it, likely?"

"Why, grandpa George has been dead this twenty years," said she, pouring out the tea.

"Well, it was a bootiful pup—ay, a well-bred un, by Jimini! I'm cold for lack of my rations. Rum is good, and so is schnapps, but I'd as lief have tea as either."

He breathed heavily while he devoured his food.

"It's a middlin' goodish way you've come," said he at last. "Likely the stage left yester-night."

"The what, uncle?"

"The coach that brought you."

"Nay, I came by the mornin' train."

"Lor' now, think of that! You ain't afeared of those new-fangled things! To think of you coming by railroad like that! What's the world a-comin' to?"

There was silence for some minutes while Norah sat stirring her tea and glancing sideways at the bluish lips and champing jaws of her companion.

"You must have seen a deal of life, uncle," said she. "It must seem a long, long time to you!"

"Not so very long, neither. I'm ninety come Candlemas, but it don't seem long since I took the bounty. And that battle, it might have been yesterday. I've got the smell of the burned powder in my nose yet. Eh, but I get a power o' good from my rations!"

He did indeed look less worn and colourless than when she first saw him. His face was flushed and his back more erect.

"Have you read that?" he asked, jerking his head towards the cutting.

"Yes, uncle, and I am sure you must be proud of it."

"Ah, it was a great day for me! A great day! The Regent was there, and

a fine body of a man too! 'The ridgment is proud of you,' says he. 'And I'm proud of the ridgment,' says I. 'A damned good answer too!' says he to Lord Hill, and they both bust out a-laughing. But what be you a-peepin' out o' the window for?"

"Oh, uncle, here's a regiment of soldiers coming down the street, with the band playing in front of them."

"A ridgment, eh? Where be my glasses? Lor', but I can hear the band, as plain as plain. Here's the pioneers an' the drum-major! What be their number, lass?"

His eyes were shining and his bony, yellow fingers, like the claws of some fierce old bird, dug into her shoulder.

"They don't seem to have no number, uncle. They've something wrote on their shoulders. Oxfordshire, I think it be."

"Ah, yes," he growled. "I heard as they'd dropped the numbers and given them new-fangled names. There they go, by Jimini! They're young mostly, but they hain't forgot how to march. They have the swing—ay, I'll say that for them. They've got the swing."

He gazed after them until the last files had turned the corner and the measured tramp of their marching had died away in the distance.

He had just regained his chair when the door opened and a gentleman stepped in.

"Ah, Mr. Brewster! Better to-day?" he asked.

"Come in, doctor! Yes, I'm better. But there's a deal o' bubbling in my chest. It's all them toobes. If I could but cut the phlegm I'd be right. Can't ye get me something to cut the phlegm?"

The doctor, a grave-faced young man, put his fingers to the furrowed blue-corded wrist.

"You must be careful," he said; "you must take no liberties."

The thin tide of life seemed to thrill rather than to throb under his finger.

The old man chuckled.

"I've got brother Jarge's girl to look after me now. She'll see I don't break

barracks or do what I hadn't ought to; why, darn my skin, I knew something was amiss!"

"With what?"

"Why, with them soldiers. You saw them pass, doctor—eh? They'd forgot their stocks. Not one of 'em had his stock on." He croaked and chuckled for a long time over his discovery. "It wouldn't ha' done for the Dook!" he muttered. "No, by Jimini! the Dook would ha' had word there."

The doctor smiled.

"Well, you are doing very well," said he. "I'll look in once a week or so and see how you are!" As Norah followed him to the door he beckoned her outside. "He is very weak," he whispered. "If you find him failing you must send for me."

"What ails him, doctor?"

"Ninety years ail him. His arteries are pipes of lime. His heart is shrunken and flabby. The man is worn out."

Norah stood watching the brisk figure of the young doctor and pondering over these new responsibilities which had come upon her. When she turned, a tall, brown-faced artilleryman, with the three gold chevrons of sergeant upon his arm, was standing, carbine in hand, at her elbow.

"Good morning, miss!" said he, raising one thick finger to his jaunty yellow-banded cap. "I b'lieve there's an old gentleman lives here of the name of Brewster, who was engaged in the battle of Waterloo?"

"It's my grand-uncle, sir," said Norah, casting down her eyes before the keen, critical gaze of the young soldier. "He is in the front parlour."

"Could I have a word with him, miss? I'll call again if it don't chance to be convenient."

"I am sure that he would be very glad to see you, sir. He's in here, if you'll step in. Uncle, here's a gentleman who wants to speak with you."

"Proud to see you, sir—proud and glad, sir!" cried the sergeant, taking three steps forward into the room and grounding his carbine while he raised his hand, palm forwards, in a salute.

Norah stood by the door with her

mouth and eyes open, wondering whether her grand-uncle had ever, in his prime, looked like this magnificent creature, and whether he, in his turn, would ever come to resemble her grand-uncle.

The old man blinked up at his visitor and shook his head slowly.

"Sit ye down, sergeant," said he, pointing with his stick to a chair. "You're full young for the stripes. Lordy, it's easier to get three now than one in my day. Gunners were old soldiers then, and the grey hairs came quicker than the three stripes."

"I am eight years' service, sir," cried the sergeant. "Macdonald is my name—Sergeant Macdonald, of H Battery, Southern Artillery Division. I have called as the spokesman of my mates at the gunners' barracks to say that we are proud to have you in the town, sir."

Old Brewster chuckled and rubbed his bony hands.

"That were what the Regent said," he cried. "'The ridgment is proud of ye,' says he. 'And I am proud of the ridgment,' says I. 'And a damned good answer, too,' says he, and he and Lord Hill bust out—a-laughin'."

"The non-commissioned mess would be proud and honoured to see you, sir," said Sergeant Macdonald. "And, if you could step as far, you'll always find a pipe o' baccy and a glass of grog awaitin' you."

The old man laughed until he coughed.

"Like to see me, would they? The dogs!" said he. "Well, well, when the warm weather comes again I'll maybe drop in. It's likely that I'll drop in. Too grand for a canteen, eh? Got your mess just the same as the officers. What's the world a-coming to at all!"

"You was in the line, sir, was you not?" asked the sergeant respectfully.

"The line?" cried the old man with shrill scorn. "Never wore a shako in my life. I am a Guardsman, I am. Served in the 3rd Guards—the same they call now the Scots Guards. Lordy, but they have all marched away, every man of them, from old Colonel Byng down to the drummer-boys, and here am I a straggler—that's what I am, sergeant, a straggler! I'm here when I ought to be there. But

it ain't my fault neither, for I'm ready to fall in when the word comes."

"We've all got to muster there," answered the sergeant. "Won't you try my baccy, sir?" handing over a sealskin pouch.

Old Brewster drew a blackened clay pipe from his pocket and began to stuff the tobacco into the bowl. In an instant it slipped through his fingers and was broken to pieces on the floor. His lip quivered, his nose puckered up, and he began crying with the long, helpless sobs of a child.

"I've broke my pipe," he cried.

"Don't uncle, oh don't," cried Norah, bending over him and patting his white head as one soothes a baby. "It don't matter. We can easy get another."

"Don't you fret yourself, sir," said the sergeant. "'Ere's a wooden pipe with an amber mouth, if you'll do me the honour to accept it from me. I'd be real glad if you will take it."

"Jimini!" cried he, his smiles breaking in an instant through his tears. "It's a fine pipe. See to my new pipe, Norah. I lay that Jarge never had a pipe like that. You've got your firelock there, sergeant."

"Yes, sir; I was on my way back from the butts when I looked in."

"Let me have the feel of it. Lordy, but it seems like old times to have one's hand on a musket. What's the manual, sergeant, eh? Cock your firelock—look to your priming—present your firelock—eh, sergeant? Oh, Jimini! I've broke your musket in halves!"

"That's all right, sir," cried the gunner, laughing; "you pressed on the lever and opened the breech-piece. That's where we load 'em, you know."

"Load 'em at the wrong end! Well, well, to think o' that. And no ramrod, neither! I've heered tell of it, but I never believed it afore. Ah, it won't come up to Brown Bess. When there's work to be done you mark my word and see if they don't come back to Brown Bess."

"By the Lord, sir," cried the sergeant hotly, "they need some change out in South Africa now. I see by this mornin's paper that the Government has knuckled under to these Boers. They're hot about



*Photo: Raschigitz Collection.*

**EVENING OF WATERLOO.**

From the painting by Ernest Crofts, R.A., in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

*By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.*

it at the non-com. mess, I can tell you, sir."

"Eh, eh," croaked old Brewster. "By Gosh! it wouldn't ha' done for the Dook; the Dook would ha' had a word to say over that!"

"Ah, that he would, sir," cried the sergeant; "and God send us another like him. But I've wearied you enough for one sitting. I'll look in again, and I'll bring a comrade or two with me if I may, for there isn't one but would be proud to have speech with you."

So, with another salute to the veteran and a gleam of white teeth at Norah, the big gunner withdrew, leaving a memory of blue cloth and of gold braid behind him. Many days had not passed, however, before he was back again, and during all the long winter he was a frequent visitor at Arsenal View. He brought others with him, and soon, through all the lines, a pilgrimage to Daddy Brewster's came to be looked upon as the proper thing to do. Gunners and sappers, linesmen and dragoons, came bowing and bobbing into the little parlour, with clatter of side-arms and clink of spurs, stretching their long legs across the patchwork rug, and hunting in the front of their tunics for the screw of tobacco or paper of snuff which they had brought as a sign of their esteem.

It was a deadly cold winter, with six weeks on end of snow on the ground, and Norah had a hard task to keep the life in that time-worn body. There were times when his mind would leave him, and when, save an animal outcry when the hour of his meals came round, no word would fall from him. As the warm weather came once more, however, and the green buds peeped forth again upon the trees, the blood thawed in his veins, and he would even drag himself as far as the doortobask in the life-giving sunshine.

"It do hearten me up so," he said one morning, as he glowed in a hot May sun. "It's a job to keep back the flies, though! They get owdacious in this weather and they do plague me cruel."

"I'll keep them off you, uncle," said Norah.

"Eh, but it's fine! This sunshine makes me think o' the glory to come.

You might read me a bit o' the Bible, lass. I find it wonderful soothing."

"What part would you like, uncle?"

"Oh, them wars."

"The wars?"

"Ay, keep to the wars! Give me the Old Testament for chice. There's more taste to it, to my mind! When parson comes he wants to get off to something else, but it's Joshua or nothing with me. Them Israelites was good soldiers—good growed soldiers, all of 'em."

"But, uncle," pleaded Norah, "it's all peace in the next world."

"No, it ain't, gal."

"Oh yes, uncle, surely!"

The old corporal knocked his stick irritably upon the ground.

"I tell ye it ain't, gal. I asked parson"

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said there was to be a last fight. He even gave it a name, he did. The battle of Arm—Arm——"

"Armageddon."

"Ay, that's the name parson said. I 'specs the 3rd Guards'll be there. And the Dook—the Dook'll have a word to say."

An elderly, grey-whiskered gentleman had been walking down the street, glancing up at the numbers of the houses. Now, as his eyes fell upon the old man, he came straight for him.

"Hullo!" said he. "Perhaps you are Gregory Brewster?"

"My name, sir," answered the veteran.

"You are the same Brewster, as I understand, who is on the roll of the Scots Guards as having been present at the battle of Waterloo?"

"I am that man, sir, though we called it the 3rd Guards in those days. It was a fine regiment, and they only need me to make up a full muster."

"Tut, tut, they'll have to wait years for that," said the gentleman heartily; "but I am the colonel of the Scots Guards, and I thought I would like to have a word with you."

Old Gregory Brewster was up in an instant with his hand to his rabbit-skin cap.

"God bless me!" he cried; "to think of it; to think of it."

"Hadn't the gentleman better come in?" suggested the practical Norah from behind the door.

"Surely, sir, surely; walk in, sir, if I may be so bold."

In his excitement he had forgotten his stick, and as he led the way into the parlour his knees tottered and he threw out his hands. In an instant the colonel had caught him on one side and Norah on the other.

"Easy and steady," said the colonel, as he led him to his armchair.

"Thank ye, sir; I was near gone that time. But, Lordy, why, I can scarce believe it. To think of me, the corporal of the flank company, and you the colonel of the battalion. Jimini! how things come round, to be sure."

"Why, we are very proud of you in London," said the colonel. "And so you are actually one of the men who held Hougoumont?" He looked at the bony, trembling hands with their huge, knotted knuckles, the stringy throat, and the heaving, rounded shoulders. Could this, indeed, be the last of that band of heroes? Then he glanced at the half-filled phials, the blue liniment bottles, the long-spouted kettle, and the sordid details of the sick-room. "Better, surely, had he died under the blazing rafters of the Belgian farmhouse," thought the colonel.

"I hope that you are pretty comfortable and happy," he remarked after a pause.

"Thank ye, sir. I have a good deal of trouble with my toobes—a deal of trouble. You wouldn't think the job it is to cut the phlegm. And I need my rations. I gets cold without 'em. And the flies! I ain't strong enough to fight against them."

"How's the memory?" asked the colonel.

"Oh, there ain't nothing amiss there! Why, sir, I could give you the name of every man in Captain Haldane's flank company."

"And the battle—you remember it!"

"Why, I sees it all afore me every time I shuts my eyes. Lordy, sir, you wouldn't hardly believe how clear it is to me. There's our line from the pare-

goric bottle right along to the snuff-box. D'ye see? Well, then, the pill-box is for Hougoumont on the right, where we was; and Norah's thimble for La Haye Sainte. There it is all right, sir, and here were our guns, and here, behind, the reserves and the Belgians. Ach, them Belgians!" He spat furiously into the fire. "Then here's the French where my pipe lies, and over here, where I put my baccy pouch, was the Proosians a-comin' up on our left flank. Jimini! but it was a glad sight to see the smoke of their guns"

"And what was it that struck you most, now, in connection with the whole affair?" asked the colonel.

"I lost three half-crowns over it, I did," crooned old Brewster. "I shouldn't wonder if I was never to get that money now. I lent 'em to Jabez Smith, my rear rank man, in Brussels. 'Only till pay-day, Grig,' says he. By Gosh! he was struck by a lancer at Quatre Bras, and me with not so much as a slip o' paper to prove the debt! Them three half-crowns is as good as lost to me."

The colonel rose from his chair, laughing.

"The officers of the Guards want you to buy yourself some little trifle which may add to your comfort," he said. "It is not from me, so you need not thank me."

He took up the old man's tobacco-pouch and slipped a crisp banknote inside it.

"Thank ye kindly, sir. But there's one favour that I would like to ask you, colonel."

"Yes, my man?"

"If I'm called, colonel, you won't grudge me a flag and a firing-party?"

"All right, my man, I'll see to it," said the colonel. "Good-bye; I hope to have nothing but good news from you."

"A kind gentleman, Norah," croaked old Brewster, as they saw him walk past the window; "but, Lordy, he ain't fit to hold the stirrup of my Colonel Byng."

It was on the next day that the corporal took a sudden change for the worse. Even the golden sunlight streaming

through the window seemed unable to warm that withered frame. The doctor came and shook his head in silence. All day the man lay with only his puffing blue lips and the twitching of his scraggy neck to show that he still held the breath of life. Norah and Sergeant Macdonald had sat by him in the afternoon, but he had shown no consciousness of their presence. He lay peacefully, his eyes half-closed, his hands under his cheek, as one who is very weary.

They had left him for an instant, and were sitting in the front room where Norah was preparing the tea, when of a sudden they heard a shout that rang through the house. Loud and clear and swelling, it pealed in their ears, a voice full of strength and energy and fiery passion.

"The Guards need powder," it cried,

and, yet again, "the Guards need powder."

The sergeant sprang from his chair and rushed in, followed by the trembling Norah. There was the old man standing up, his blue eyes sparkling, his white hair bristling, his whole figure towering and expanding, with eagle head and glance of fire.

"The Guards need powder," he thundered once again, "and by God they shall have it!"

He threw up his long arms and sank back with a groan into his chair. The sergeant stooped over him, and his face darkened.

"Oh, Archie, Archie," sobbed the frightened girl, "what do you think of him?"

The sergeant turned away.

"I think," said he, "that the 3rd Guards have a full muster now."

## "BISHOP HATTO"

ROBERT SOUTHEY

*The scene of Southey's wonderful narrative poem is near Bingen, on the Rhine. The story is famous in German legend. The cruel Elector Hatto, having refused corn to his starving people, was said to have been chased by starving rats and eaten alive.*

THE summer and autumn had been so wet  
That in winter the corn was growing yet;  
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around  
The corn lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
They crowded around Bishop Hatto's door.  
For he had a plentiful last year's store,  
And all the neighbourhood could tell  
His granaries were furnished well.

At last, Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
To quiet the poor without delay;  
He bade them to his great barn repair,  
And they should have food for the winter  
there.

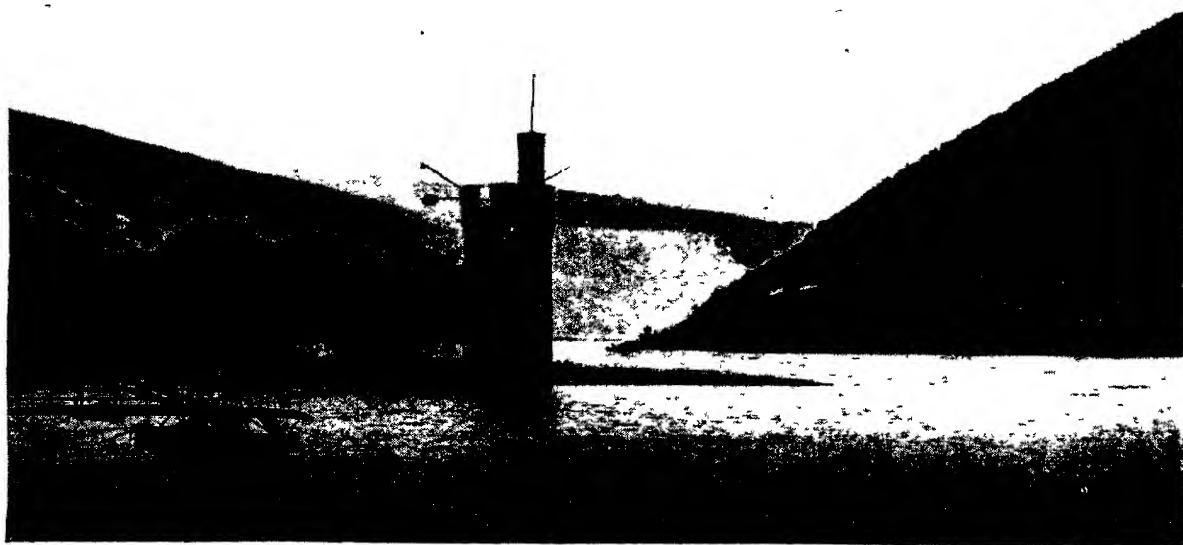
Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,  
The poor folk flocked from far and near,  
The great barn was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, young and old.

But when he saw it could hold no more,  
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;  
And whilst for mercy on Christ they call,  
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth  
he,  
"And the country is greatly obliged to me  
For ridding it in these times forlorn  
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace return'd he,  
And he sat down to supper merrily,  
And he slept that night like an innocent  
man,  
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall,  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all over him came,  
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.



*Photo: Photochrom Co.*

MAUSETURM, NEAR BINGEN, ON THE RHINE.

The scene of Southey's poem.

As he looked, there came a man from his  
farm,  
He had a countenance white with alarm ;  
" My lord, I opened your granaries this  
morn,  
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be,  
" Fly, my Lord Bishop, fly ! " quoth he,  
" Ten thousand rats are coming this way—  
The Lord forgive you for yesterday ! "

" I'll go to my tower in the Rhine," replied  
he,  
" 'Tis the safest in Germany ;  
The walls are high, the shores are steep,  
And the tide is strong, and the waters  
deep "

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,  
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,  
And reached his tower in the island, and  
barred  
All the gates secure and hard.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,—  
But soon a scream made him arise ;  
He started, and saw two eyes of flame  
On his pillow from whence the screaming  
came.

He listened and looked ;—it was only the  
cat ;  
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,

For she sat screaming, mad with fear,  
At the army of rats that were drawing  
near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,  
And they have climbed the shores so  
steep,  
And now by thousands up they crawl  
To the holes and the windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,  
And faster and faster his beads did he  
tell,  
As louder and louder, drawing near,  
The saw of their teeth without he could  
hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,  
And through the walls by thousands they  
pour,  
And down from the ceiling, and up through  
the floor,  
From the right and the left, from behind  
and before,  
From within and without, from above and  
below,  
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the  
stones,  
And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;  
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,  
For they were sent to do judgment on  
him !

# THE GAY LORD QUEX

## SIR ARTHUR PINERO

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Photo: Swaine.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO.

Sir Arthur Pinero holds a high place among English dramatists. After producing several farces and some sentimental plays, such as "Sweet Lavender" and "Trelawney of the Wells," he changed his manner, influenced by Ibsen, and wrote "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which was followed by a remarkable variety of plays, which, along with those of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, raised the English drama, which had fallen into a state of serious decline, to a position where it could command respect.

Lord Quex is forty-eight, keen-faced and bright-eyed, faultless in dress, debonair and charming. He lives the gay life; it was Sophy who called him the wickedest man in London, but it was Sophy also who declared him to be "a gentleman." Lord Quex had several "affairs" before he became engaged to Miss Muriel Eden and "reformed."

Muriel was fond of Captain Bastling, but had been worried into this engagement with Lord Quex by her relatives, whose one idea was Title and Position—Title and Position with the gay, middle-aged rake, assuming that he had no lapse in morals meanwhile.

Sophy is determined that the marriage shall not happen, for she is sincerely attached to Miss Muriel, who had been good to her; Muriel and her brother Jack had befriended poor Sophy and set her up in a prosperous manicurist business. As a girl, Sophy had been a handful; in turn she had been nursery-maid, then lady's maid, and "sick of maiding" she took to hairdressing; when the play opens she presides over the manicurist establishment. Sophy Fullgarnsey is a pretty, elegant, innocently vulgar, fascinating young woman of six-and-twenty.

The scene of the first act is Sophy's manicure establishment in New Bond Street, where smart-looking men and fashionable young ladies congregate. Next door is a palmist's—Mr. Valma, otherwise Mr. Pollitt. He loves Sophy, who had helped him to steer his bark "into the flowing waters of popularity." They become engaged.

Among Lord Quex's past adored ones was the little Duchess of Strood; she is now "a dainty, beautiful old doll," full of extravagant sentimentality. It hurts her to see the courtship of Lord Quex and Muriel. In the second act she demands an interview with her old lover, for, she declares, "I must relieve my heart; it is bursting." Quex begs her "to consider my position." The Duchess: "In memory of the past! I demand it!" She recognises how fitting it is that her old lover should bring his wild irregular career to a close, and she makes up her mind to cease to be a spectator of "these preliminaries," after to-morrow. Meantime, she cannot, and will not, consent to end the romance "with a curt word and formal handshake," even in the romantic

old garden where they stand. He must come to her room to-night, for "I want to see you sipping that brand of champagne once more, while you and I sit facing one another, silently, dreamily, smoking Argyropulos cigarettes." Sophy overhears the assignation and plans mischief.

The following passage from Act III. of the play opens with the bedroom scene.

## ACT III.

QUEX (*coming down gloomily*). Is it all right?

DUCHESS. Quite. (*Advancing to him with outstretched hands.*) Welcome, Harry! oh, welcome!

QUEX (*retreating a few steps—firmly*). One moment. I have something to ask of you, Sidonia. (*Looking round.*) You are sure——?

DUCHESS. Yes, yes. Only don't raise your voice; (*glancing towards the door*) my maid sleeps in a room at the end of that passage. (*Gracefully seating herself upon the settee and motioning him to sit beside her.*) Sit down. Oh, the woe of this final meeting! the pathos of it!

QUEX (*bitterly, withdrawing the chair a*

little further from the table). Yes, I agree with you—there is an element of woefulness in this meeting; it is not altogether without pathos.

DUCHESS. Not altogether! . . .

QUEX. This is our first actual *tête-à-tête* since my engagement to Miss Eden.

DUCHESS. Oh, I understand.

QUEX. And now shall I tell you where the woefulness and the pathos most conspicuously display themselves on this occasion?

DUCHESS. If you wish to.

QUEX. In the confounded treachery of my being here at all.

DUCHESS. Treachery?

QUEX. You know I am under a bond of good behaviour to my old aunt and to the Edens.

DUCHESS (*with a slight shrug of the shoulders*). Really?

QUEX. Yes. (*Clenching his teeth.*) And this is how I observe it. After all my resolutions, this—this is how I observe it.

\* \* \*

[The interview becomes affecting. Lord Quex is uncomfortable. He gives the



Photo. Stage Photo Co

SOPHY'S MANICURE ESTABLISHMENT.

LORD QUEX (to Lady Owbridge) "Yes, a curious phase of modern life. Many people come to these places for rest."

*Duchess a box containing the little souvenirs which have passed from her to him at odd times. She examines and croons over them. "Poor little objects! Dead, yet animate; silent, yet, oh, how eloquent!" She recalls the occasions, a ring given "the night you and I sat watching the lights of the caf' on the Norrbro." A scarf-pin at Copenhagen; a locket at Genoa: "Look, it still contains my hair"; a little white shoe, a garter of pale-blue silk, with a diamond buckle. She slips the box into the drawer of the writing-table. The clock strikes a quarter to twelve. Lord Quex would leave, but not yet; he is detained to smoke once more the Argyropulos cigarettes, to sip their favourite champagne (which the Duchess has wheedled out of the butler)—she muffles the popping cork with a pillow—Lord Quex is uneasy when he learns that the Duchess's maid is away for the night, and that Sophy has given her services as maid to the Duchess.]*

DUCHESS (*sliding from her chair on to the footstool*). Oh, Harry, the bitterness of this final meeting! the dull agony of it!

(*He gets rid of his tumbler and touches her arm.*)

QUEX (*quietly*). Duchess——

DUCHESS (*surprised*). Eh?

QUEX. I am sorry to alarm you, but this girl—Miss Eden's foster-sister——

DUCHESS. What about her?

QUEX. She's a cat.

DUCHESS. Cat!

QUEX (*gathering his ideas as he proceeds*). A common hussy, not above playing tricks—spying——

DUCHESS. Spying!

QUEX. I caught her behind the hedge this evening, in the Italian garden, after you and I had been talking together.

DUCHESS. Behind the hedge!

QUEX. She had previously done her best to make an ass of me, while you were dressing for dinner——! (*Looking towards the passage-door.*) Where do you say her room is?

DUCHESS. At the end of that passage. (*They rise together, with very little movement.*) Oh, but she is in bed, and asleep!

QUEX. Is she?

DUCHESS. Harry!

QUEX. Wait——! (*He goes to the door, and examines the key-hole. Then he turns to the DUCHESS and beckons to her. She joins him. He says, in a whisper, pointing to the key-hole*) Do you notice——?

DUCHESS. What?

QUEX. The key is in the lock horizontally.

DUCHESS. She may have been peeping at us? (*He nods. She is sick at the thought.*) How inexcusably careless of me!

QUEX (*at her elbow*). Listen I'll keep out of sight. Open the door boldly and walk along the passage. See if there is any sign of movement——

DUCHESS. Yes, yes. (*Steadying herself*) Perhaps we are disturbing ourselves unnecessarily.

QUEX (*nodding reassuringly*). Perhaps so.

(*He draws back into the bedroom, but so that he can put his head out at the opening, and watch the DUCHESS's proceedings. She goes to the door and lays her hand upon the key.*)

DUCHESS (*faltering*). Oh! oh, great heavens!

QUEX (*encouragingly*). It's all right—it's all right. Very likely I am mistaken. Now!

(*The DUCHESS opens the door suddenly, and SOPHY, who is kneeling at the key-hole, lurches forward.*)

DUCHESS. Ah!

SOPHY, *enveloped in the Mandarin's robe, gathers herself up and, without a word, flies away along the passage. The DUCHESS shuts the door and walks unsteadily to the settee. QUEX comes down, his mouth set hard.*)

QUEX. I was sure of it.

DUCHESS (*aghast*). What will she do? will she tell?

QUEX. Yes—she'll tell.

DUCHESS. Why do you speak so positively?

QUEX. She is in Miss Eden's confidence—the trull. And she has always shown her teeth at me, now I remember. (*Drawing a deep breath.*) Oh, yes, I see——

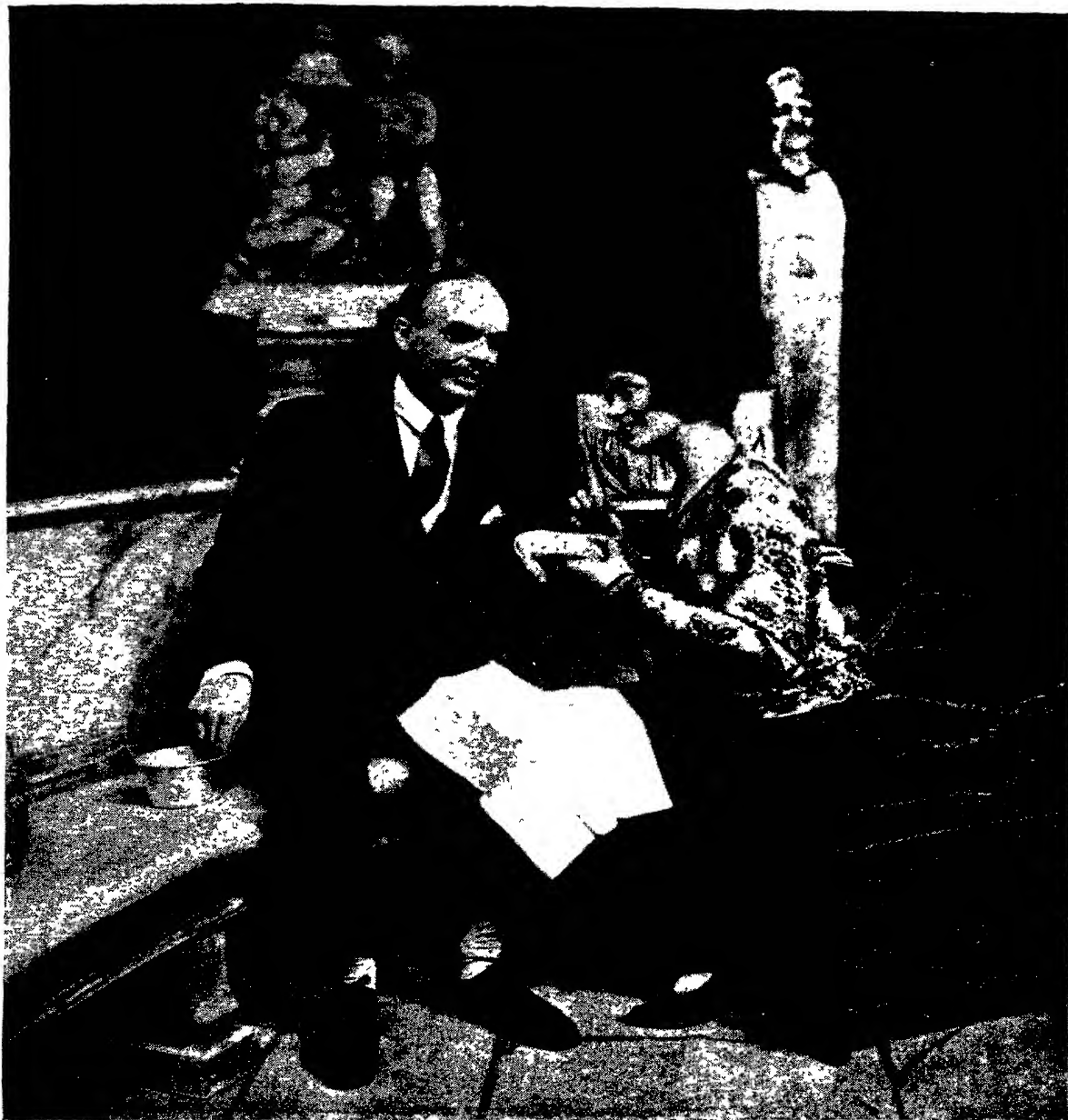


Photo: Stage Photo Co.

LORD QUEX AND SOPHY IN THE GARDEN SCENE.

SOPHY: "Seven-and-thirty, *you* look—not a day older, that's what *we* say. There, dip your fingers in that, do!"

Miss Fullgarney has meant mischief throughout.

DUCHESS (*sinking upon the settee*). Oh!

QUEX (*quietly*). Well—I'm done.

DUCHESS. Oh, my reputation!

QUEX. I'm—done.

DUCHESS. My reputation! I have never ceased to guard that, as you know.

QUEX. I've lost her.

DUCHESS. My reputation!

QUEX. Of course, I deserve it. But——

(*He sits, his head bowed.*)

DUCHESS (*looking up*). To think—to think that I allowed this plausible creature to thrust herself upon me! (*He raises his head, glaring fiercely. She beats the pillow.*) Oh! oh! my reputation in the hands of this low creature!

QUEX. Ah—! (*With a half-smothered*

*cry he goes to the door and pulls it open. The DUCHESS runs after him and seizes his arm.)* I said I'd wring her damned neck—I told Frayne so.

DUCHESS (*pushing him away from the door*). Don't! don't! violence will not help us. (*She closes the door; he stands clutching the chair by the writing-table. The clock strikes twelve.*) Midnight (*Leaning upon a chair.*) At any rate, you had better go now.

QUEX (*turning to her*). I beg your pardon; I regret having lost control of myself.

DUCHESS (*miserably*). It has been a wretchedly disappointing meeting

QUEX (*heavily*). Let us see each other in the morning. (*She nods.*) Be walking in the grounds by nine.

DUCHESS. Yes. (*Rallying.*) After all, Harry, there may be nothing behind this woman's behaviour. It may have been only the vulgarest curiosity on her part.

QUEX (*incredulously*). Ha! However, in that case—

DUCHESS. Money.

QUEX. Money.

DUCHESS. I ought to sound her directly she presents herself at my bedside, ought I not?

QUEX. Earlier—before she has had time to get about the house. Stand at nothing. If she's to be bought, she shall have whatever she demands—any sum!

DUCHESS. How liberal of you!

(QUEX walks towards the door, then turns to her.)

QUEX. One thing I hope I need hardly say, Duchess?

DUCHESS. What—?

QUEX (*with dignity*). Worst come to the worst, I shall defend you by every means in my power. I'm done, I feel sure; (*drawing himself up*) but, of course, I shall lie for you like the devil.

DUCHESS (*plaintively*). Thanks. And I have dragged you into it all.

QUEX. Tsch! (*Bowing stiffly.*) Good-night.

DUCHESS. Good-night. (*She goes to the table and prepares to remove the tray. Having turned the key of the door, QUEX*

*pauses. She says fretfully*) Oh, why don't you go, Harry?

QUEX (*facing her sharply, a new light in his eyes*). No! you go

DUCHESS (*in astonishment*). I!

QUEX (*returning to her excitedly*). I tell you I can't wait through a night of suspense! Quick! (*Pacing the room.*) Leave me to deal with her here at once.

DUCHESS. You!

QUEX (*snapping his fingers*). By Jove, yes!

DUCHESS. What are you going to do?

QUEX. Give her a fair chance, and then spoil her tale against you, in any event

DUCHESS. How?

QUEX. Trust to me. (*Impatiently*) Go, Duchess.

DUCHESS. But where? where can I—?

QUEX. Run away to Mrs. Jack—ask her to let you share her room to-night. (*Pointing to the writing-table*) Ah! scribble a message—

(*The DUCHESS seats herself at the writing-table and writes agitatedly at his dictation.*)

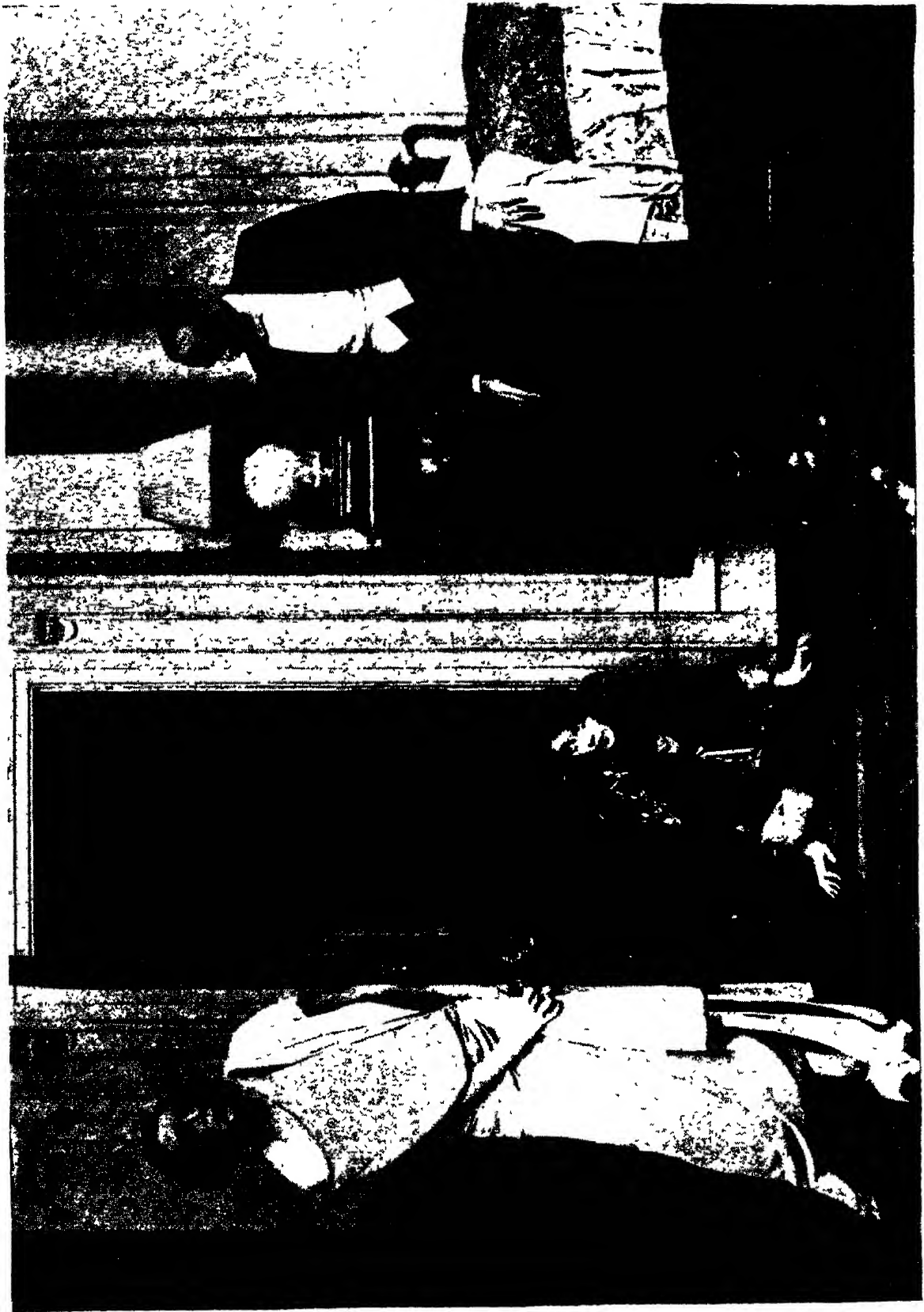
QUEX (*dictating*). "The Duchess of Strood has been seized with a dreadful fit of nerves and has gone to Mrs. Eden's room. Come to her there at eight." Lay that upon the bed. (*Indicating the bedroom.*) Is there a door in there?

DUCHESS (*rising breathlessly*). Yes.

QUEX. Locked?

DUCHESS. Yes.

QUEX. The key. (*Imperatively.*) Give me the key. (*She runs into the bedroom and, having laid the written message upon the bed, disappears for a moment. He refills his tumbler and drinks, chuckling sardonically as he does so.*) Ha, ha, ha! (*She returns with the key, which he pockets.*) The bell that rings in your maid's room—? (*She points to the bell-rope hanging beside the passage-door.*) Good. (*Motioning to her to go.*) Now—(*She is going towards the other door; he detains her.*) Hist! (*Thoughtfully.*) If anything unusual should occur, remember that we were simply discussing books and pictures in the Italian garden before dinner.



The Duchess opened the door suddenly, and Sophy, who was kneeling at the key-hole, lurched forward.

Photo : Stage Photo Co.

DUCHESS (*intently*). Books and pictures—of course. (*In an outburst.*) Oh, you are certain you can save my reputation?

QUEX (*politely*). Yours at least, my dear Duchess. Sleep well.

(*She is about to open the door when a thought strikes her and she again runs up to the bed.*)

DUCHESS Ah—!

QUEX. Hey?

(*She returns, carrying her night-dress case—a thing of white satin with a monogram and coronet embroidered upon it. She holds it up to him in explanation, he nods, and she lets herself out. He immediately locks the door at which she has departed and slips the key into his waistcoat pocket. This done, he pulls the bell-rope communicating with the maid's room and takes up a position against the wall so that the opening of the passage-door conceals him from the view of the person entering. After a pause the door is opened and SOPHY appears. The frills of her night-dress peep out from under the Mandarin's robe, and she is wearing a pair of scarlet cloth slippers; altogether she presents an odd, fantastic figure. She pauses in the doorway hesitatingly, then steadies herself and, with a defiant air, stalks into the bedroom. Directly she has moved away, QUEX softly closes the door, locks it, and pockets the key. Meanwhile SOPHY, looking about the bedroom for the DUCHESS, discovers the paper upon the bed. She picks it up, reads it and replaces it, and, coming back into the boudoir, encounters QUEX.*)

SOPHY. Oh!

QUEX (*with a careless nod*). Ah?

SOPHY (*recovering herself, and speaking with a contemptuous smile*). So her Grace has packed herself off to Mrs. Eden's room. (*Firmly.*) Who rang for me, please?

QUEX. I rang.

SOPHY. You? what for?

QUEX. Oh, you and I are going to have a cosy little chat together.

SOPHY (*haughtily*). I don't understand you.

QUEX. We'll understand one another well enough, in a minute.

(*He lights another cigarette and seats himself upon the settee. She moves to the back of a chair, eyeing him distrustfully.*)

QUEX. Now then! You've been at the key-hole, have you?

SOPHY (*slightly embarrassed*). Y—yes

QUEX (*sharply*). Eh?

SOPHY (*defiantly*). Yes, you know I have.

QUEX. Ah. And I should like to know a little more, while we are upon the delicate subject of spying. When I found you behind the cypress-hedge this evening before dinner—

SOPHY. Well?

QUEX. You had just at that moment returned to the Italian garden, you said.

SOPHY. Yes, so I said.

QUEX. As a matter of fact, you had been there some time, I presume?

SOPHY. A minute or two.

QUEX. Heard anything?

SOPHY (*laughing maliciously*). Ha, ha, ha! I heard her (Grace say, "to-night"—(*faintly mimicking the DUCHESS*) "to-night!" (*With a curl of the lip.*) That was enough for me.

QUEX. Quite so. You told a deliberate lie, then, when I questioned you?

SOPHY. Yes.

QUEX. Earlier in the evening, that manicure game of yours—nothing but a damned cunning trick, eh?

SOPHY. I beg you won't use such language.

QUEX. A trick, eh?

SOPHY. Certainly.

QUEX. You wanted what did you want?

SOPHY (*disdainfully*). A kiss, or a squeeze of the waist—anything of that sort would have done.

QUEX. Oh, would it? You didn't get what you wanted, though.

SOPHY. No; I suppose you were frightened.

QUEX (*angrily*). What!

SOPHY. Too many people about for you.

QUEX (*stifling his annoyance*). Tsch ! If I had—(*with a wave of the hand*) what course would you have taken, pray ?

SOPHY (*with an air of great propriety*). Complained at once to Lady Owbridge.

QUEX. As it is—what do you think of doing now ?

SOPHY. About you and her Grace ?

QUEX (*scowling*). Yes.

SOPHY. Oh, tell the ladies in the morning, first thing.

QUEX (*again putting a check upon himself*). Ha, ha ! Why do you behave in this contemptible way ?

SOPHY. It isn't contemptible.

QUEX. Isn't it ?

SOPHY. Not under the circumstances.

QUEX. What circumstances ?

SOPHY (*hotly*). A wicked man like you engaged to a sweet girl like Miss Muriel !

QUEX. I see. (*Politely*). You don't approve of the engagement ?

SOPHY. Should think not !

QUEX. Always done your best to poison Miss Eden's mind against me, I expect ?

SOPHY. Always let her know my opinion of you. And I was right !

QUEX. Right ?

SOPHY. This very day, poor thing, she was saying how proud she is of you because you've turned over a new leaf for her sake ; and I told her what *your* promises are worth. Yes, I was right ! And now I can prove it !

(*He rises ; she hastily places herself on the other side of the chair.*)

QUEX. Look here ! (*Leaning against the table, the chair being between him and SOPHY.*) What will you take to hold your tongue ?

SOPHY. Nothing.

QUEX. Oh, but wait. This isn't a matter of a handful of sovereigns. I'll give you a couple of thousand pounds to keep quiet about this.

SOPHY. No, thank you, my lord.

QUEX. Four thousand.

SOPHY (*shaking her head*). No.

QUEX. Five.

SOPHY. No.

QUEX. How much ?

SOPHY. Not twenty thousand. I'm extremely comfortably off, my lord, but

if I wasn't I wouldn't accept a penny of your money. All I wish is to save Miss Muriel from marrying a—a gentleman who isn't fit for her. And that's what I intend doing.

(*They stand looking at each other for a moment silently ; then he walks away, thoughtfully.*)

QUEX (*in an altered tone*). Come here.

SOPHY (*with an eye on the door*). Certainly not.

QUEX. As you please. Miss Fullgarney—

SOPHY. I hear you.

QUEX. I should like to settle this business with you pleasantly—if possible. Allow me to say this. I don't think I am quite such an atrocious person as you appear to believe ; in fact I can assure you I am not.

SOPHY (*gathering her robe about her and advancing a few steps*). You must excuse me, my lord, but—(*glancing round the room*) you evidently forget where you are.

QUEX. No, I don't ; but I tell you—I tell you sincerely—that my visit to her Grace to-night was an innocent one.

SOPHY (*turning her head away in great disdain*). Really !

QUEX. Really. You won't accept money ?

SOPHY. No, indeed, I will not.

QUEX. Very well. Ha ! it's an odd attitude for a man like myself to adopt towards—(*indicating SOPHY by a motion of the hand*). But I make an appeal to you.

SOPHY (*elevating her eyebrows*). Appeal ?

QUEX (*with simple feeling and dignity*). I love Miss Eden. I would be a good husband to that young lady. Let me off.

SOPHY. Let you off ?

QUEX. Don't tell on me. Don't try to rob me of Miss Eden. Let me off.

SOPHY. I'm sorry to say I can't, my lord.

QUEX. You won't ?

SOPHY. I won't. (*With a slight inclination of the head QUEX turns away and stands leaning against the settee with his back towards SOPHY. The clock strikes the*

*quarter-of-an-hour. There is a short silence.*) If your lordship has quite done with me——? *(He makes no response. She tosses her head.)* I wish you good-night, my lord. *(She goes to the passage-door and turns the handle)* It's locked. This door's locked. *(Looking at him.)* The door's locked. *(Rattling at the door-handle)* Where's the key? *(Searching about on the floor near the door.)* Where's the——? *(Coming forward a step or two.)* Has your lordship got the key of this door? *(Still obtaining no answer, she stands staring at him for a moment; then she goes quickly to the other door and tries the handle. As she does so, QUEX turns sharply and, leaning upon the back of the settee, watches her. After shaking the door-handle vigorously, she wheels round and faces him, indignantly.)* What's the meaning of this?

QUEX *(grimly)*. Ah!

SOPHY. Oh——! *(She sweeps round to avoid him, and then runs into the bedroom. When she has gone he seats himself in the chair by the writing-table in a lazy attitude, his legs stretched out, his hands in his pockets. After a moment or two she returns breathlessly.)* I'm locked in!

QUEX. Yes.

SOPHY. You have locked me in!

QUEX. Yes.

SOPHY. How dare you!

QUEX. Why, you didn't think you were going to have it *all* your own way, did you, Sophy?

SOPHY. I'll thank you to be less familiar. Let me out.

QUEX. Not I.

SOPHY. You let me out directly.

QUEX *(pointing a finger at her)*. You'll gain nothing by raging, my good girl. Ha! now you appreciate the curiously awkward position in which you have placed yourself.

SOPHY. I've placed myself in no——

QUEX. Oh, come, come! Taking me at my blackest, I'm not quite the kind of man that a young woman who prides herself upon her respectability desires to be mixed up with in this fashion.

SOPHY. Mixed up with!

QUEX. Well——*(stretching out his arms)* here we are, you know.

SOPHY. Here we are!

QUEX. You and I, dear Sophy. *(Putting his leg over the arm of his chair.)* Now just sit down——

SOPHY. I sha'n't.

QUEX. While I picture to you what will happen in the morning.

SOPHY. In the morning?

QUEX. In a few hours' time. In the first place, you will be called in your room. You won't be there.

SOPHY. Won't I!

QUEX. No. You won't be there. A little later my man will come to my room. I sha'n't be there. At about the same hour, her Grace will require your attendance. Where will you be? She will then, naturally, desire to return to her own apartments. You are intelligent enough, I fancy, to imagine the rest. *(After a brief pause, she breaks into a peal of soft, derisive laughter.)* I am deeply flattered by your enjoyment of the prospect.

SOPHY. Ha, ha, ha! why, you must take me for a fool!

QUEX. Why?

SOPHY. Why, can't you see that our being found together like this, here or anywhere, would do for *you* as well as for me?

QUEX *(rising)*. Of course I see it. *(Advancing to her.)* But, my dear Sophy, I am already done for. You provide for that. And so, if I have to part with my last shred of character, I will lose it in association with a woman of your class rather than with a lady whom I, with the rest of the world, hold in the highest esteem.

SOPHY *(after a pause)*. Ho! oh, indeed?

QUEX. Yes. Yes, indeed.

SOPHY *(with a shade less confidence)*. Ha, ha! if your lordship thinks to frighten me, you've got hold of the wrong customer. Ha, ha, ha! two or three things you haven't reckoned for, I can assure you. Here's one—I told Miss Muriel exactly what I heard, between you and your Duchess, in the garden this evening.

QUEX *(grinding his teeth)*. You did! *(Involuntarily making a threatening movement towards her.)* You did, you——!

SOPHY *(cowering over the settee)*. Oh!



Photo: Stage Photo Co.

QUEX: "Write as I tell you!"

QUEX (*recovering himself*). Oh, you did, did you?

SOPHY (*facing him defiantly*). Yes, I did.

QUEX (*coolly*). Well? and what then? You listen to a conversation carried on in an open spot, from which your mischievous ears manage to detach the phrase "to-night." My explanation, if I am called upon to make one, will be absurdly simple.

SOPHY (*derisively*). Ha, ha! will it! ha, ha, ha! I daresay!

QUEX. Yes. You see, I promised her Grace that I would send a book to her room to-night—to-night. My man had

gone to bed; I brought it myself, intending to hand it to Mrs. Watson, her maid. In the meantime, the Duchess had joined Mrs. Eden and I found *you* here.

SOPHY. You couldn't tell such an abominable lie!

QUEX (*imperturbably*). I found *you* here. And then—what is the obvious sequel to the story? (*Shrugging his shoulders.*) I'm a wicked man, Sophy, and you're an undeniably pretty girl—and the devil dared me.

SOPHY. Oh——!

QUEX (*taking up the bottle of champagne*). And an excellent banquet you had chanced to provide for the occasion.

(*Reading the label*) "Félix Poubelle, Carto d'Or." It will appear, I am afraid, that you had been preparing for the entertainment of some amorous footman.

SOPHY (*snapping her fingers at him*). Puh! bah! Oh, the whole house shall know that that is your Duchess's champagne.

QUEX. Excuse me—Mr. Brewster, the butler, will disprove that tale. You wheedled this out of him on your own account, remember.

SOPHY (*disconcerted*). Oh—ah, yes—but—

QUEX. For yourself, my dear Sophy.

SOPHY (*falteringly*). Yes, but—but she made me do it.

QUEX. She made you do it! (*Replacing the bottle, sternly*.) And who, pray, will accept your word, upon this or any other point, against that of a lady of the position of the Duchess of Strood?

(*He walks away from her and examines the books upon the writing-table. She sits on the settee, a blank expression upon her face.*)

SOPHY (*after a little consideration, wiping her brow with the back of her hand*). At any rate, my darling—Miss Muriel—would quickly see through a horrid trick of this sort.

QUEX. I bet you a dozen boxes of gloves to a case of your manicure instruments that she doesn't.

SOPHY. I said to her to-day, at my place, that I was certain, if I could meet you alone in some quiet spot I could get a kiss out of you.

QUEX (*under his breath, glaring at her*). You——! (*Coolly*.) Oh, now I understand. Yes, my dear, but Miss Eden is scarcely likely to believe that a modest girl would carry her devotion to this extent. Good heavens! why, your attire——! (*She pulls her robe about her sharply*.) And a woman who compromises herself, recollect, is never measured by her own character, always by her companion's.

(*She starts to her feet and paces the room, uttering cries of anger and indignation. He continues to interest himself in the books.*)

SOPHY. Oh! no, no! my darling wouldn't think it of me! when I've abused you so continually! she surely couldn't! oh! oh! (*With flashing eyes*.) Now, look here, my lord! you don't really imagine that I'm going to stick in this room with you patiently all through the night, do you?

QUEX. How do you propose to avoid it?

SOPHY (*pointing to the passage-door*). As true as I'm alive, if you don't unlock that door, I—I—I'll scream the place down!

QUEX. Why scream? (*Pointing to the bell-rope which hangs beside the door*.) There's the bell. I daresay a servant or two is still up and about. You'd rouse the house quicker in that way.

SOPHY. Much obliged to you for the hint. I will—I will—— (*She goes to the bell-rope and grasps it; then she looks round and sees him calmly turning the leaves of a book he has selected. She stares at him with sudden misgiving*.) Ha, now we shall see how much your grand scheme amounts to!

QUEX. We shall. Ring the bell.

SOPHY (*blankly*). What do you mean?

QUEX. Pooh, my dear! ring, ring, ring! or yell! You won't be the first semi-circumspect young person who has got herself into a scrape and then endeavoured to save herself by raising a hullabaloo.

(*She slowly takes her hand from the bell-rope and moves a step or two towards him.*)

SOPHY. Oh, that's what you'd try to make out, is it? (*He raises his eyes from his book and gives her a significant look. Leaning upon the arm of the settee, she says faintly*.) You—you——!

QUEX. Yes, I tell you again, my dear, you have got yourself into a shocking mess. You've got me into a mess, and you've got yourself in a mess.

SOPHY (*pulling herself up and advancing to him till she faces him*). You—you are an awful blackguard, my lord.

QUEX. Thank you, my dear. But you're not far wrong—I was a blackguard till I met Miss Eden; and now, losing Miss Eden, perhaps I'm going to be

a bigger blackguard than before. At the same time, you know, there's not much to choose between us; for you're a low spy, an impudent, bare-faced liar, a common kitchen-cat who wriggles into the best rooms, gets herself fondled, and then spits. (*Passing her and throwing himself, full-length, upon the settee and settling himself to read*) Therefore I've no compunction in making you pay your share of this score, my dear Sophy—none whatever.

(*She walks feebly to the passage-door and stands rattling the handle in an uncertain way. At last she breaks down and cries a little.*)

SOPHY. Oh! oh! oh! let me go, my lord. (*He makes no response.*) Do let me go—please! will you? (*Approaching him and wiping her eyes upon the sleeve of her night-dress.*) I hope your lordship will kindly let me go.

QUEX (*shortly*). No.

SOPHY (*steadying herself*). I don't want to rouse the house at this time of night if I can help it—

QUEX. Don't you?

SOPHY. Though I am certain I can make my story good anyway. But I'd rather your lordship let me out without the bother—(*piteously.*) Do! (*He turns a leaf of his book. She speaks defiantly.*) Very well! very well! here I sit then! (*Seating herself.*) We'll see who tires first, you or I! you or I! (*Again snapping her fingers at him.*) Bah! you horror! you—horror!

QUEX (*raising himself on his elbow*). Will you have this sofa? (*She gives him a fierce look.*) A glass of your wine?

(*She rises, with a stamp of the foot, and once more paces the room. He sips his wine and re-settles himself. She goes distractedly from one object to another, now leaning upon a chair, then against the pillar of the cheval-glass. Ultimately she comes to the bell-rope and fingers it again irresolutely.*)

SOPHY (*faintly*). My lord—! (*He remains silent. She releases the bell-rope.*) Oh—h—h! (*She pauses by the settee, looking down upon him as though she would strike him; then she walks away,*

*and, seating herself in the chair by the bedside, drops her head upon the bed. The clock tinkles the half-hour. There is a short silence. Suddenly she rises, uttering a sharp cry, with her hand to her heart.*) Oh! (*panting*) oh! oh!

QUEX (*looking at her*). What now?

SOPHY. Valma!

QUEX. Valma?

SOPHY. Mr. Valma! Oh, you know who is in the house!

QUEX. He! what's he doing here?

SOPHY. The housekeeper gave him permission to sleep here. You know! (*Stamping her foot.*) Don't you know?

QUEX (*sitting up, alertly*). Ho! my jealous friend, the palmist. *He is on the premises, hey?*

SOPHY (*distractedly*). Let me out! Oh, yes, he is jealous of me; he is jealous of me, and we've had a few words about you as it is—

QUEX. Ah!

SOPHY. Oh, this would ruin me with Valma! Oh, if your lordship hasn't any feeling for me, don't let Valma think that I'm a—that I'm—! (*Going down on her knees before him.*) Oh, I won't tell on you! I promise I won't, if you'll only let me go! I will hold my tongue about you and the Duchess! I take my solemn oath I'll hold my tongue!

QUEX (*rising*). Ha! (*Calmly.*) No, my dear Sophy, I wasn't aware that your *fiancé* is in the house. So the situation comes home to you a little more poignantly now, does it?

SOPHY (*rising and going to the passage-door*). Unlock the door? where's the key?

QUEX. Wait, wait, wait! And you're going to keep your mouth shut after all, are you?

SOPHY (*rattling the door-handle*). Yes, yes. Unlock it!

QUEX. Don't be in such a hurry.

SOPHY. I give you my sacred word—

QUEX (*thoughtfully*). Tsch, tsch, tsch! (*Sharply, with a snap of the fingers.*) Yes—by Jove—! (*Pointing to the chair by the writing-table.*) Sit down. (*Imperatively.*) Sit down. (*She sits, wondering.*) He goes to the table, selects a plain sheet of paper and lays it before her. Then he hands her a pen.) Write as I tell you,

SOPHY (*tremblingly*). What?

QUEX (*pointing to the ink*). Ink. (*Dictating.*) "My lord" (*She writes; he walks about as he dictates.*) "My lord. I am truly obliged to you——"

SOPHY. Yes.

QUEX. "For your great liberality——"

SOPHY (*turning*). Eh?

QUEX (*sternly*). Go on. (*She writes.*) "For your great liberality and in once more availing myself of it I quite understand——"

SOPHY (*weakly*). Oh! (*After writing.*) Yes.

QUEX. "I quite understand that our friendship comes to an end" (*She rises and faces him.*) Go on.

SOPHY. Our friendship!

QUEX. Yes.

SOPHY. Our—friendship!

QUEX. Yes.

SOPHY. I won't

QUEX. Very well.

SOPHY. How dare you try to make me write such a thing! (*He turns from her and, book in hand, resumes his recumbent position on the sofa. She approaches him, falteringly.*) What would you do with that, if I did write it?

QUEX. Simply hold it in my possession, as security for your silence, until after my marriage with Miss Eden; then return it to you.

SOPHY. Oh, won't your lordship trust me?

QUEX (*contemptuously*). Trust you! (*After a pause, she returns to the writing-table and takes up her pen again.*) Where were we?

SOPHY (*feebly*). "I quite understand——"

QUEX. "That our friendship comes to an end." (*She writes. He rises and looks over her shoulder.*) "While thanking you again for past and present favours——"

SOPHY (*groaning as she writes*). Oh! oh!

QUEX. "I undertake not to approach or annoy you in the future——"

SOPHY. Oh!

QUEX. "Upon any pretext whatsoever. Yours respectfully——" (*After watching the completion of the letter.*)

Date it vaguely—(*with a wave of the hand.*) "Monday afternoon." Blot it. (*Moving away.*) That's right. (*She rises, reading the letter with staring eyes. Then she comes to him and yields the letter, and he folds it neatly and puts it into his breast-pocket.*) Thank you. I think I need detain you no longer.

SOPHY (*with a gasp*). Ah! stop a bit! no, I won't!

QUEX. What's the matter with you?

SOPHY (*wildly*). Why, it's like selling Muriel! Just to get myself out of this, I'm simply handing her over to you! I won't do it! I won't! (*She rushes to the bell-rope and tugs at it again and again.*) She sha'n't marry you! she sha'n't! I've said she sha'n't, and she sha'n't! (*Leaving the bell-rope and facing him fiercely.*) Oh, let your precious Duchess go scot-free! After all, what does it matter who the woman is you've been sporting with, so that Miss Muriel is kept from falling into your clutches! Yes, I'll make short work of you, my lord. The ladies shall hear from my mouth of the lively half-hour I've spent with you, and how I've suddenly funk'd the consequences and raised a hullabaloo! Now, my lord! now then! now then!

(*His astonishment has given way to admiration; he gazes at her as if spell-bound.*)

QUEX (*after a pause, during which she stands before him panting*). By God, you're a fine plucked 'un! I've never known a better. (*Resolutely.*) No, my girl, I'm damned if you shall suffer! Quick! listen! pull yourself together!

SOPHY (*hysterically*). Eh? eh?

QUEX (*taking her letter from his pocket and thrusting it into her hand*). Here's your letter! take it—I won't have it. (*Going quickly to the passage-door, unlocking it, and throwing the door open.*) There you are!

SOPHY (*sobbing*). Oh! oh!

(*There is a hurried, irregular knocking at the door.*)

QUEX (*gripping her arm*). Hush! (*In a whisper.*) Call out—wait!

SOPHY (*raising her voice—unsteadily*). Wait—one moment!

QUEX (*in her ear, as he gives her the key of the door*). Say the Duchess is with Mrs. Jack; say she wants her letters brought to her in the morning; say anything——

SOPHY. Yes, yes. (*Weeping and shaking and gasping, she goes to the door and unlocks it. He tip-toes into the bedroom and turns out the light there. She opens the door an inch or two.*) Yes?

TWO VOICES (*a man's and a woman's*). What is it? what's the matter?

SOPHY (*steadying herself, with an effort*). Nothing. Only her Grace has gone to Mrs. Eden's room and wishes her letters taken there in the morning most particularly—see?

THE VOICES. What did you ring like that for? Thought the place was afire!

SOPHY. Oh, don't make a fuss about nothing. You servants are an old-fashioned lot. Bong swor!

THE VOICES (*angrily*). Oh, good-night.

SOPHY. Ha, ha, ha!

(*She closes the door and totters away from it, sobbing hysterically, as QUEX comes to her.*)

QUEX (*kindly*). Be off. Go to bed. Serve me how you please. Miss Fullgarney, upon my soul, I—I humbly beg your pardon.

SOPHY (*passing him*). Oh! oh! oh! (*Turning to him.*) Oh, God bless you! You—you—you're a gentleman! I'll do what I can for you!

(*She staggers to the passage-door and disappears, closing the door behind her. Then he extinguishes the remaining light, and cautiously lets himself out at the other door.*)

END OF THIRD ACT.

\* \* \*

[*Further complications arise, to be surmounted in the Fourth Act*]

# CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

The dreariness of a London Sunday had something to do with De Quincey's addiction to opium, for on a Sunday afternoon in the autumn of 1804, when he was still a student of Worcester College, Oxford, he found himself in London suffering from neuralgia. He went out into the streets hoping that the open air would relieve him, and, by accident, met a friend who recommended opium. He exclaimed later:

"Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain! I had heard of it as I heard of manna and ambrosia, but no further; how unmeaning a sound was it at that time! What solemn chords does it now strike upon my heart!"

The afternoon, he tells us, was wet and cheerless, "and a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy

Sunday in London." His way home lay through his fatal Oxford Street, and there, near the Pantheon, he saw a druggist's shop. He went in. The druggist was even duller than the day, and when this young man asked him for opium, he handed it out as though it had been tooth-powder, and gave him change out of a shilling. Ever after, De Quincey felt that this Oxford Street druggist had been a kind of necromancer, not quite human, an Arabian Nights' genie who had been there only for the occasion and had vanished into his true and hidden abode far beyond streets and weather. He did actually vanish, for De Quincey could never find him again. But he had found Opium.

Soon after his marriage, opium and love were at war in De Quincey's life. A

terrible chapter was opened. He thought he had conquered the habit when he led Margaret Simpson to the altar. But he relapsed, and his wife became his nurse. In 1817 and 1818 he was again overmastered by what he called "the Circean spells" of his enemy. Is there anything in biography more pitiful than the picture



Photo. Fredk. Hollyer.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

he gives of his wife, lying by him and listening in distress to his dream-gabble until, as it grew less and less human, she would turn and cry: "Oh, what do you see, dear? What is it that you see?"

De Quincey has told us what he saw. "I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically, but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses." He knew a terrifying enlargement of space; it swelled to infinity. Time, too, expanded in a manner incommunicable by words: "I sometimes seemed to have lived seventy or one hundred years in one night." Vast architectures rose before him, challenging the stars, and lakes of water swooned away into seas and oceans. Then the seas and oceans, which might have brought peace,

changed into a world of faces, faces marked by every disturbing passion surging upwards "by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries."

At last he knew of a certainty that only death or self-rescue was before him. He began a desperate struggle, and in the end he triumphed. He was able at last to take only six grains of opium a day. But, he tells us, he knew "the torments of a man passing out of one mode of existence into another." And even when the long storm had almost rocked itself to rest he remained weak and agitant. "My sleep is still tumultuous . . . it is still, in the tremendous line of Milton, 'with dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.'"

And the moral of it all? It is: Hear and tremble.

As a writer, De Quincey, while he is always logical and purposive, is the most expansive of writers. On threads of clear thinking he strung the burning gems of the Orient. He said of himself that he had "an electric aptitude of seizing analogies, a logical instinct for feeling in a moment the secret analogies or parallelisms that connect things else apparently remote." His thought was often vivid as lighting, his expression of it reverberant as mountain thunder.

#### "O Mighty Opium."

O just, subtle, and all-conquering opium! that, to the hearts of rich and poor alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for the pangs of grief that "tempt the spirit to rebel," bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, pleadest effectually for relenting pity, and through one night's heavenly sleep callest back to the guilty man the visions of his infancy, and hands washed pure from blood; O just and righteous opium! that to the chancery of dreams summonest, for the triumphs of despairing innocence, false witnesses; and confoundest perjury; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges; thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the

splendours of Babylon and Hekatómpylos; and, "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the "dishonours of the grave." Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, O just, subtle, and mighty opium! . . .

This, then, let me repeat. I postulate that, at the time I began to take opium daily, I could not have done otherwise. Whether, indeed, afterwards I might not have succeeded in breaking off the habit, even when it seemed to me that all efforts would be unavailing, and whether many of the innumerable efforts which I *did* make might not have been carried much further, and my gradual re-conquests of lost ground might not have been followed up much more energetically — these are questions which I must decline. Perhaps I might make out a case of palliation; but (shall I speak ingenuously?) I confess it as a besetting infirmity of mine, that I am too much of an Eudæmonist; I hanker too much after a state of happiness, both for myself and others; I cannot face misery, whether my own or not, with an eye of sufficient firmness, and am little capable of encountering present pain for the sake of any reversionary benefit. . . .

Desperate or not, however, the issue of the struggle in 1813 was what I have mentioned; and from this date the reader is to consider me as a regular and confirmed opium-eater, of whom to ask whether on any particular day he had or had not taken opium, would be to ask whether his lungs had performed respiration, or the heart fulfilled its



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THE TUMULTUOUS DREAM.

From the drawing by Willy Pogany.

functions. Now, then, reader, you understand what I am, and you are by this time aware, that no old gentleman, "with a snow-white beard," will have any chance of persuading me (like Anastasius) to surrender "the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug."

§I

"Draw up the Curtain."

No; I give notice to all, whether moralists or surgeons, that, whatever be their pretensions and skill in their respective lines of practice, they must not hope for any countenance from me, if they think to begin by any savage proposition for a Lent or Ramadan of abstinence from opium. This being fully understood between us, we shall in future sail before the wind; now,

then, reader, from the year 1813, where all this time we have been sitting down and loitering, rise up, if you please, walk forward about three years more; draw up the curtain, and you shall see me in a new character.

If any man, poor or rich, were to say that he would tell us what had been the happiest day in his life, and the why and the wherefore, I suppose that we should all cry out, Hear him! hear him! As to the happiest day, that must be very difficult for any wise man to assign; because any event that could occupy so distinguished a place in a man's retrospect of life, or be entitled to have shed a special, separate, and supreme felicity on any one day, ought to be of such an enduring character, as that (accidents apart) it should have continued to shed the same felicity, or one not distinguishably less, on very many years together.

To the happiest *lustrum*, however, or even to the happiest *year*, a man may perhaps allowably point without discountenance from wisdom. This year, in *my* case, reader, was the one which we have now reached; though it stood, I confess, as a parenthesis between years of a gloomier character. It was a year of brilliant water (to speak after the manner of jewellers), set, as it were, and insulated, in the gloomy umbrage of opium. Strange as it may sound, I had a little before this time descended suddenly, and without any considerable effort, from three hundred and twenty grains of opium (that is, eight thousand drops of laudanum) per day, to forty grains, or one-eighth part.

Instantaneously, and as if by magic, the cloud of profoundest melancholy which rested upon my brain, like some black vapours that I have seen roll away from the summit of a mountain, drew off in one week; passed away with its murky banners as simultaneously as a ship that has been stranded, and is floated off a spring-tide,

"That moveth altogether, if it move at all."

Now, then, I was again happy: I now took only one thousand drops of laudanum per day,—and what was that?

A latter spring had come to close up the season of youth. My brain performed its functions as healthily as ever before. I read Kant again; and again I understood him, or fancied that I did. Again my feelings of pleasure expanded themselves to all around me; and, if any man from Oxford or Cambridge, or from neither, had been announced to me in my unpretending cottage, I should have welcomed him with as sumptuous a reception as so poor a man could offer. Whatever else might be wanting to a wise man's happiness, of laudanum I would have given him as much as he wished, and in a silver-gilt, if not golden, cup.

### *The Ominous Incident*

And, by the way, now that I speak of giving laudanum away, I remember about this time a little incident, which I mention because, trifling as it was, the reader will soon meet it again in my dreams, which it influenced more fearfully than could be imagined. One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst the recesses of English mountains, is not my business to conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a seaport—viz., Whitehaven, Workington, etc.—about forty miles distant.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl, born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort: his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little; and as it turned out that *his* knowledge of English was exactly commensurate with *hers* of Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house.

The group which presented itself,

arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye more powerfully than any of the statuesque attitudes or groups exhibited in the ballets at the opera-house, though so ostentatiously complex. In a cottage kitchen, but not looking so much like *that* as a rustic hall of entrance, being pannelled on the wall with dark wood, that from age and rubbing resembled oak, stood the Malay, his turban and loose trousers of dingy white relieved upon the dark panneling; he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish, though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe which her countenance expressed, as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her.

A more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite bloom, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, veneered with mahogany tints by climate and marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay, was a little child from a neighbouring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the lovely girl for protection.

My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being, indeed, confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (*madjoon*), which I have learned from “Anastasius.” And, as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung’s “Mithridates,” which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the “Iliad”; considering that, of such languages as I possessed, the Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshipped me in a devout manner, and replied in what I suppose to have been Malay. In this way I saved my reputation as a linguist with my neighbours; for the Malay had no means of betraying

the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey.

On his departure, I presented him, *inter alia*, with a piece of opium. To him, as a native of the East, I could have no doubt that opium was not less familiar than his daily bread; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill some half dozen dragoons, together with their horses, supposing neither bipeds nor quadrupeds to be regularly trained opium-eaters. I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in pure compassion for his solitary life, since, if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being.

Ought I to have violated the laws of hospitality by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol? No: there was clearly no help for it. The mischief, if any, was done. He took his leave, and for some days I felt anxious; but, as I never heard of any Malay, or of any man in a turban, being found dead in any part of the very slenderly peopled road between Grasmere and Whitehaven, I became satisfied that he was familiar with opium, and that I must doubtless have done him the service I designed, by giving one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

This incident I have digressed to mention, because this Malay (partly from the picturesque exhibition he assisted to frame, partly from the anxiety I connected with his image for some days) fastened afterwards upon my fancy, and through *that* upon my dreams, bringing with him other Malays worse than himself, that ran “a-muck” at me, and led me into a world of nocturnal troubles. . . .

## § 2

*Shadowy Terrors.*

But from this I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter Confessions—to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of shadowy terrors that settled and brooded over my whole waking life.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy, was from the re-awakening of a state of eye oftentimes incident to childhood. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness all sorts of phantoms; in some that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary or semi-voluntary power to dismiss or summon such phantoms; or, as a child once said to me, when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go, and they go, but sometimes they come when I don't tell them to come." He had by one-half as unlimited a command over apparitions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers.

In the middle of 1817 this faculty became increasingly distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions moved along continually in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as stories drawn from times before Œdipus or Priam, before Tyre, before Memphis. And, concurrently with this, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendour. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time:—

1. That, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point—that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; and at length I feared to exercise this faculty;

for, as Midas turned all things to gold that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms for the eye, and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colours, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams, into insufferable splendour that fretted my heart.

2. This and all other changes in my dreams were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and funereal melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend—not metaphorically, but literally to descend—into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-ascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* re-ascended. Why should I dwell upon this? For indeed the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at last to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

3. The sense of space, and in the end the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, etc., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable and self-repeating infinity. This disturbed me very much less than the vast expansion of time. Sometimes I seemed to have lived for seventy or a hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

4. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived. I could not be said to recollect them; for, if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I *recognised* them instantaneously. I was once told by a

near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the assistance which reached her at the last critical moment, she saw in a moment her whole life, clothed in its forgotten incidents, arrayed before her as in a mirror, not successively, but simultaneously; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part.

## No Forgetting.

This, from some opium experiences, I can believe; I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which probably is true—viz., that the dread book of account, which Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as ultimate *forgetting*; traces once impressed upon the memory are indestructible; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil. But alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil; and that they are waiting to be revealed whenever the obscuring daylight itself shall have withdrawn.

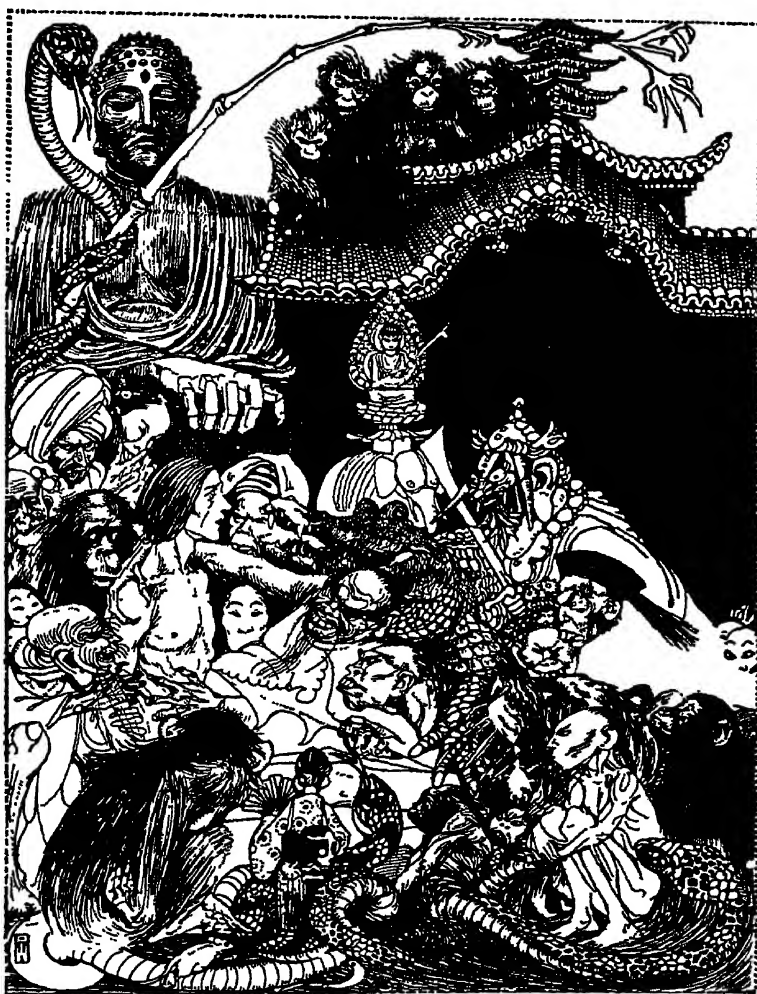
Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a few illustrative cases; and shall then cite such others as I remember, in any

order that may give them most effect as pictures to the reader. . . .

## § 3

### The Dreams.

May 1818—The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months. Every night, through his means, I have been transported into Asiatic scenery. I know not



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IN HIS DREAM DE QUINCEY IS "TRANSPORTED INTO ASIATIC SCENERY."

From the drawing by Willy Pogany.

whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them

must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, if on no other ground, it would have a dim, reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Hindostan. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, above all, of their mythologies, etc., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed.

Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the sanctity of the Ganges, or by the very name of the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings that South-eastern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life, the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, by the barrier of utter abhorrence placed between myself and *them*, by counter-sympathies deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics, with vermin, with crocodiles or snakes. All this, and much more than I can say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me.

Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought

together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Hindostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms, I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia, Vishnu hated me; Seeva lay in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. Thousands of years I lived and was buried in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses by crocodiles, and was laid, con-founded with all unutterable abortions, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

Some slight abstraction I thus attempt of my oriental dreams, which filled me always with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed for a while in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a killing sense of eternity and infinity. Into these dreams only it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles, especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case in my dreams) for centuries. Sometimes I escaped, and found myself in Chinese houses. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and

his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into ten thousand repetitions ; and I stood loathing and fascinated.

So often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way : I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke ; it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. No experience was so awful to me, and at the same time so pathetic, as this abrupt translation from the darkness of the infinite to the gaudy summer air of highest noon, and from the unutterable abortions of miscreated gigantic vermin to the sight of infancy, and innocent human natures. . . .

*The Dream of Ann.*

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May ; that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnised by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet ; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of savannahs and forest lawns ; the hedges were rich with white roses ; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round

about the grave of a child whom I had once tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise, in the same summer when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said to myself, "It yet wants much of sunrise ; and it is Easter Sunday ; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of Resurrection. I will walk abroad ; old griets shall be forgotten to-day : for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven ; and the churchyard is as verdant as the forest lawns, and the forest lawns are as quiet as the churchyard ; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my



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'THE POOR CHILD CREPT CLOSE TO ME.'

Ann, the friendless girl, with whom De Quincey roamed the streets at night and whose memory he cherished, appeared to him in one of his dreams

From the drawing by Willy Pogany

forehead ; and then I shall be unhappy no longer."

I turned, as if to open my garden gate, and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different ; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony. The scene was an oriental one ; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman ; and I looked, and it was—Ann !\* She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly, and I said to her at length, " So, then, I have found you at last." I waited ; but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last ; the same, and yet, again, how different ! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light of mighty London fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted !), her eyes were streaming with tears. The tears were now no longer seen. Sometimes she seemed altered ; yet again sometimes *not* altered ; and hardly older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression, and I now gazed upon her with some awe.

Suddenly her countenance grew dim ; and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us ; in a moment all had vanished ; thick darkness came on ; and in the twinkling of an eye I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in London, walking again with Ann—just as we had walked, when both children, eighteen years before, along the endless terraces of Oxford Street.

#### **A Tumultuous Dream.**

Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with a music such

\* Readers familiar with the *Confessions* will recall the friendless girl with whom De Quincey had associated, walked the streets, "or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticos." She had nobly saved his life at a time of extremity, but passing out of his life she had long become lost to him.

as now I often heard in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem ; and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue.

I (as is usual in dreams where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it ; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms ; hurrys to and fro ; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad ; darkness and lights ; tempest and human faces ; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me ; and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells ! and, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells ! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells !

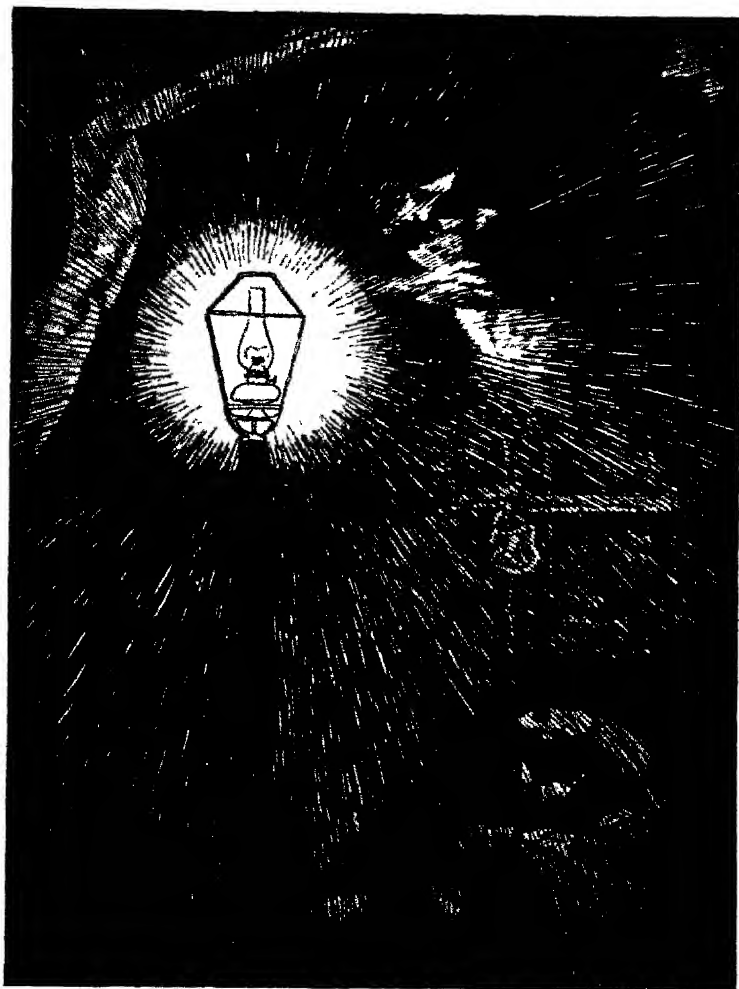
And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, " I will sleep no more ! "

§ 4

*The Escape.*

Now, at last, I had become awestruck at the approach of sleep, under the condition of visions so afflicting, and so intensely life-like as those which persecuted my phantom-haunted brain. More and more also I felt violent palpitations in some internal region, such as are commonly, but erroneously, called palpitations of the heart—being, as I suppose, referable exclusively to derangements in the stomach. These were evidently increasing rapidly in frequency and in strength. Naturally, therefore, on considering how important my life had become to others besides myself, I became alarmed; and I paused seasonably; but with a difficulty that is past all description. Either way it seemed as though death had, in military language, "thrown himself astride of my path." Nothing short of mortal anguish, in a physical sense, it seemed, to wean myself from opium; yet, on the other hand, death through overwhelming nervous terrors—death by brain fever or by lunacy—seemed too certainly to besiege the alternative course. Fortunately I had still so much of firmness left as to face that choice, which, with most of instant suffering, showed in the far distance a possibility of final escape.

This possibility was realised: I *did* accomplish my escape. And the issue of that particular stage in my opium experiences (for such it was—simply a provisional stage, that paved the way subsequently for many milder stages, to which gradually my constitutional system accommodated itself) was, pretty nearly



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"I KISSED HER LIPS."

From the drawing by Willy Pogany.

in the following words, communicated to my readers in the earliest edition of these Confessions:—

I triumphed. But infer not, reader, from this word "*triumphed*," a condition of joy or exultation. Think of me as of one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered; and much, perhaps, in the situation of him who has been racked, as I collect the torments of that state from the affecting account of them left by a most innocent sufferer (in the times of James I.). Meantime, I derived no benefit from any medicine whatever, except ammoniated tincture of valerian.

# THE MYSTERY OF THE RUE MORGUE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

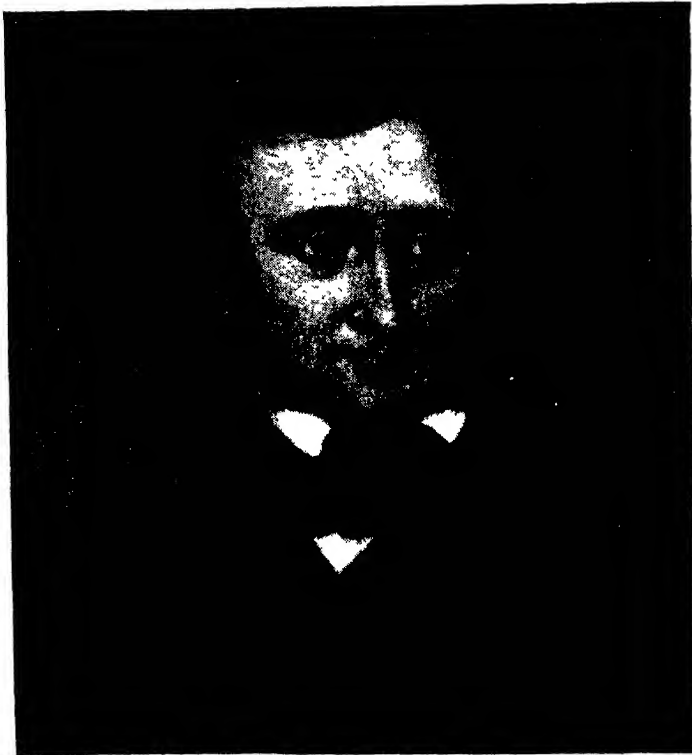


Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

From the painting by Osgood.

Poe was a pioneer. In two departments, the tale of terror and the detective story, he was the first to show the way. "The House of Usher," in which an atmosphere of horror wraps the reader more and more, until at the climax, when the figure of the buried woman, returning from the grave, stands outside the door, his nerves, strung up till they are tense as harpstrings, seem to snap within him—this effect is still without a rival of its kind. His disciples have been many, but not one has matched the master. Perhaps the most successful is Sheridan Le Fanu in "Green Tea."

But this atmosphere of terror is not his sole resource. In the "Descent into the Maelstrom" the sense of horror is awakened by the skill with which the scene is realised so that the reader comes to feel as if he were himself within the tiny skiff, sucked down into the ghastly jaws of the gigantic whirlpool; or, in "The Pit and the Pendulum," as if he were himself the victim, lashed beneath the sweep of the descending blade.

Of the detective story, pure and simple, he was again the master of a host of imitators. One and all of them are students of the methods of Dupin and Legrange. "The Gold Bug" shows the earliest instance in detective stories of the cryptogram or cipher, of which Poe had made a special study. While editor of "Graham's Magazine" he invited readers to send him cryptograms, all of which he solved with such celerity that, it is reported, "the facility with

which he would unravel the most dark and perplexing cipher was really supernatural."

But solving every kind of puzzle was his gift and his delight. "The Case of Marie Roget" is his solution of the mystery of a murder in real life, which later on the investigations of the police proved perfectly correct. When the serial parts of "Barnaby Rudge" were just beginning to appear he wrote a forecast of the chapters still to come, so accurate in every detail that it drew from Dickens a letter of inquiry whether "he had dealings with the Devil."

These detective stories, one and all, are

*marked by some arresting and original idea. That of "The Purloined Letter" is the hiding of a document by not hiding it at all—by placing it within a torn and dirty envelope in a conspicuous letter-rack, in full view of the police, who searched the house, ransacked the drawers, and probed the walls in vain. As to the idea of the story which we print below, "The Mystery of the Murders in the Rue Morgue," it is so ingenious, and so skilfully worked out, as to render it, upon the whole, the best detective story in the world.*

**R**ESIDING in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18—, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent—indeed, of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world, or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes. . . . We saw each other again and again. I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all that candour which a Frenchman indulges whenever mere self is his theme. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his reading; and, above all, I felt my soul enkindled within me by the wild fervour and the vivid freshness of his imagination. . . .

We were looking over an evening edition of the "Gazette des Tribunaux," when the following paragraphs arrested our attention.

"EXTRAORDINARY MURDERS.—This morning about three o'clock the inhabitants of the Quartier St. Roch were aroused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing, apparently, from the fourth storey of a house in the Rue Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of Madame L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner, the gateway was broken in with a crowbar, and eight or ten of the neighbours entered, accompanied by two *gendarmes*.

. . . The party spread themselves and hurried from room to room. Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth storey (the door of which, being found locked with the key inside, was forced open), a spectacle presented itself which struck every one present not less with horror than with astonishment.

"The apartment was in the wildest disorder, the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead, and from this the bed had been removed and thrown into the middle of the floor. On a chair lay a razor besmeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long and thick tresses of grey human hair, also dabbled in blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots. Upon the floor were found four Napoleons, an earring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of *métal d'Alger*, and two bags containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a *bureau* which stood in one corner were open, and had been apparently rifled, although many articles still remained in them. A small iron safe was discovered under the *bed* (not under the bedstead). It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents beyond a few old letters and other papers of little consequence.

"Of Madame L'Espanaye no traces were here seen, but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fireplace, a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter, head downward, was dragged therefrom, it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm. Upon examining it many excoriations were perceived, no doubt occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged. Upon the face were many severe scratches, and upon the throat, dark bruises and deep indentations of finger-nails, as if the deceased had been throttled to death.

"After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house, without further discovery, the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely

cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off. The body as well as the head was fearfully mutilated, the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity.

"To this horrible mystery there is not as yet, we believe, the slightest clue."

The next day's paper had these additional particulars.

"*The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue.*—Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair, but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it. We give below all the material testimony elicited. . . .

"*Pierre Moreau*, tobacconist, deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of tobacco and snuff to Madame L'Espanaye for nearly four years. Was born in the neighbourhood, and has always resided there. The deceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found for more than six years. It was formerly occupied by a jeweller, who underlet the upper rooms to various persons. The house was the property of Madame L. She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant, and moved into them herself refusing to let any portion. The old lady was childish. Witness had seen the daughter some five or six times during the six years. The two lived an exceedingly retired life—were reputed to have money. Had heard it said among the neighbours that Madame L. told fortunes—did not believe it. Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady and her daughter, a porter once or twice, and a physician some eight or ten times.

"Many other persons gave evidence to the same effect. No one was spoken of as frequenting the house. It was not known whether there were any living connections of Madame L. and her daughter. The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened. Those in the rear were always closed with the exception of the large back room, fourth storey. The house was a good house, not very old.

"*Isidore Muset*, gendarme, deposes

that he was called to the house about three o'clock in the morning, and found some twenty or thirty persons at the gateway endeavouring to gain admittance. Forced it open at length with a bayonet. Had but little difficulty in getting it open on account of its being a double or folding gate, and bolted neither at bottom nor top. The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced, and then suddenly ceased. They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony, were loud and drawn out, not short and quick. Witness led the way upstairs. Upon reaching the first landing, heard two voices in loud and angry contention—the one a gruff voice, the other much shriller—a very strange voice. Could distinguish some words of the former, which was that of a Frenchman. Was positive that it was not a woman's voice. Could distinguish the words '*sacré*' and '*diable*.' The shrill voice was that of a foreigner. Could not be sure whether it was the voice of a man or of a woman. Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish. . . .

"*Henri Duval*, a neighbour, and by trade a silversmith, deposes that he was one of the party who first entered the house. Corroborates the testimony of Muset in general. As soon as they forced an entrance, they reclosed the door to keep out the crowd, which collected very fast, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The shrill voice, this witness thinks, was that of an Italian. Was certain it was not French. Could not be sure that it was a man's voice. It might have been a woman's. Was not acquainted with the Italian language. Could not distinguish the words, but was convinced by the intonation that the speaker was an Italian. Knew Madame L. and her daughter. Had conversed with both frequently. Was sure that the shrill voice was not that of either of the deceased.

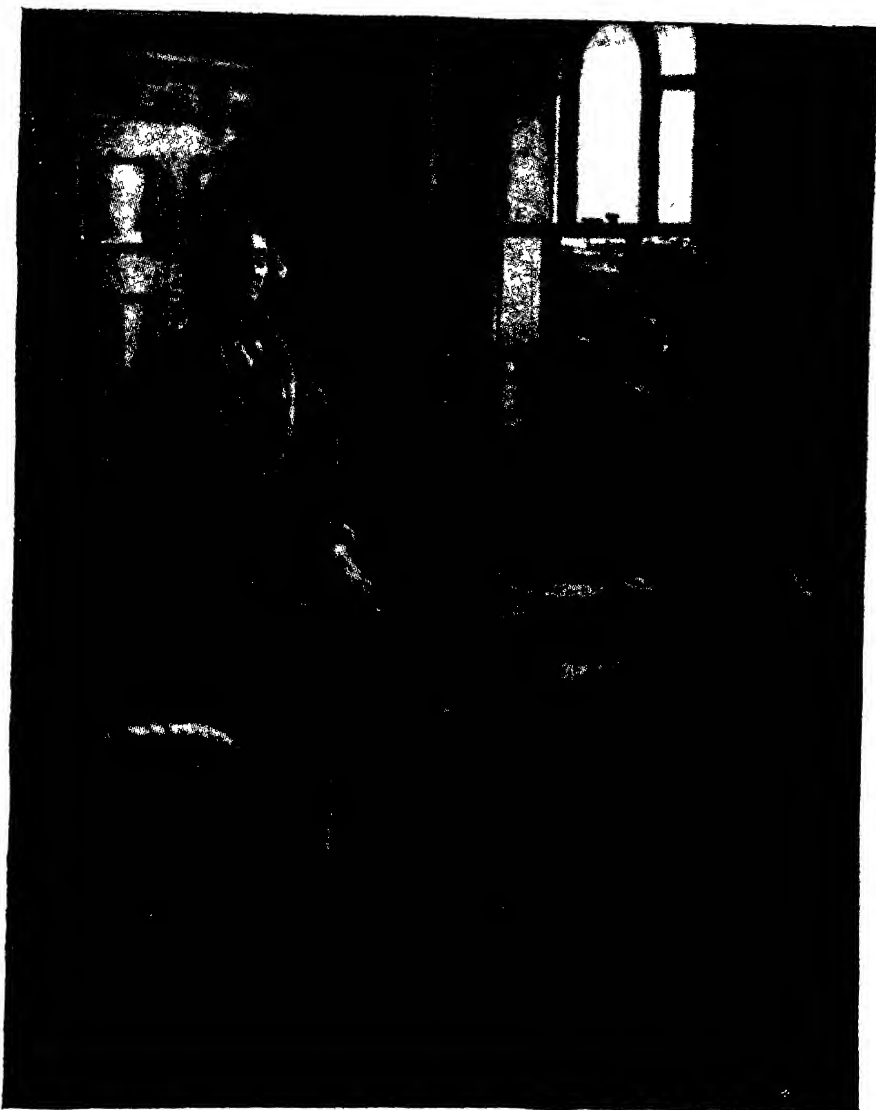
"—*Odenheimer*, restaurateur.—Not speaking French, was examined through an interpreter. Is a native of Amsterdam. Was one of those who entered the building. Corroborated the previous evidence in every respect but one. Was

sure that the shrill voice was that of a man—of a Frenchman. . . . The gruff voice said repeatedly '*sacré*,' '*diable*,' and once '*mon Dieu*.'

"Jules Mignaud, banker, of the firm of Mignaud et Fils, Rue Deloraine. Madame L'Espanaye had opened an account with his banking house in the spring of the year (eight years previously). Made frequent deposits in small sums. Had drawn nothing until the third day before her death, when she took out in person the sum of 4,000 francs. This sum was paid in gold, and a clerk sent home with the money.

"Adolphe Lebon, clerk to Mignaud et Fils, deposes that on the day in question about noon, he accompanied Madame L'Espanaye to her residence with the 4,000 francs, put up in two bags. Upon the door being opened, Mademoiselle L. appeared and took from his hands one of the bags, while the old lady relieved him of the other. He then bowed and departed. Did not see any person in the street at the time. It is a bye-street—very lonely.

"William Bird, tailor, deposes that he was one of the party who entered the house. Is an Englishman. Has lived in Paris two years. Was one of the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that



From *Selected Tales of Mystery* by Edgar Allan Poe, by permission of Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.

"He had with him a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed."

From the colour illustration by Byam Shaw.

of a Frenchman. Could make out several words, but cannot now remember all. Heard distinctly '*sacré*' and '*mon Dieu*.' There was a sound at the moment as if of several persons struggling—a scraping and scuffling sound. The shrill voice was very loud—louder than the gruff one. Is sure that it was not the voice of an Englishman. Appeared to be that of a German. Might have been a woman's voice. Does not understand German.

"Four of the above-named witnesses, being recalled, deposed that the door

of the chamber in which was found the body of Mademoiselle L. was locked on the inside when the party reached it. Everything was perfectly silent—no groans or noises of any kind. Upon forcing the door no person was seen. The windows, both of the back and front room, were down and firmly fastened from within. A door between the two rooms was closed, but not locked. The door leading from the front room into the passage was locked, with the key on the inside. A small room in the front of the house, on the fourth storey, at the head of the passage, was open, the door being ajar. This room was crowded with old beds, boxes, and so forth. These were carefully removed and searched. There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched. Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys. The house was a four-storey one, with garrets. A trap-door on the roof was nailed down very securely—did not appear to have been opened for years. The time elapsing between the hearing of the voices in contention and the breaking open of the room door was variously stated by the witnesses. Some made it as short as three minutes—some as long as five. The door was opened with difficulty. . . .

"*Alberto Montani*, confectioner, deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in question. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Distinguished several words. The speaker appeared to be expostulating. Could not make out the words of the shrill voice. Spoke quick and unevenly. Thinks it the voice of a Russian. Corroborates the general testimony. Is an Italian. Never conversed with a native of Russia.

"Several witnesses, recalled, here testified that the chimneys of all the rooms on the fourth storey were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being. By 'sweeps' were meant cylindrical sweeping-brushes, such as are employed by those who clean chimneys. These brushes were passed up and down every flue in the house. There is no back passage by which any one could have descended while the party proceeded

upstairs. The body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was so firmly wedged in the chimney that it could not be got down until four or five of the party united their strength.

"*Paul Dumas*, physician, deposes that he was called to view the bodies about daybreak. They were both then lying on the sacking of the bedstead in the chamber where Mademoiselle L. was found. The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and excoriated. The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would sufficiently account for these appearances. The throat was greatly chafed. There were several deep scratches just below the chin, together with a series of livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers. The face was fearfully discoloured, and the eye-balls protruded. The tongue had been partially bitten through. A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stomach, produced apparently by the pressure of a knee. In the opinion of M. Dumas, Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown. The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated. All the bones of the right leg and arm were more or less shattered. . . .

"Nothing further of importance was elicited, although several other persons were examined. A murder so mysterious, and so perplexing in all its particulars, was never before committed in Paris—if indeed a murder has been committed at all. The police are entirely at fault—an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature. There is not, however, the shadow of a clue apparent."

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St. Roch—that the premises in question had been carefully re-searched, and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted, but all to no purpose. A postscript, however, mentioned that Adolphe Lebon had been arrested and imprisoned—although nothing appeared to incriminate him beyond the facts already detailed.

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair—at least so I judged from his manner, for he made

no comments. It was only after the announcement that Lebon had been imprisoned that he asked me my opinion respecting the murders.

I could merely agree with all Paris in considering them an insoluble mystery. I saw no means by which it would be possible to trace the murderer.

"Let us make some examinations for ourselves." . . . The permission was obtained, and we proceeded at once to the Rue Morgue. This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St. Roch. . . . The house was readily found; for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters, with an objectless curiosity, from the opposite side of the way. It was an ordinary Parisian house, with a gateway, on one side of which was a glazed watch-box, with a sliding panel in the window, indicating a *loge du concierge*. Before going in we walked up the street, turned down an alley, and then, again turning, passed in the rear of the building—Dupin, meanwhile, examining the whole neighbourhood, as well as the house, with a minuteness of attention for which I could see no possible object.

Retracing our steps, we came again to the front of the dwelling, rang, and, having shown our credentials, were admitted by the *agents* in charge. We went upstairs—into the chamber where the body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been found, and where both the deceased still lay. The disorders of the room had, as usual, been suffered to exist. I saw nothing beyond what had been stated in the "*Gazette des Tribunaux*." Dupin scrutinised everything—not excepting the bodies of the victims. We then went into the other rooms, and into the yard; a *gendarme* accompanying us throughout. The examination occupied us until dark, when we took our departure.

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold, and that *Je les ménageais*—for this phrase there is no English equivalent. It was his humour now to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until about noon the next day. He then asked me suddenly, if

I had observed anything *peculiar* at the scene of the atrocity.

There was something in his manner of emphasising the word "*peculiar*" which caused me to shudder, without knowing why.

"No, nothing *peculiar*," I said; "nothing more, at least, than we both saw stated in the paper."

"The '*Gazette*,'" he replied, "has not entered, I fear, into the unusual horror of the thing. But dismiss the idle opinions of this print . . . The police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive—not for the murder itself, but for the atrocity of the murder. They are puzzled, too, by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention, with the facts that no one was discovered upstairs but the assassinated Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and that there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending. The wild disorder of the room; the corpse thrust, with the head downward, up the chimney; the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady; these considerations, with those just mentioned, and others which I need not mention, have sufficed to paralyse the powers, by putting completely at fault the boasted *acumen* of the government agents. They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding the unusual with the abstruse. . . . In investigations such as we are now pursuing it should not be so much asked 'what has occurred,' as 'what has occurred that has never occurred before.' In fact, the facility with which I shall arrive, or have arrived at the solution of this mystery, is in the direct ratio of its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police."

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment.

"I am now awaiting," continued he, looking toward the door of our apartment—"I am now awaiting a person who, although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries, must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion of the crimes committed, it is probable that he is innocent. I hope that I am right in this supposition; for upon it I

build my expectation of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here—in this room—every moment. It is true that he may not arrive, but the probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use.”

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. . . .

“That the voices heard in contention,” he said, “by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter, and afterwards have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method, for the strength of Madame L’Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter’s corpse up the chimney as it was found; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely preclude the idea of self-destruction. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party, and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert—not to the whole testimony respecting these voices—but to what was *peculiar* in that testimony. Did you observe anything peculiar about it?”

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill, or, as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

“That was the evidence itself,” said Dupin, “but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Yet there *was* something to be observed. The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is—not that they disagreed—but that each one spoke of it as that of *a foreigner*. Each likens it—not to the voice of an individual of any nation

with whose language he is conversant—but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and ‘might have distinguished some words *had he been acquainted with the Spanish*.’ . . . The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and ‘*does not understand German*.’ . . . The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian, but ‘*has never conversed with a native of Russia*.’ A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first, and is positive that the voice was that of an Italian; but, *not being cognisant of that tongue*, is ‘convinced by the intonation.’ Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this *could* have been elicited!—in whose *tones*, even, denizens of the great divisions of Europe could recognise nothing familiar! You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic—of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris; but without denying the inference, I will now merely call your attention to three points. The voice is termed by one witness ‘harsh rather than shrill.’ It is represented by two others to have been ‘quick and *unequal*.’ No words—no sounds resembling words—were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable.

“Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to this chamber. What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that neither of us believe in preternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L’Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doers of the deed were material, and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point, and that mode *must* lead us to a definite decision. Let us examine, each by each, the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L’Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceilings, and the masonry of the walls in every direction. No *secret* issues could have escaped their

vigilance But, not trusting to *their* eyes, I examined with my own. There were, then, no *secret* issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat. The impossibility of egress, by means already stated, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers *must* have passed, then, through those

of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove that these apparent 'impossibilities' are, in reality, not such.

"There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavoured to raise

it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head. Upon examining the other window a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it, and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions. And, *therefore*, it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nails and open the windows.

"My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given—because here it was, I knew, that all apparent impossi-



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"GNASHING ITS TEETH, AND FLASHING FIRE FROM ITS EYES IT FLEW UPON THE BODY OF THE GIRL."

From the Drawing by Harry Clarke.

bilities *must* be proved to be not such in reality.

"I proceeded to think thus—a *posteriori*. The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have re-fastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened—the consideration which puts a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must*, then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring *must*, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to upraise the sash.

"I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught; but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins *must* have escaped through the other window. Supposing then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there *must* be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture. Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the head-board minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbour. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner, driven in nearly up to the head.

"You will say that I was puzzled; but if you think so you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been

once 'at fault.' The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result; and that result was *the nail*. It had, I say, in every respect the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here at this point terminated the clue. 'There *must* be something wrong,' I said, 'about the nail.' I touched it, and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrustated with rust), and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially imbedded in the top of the bottom sash the head portion of the nail. I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it, and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete—the fissure was invisible. Pressing the spring, I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

"The riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon his exit (or perhaps purposely closed), it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail—further inquiry being thus considered unnecessary.

"The next question is that of the mode of descent. Upon this point I had been satisfied in my walk with you around the building. About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning-rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the window itself, to say nothing of entering it. I observed, however, that the shutters of the fourth storey were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades*—a kind

rarely employed at the present day, but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bourdeaux. They are in the form of an ordinary door (a single, not a folding door), except that the lower half is latticed or worked in open trellis, thus affording an excellent hold for the hands. In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad. When we saw them from the rear of the house they were both about half open—that is to say, they stood off at right angles from the wall. It is probable that the police, as well as myself, examined the back of the tene-ment; but if so, in looking at these *ferrades* in the line of their breadth (as they must have done), they did not perceive this great breadth itself, or, at all events, failed to take it into due consideration. In fact, having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter, they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination. It was clear to me, however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the lightning-rod. It was also evident that by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and courage an entrance into the window from the rod might have been thus effected. By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent) a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trellis-work. Letting go, then, his hold upon the rod, placing his feet securely against the wall, and springing boldly from it, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and, if we imagine the window open at the time, might even have swung himself into the room.

“I wish you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a *very* unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat. . . .

“You will say, no doubt, that ‘to make out my case’ I should rather undervalue than insist upon a full estimation of the activity required in this matter. This may be the practice in law, but it is not the usage of reason. My

ultimate object is only the truth. My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxtaposition that *very unusual* activity of which I have just spoken with that *very peculiar* shrill (or harsh) and *unequal* voice, about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree, and in whose utterance no syllabification could be detected. . . .

“Let us now revert to the interior of the room. Let us survey the appearances here. The drawers of the bureau, it is said, had been rifled, although many articles of apparel still remained within them. The conclusion here is absurd. It is a mere guess—a very silly one—and no more. How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L’Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life—saw no company—seldom went out—had little use for numerous changes of habiliment. Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best—why did he not take all? In a word, why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold *was* abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud the banker, was discovered in bags upon the floor. I wish you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of *motive*, engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house. Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it), happen to all of us every hour of our lives, without attracting even momentary notice. . . . In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive. But, in the real circumstances of the case, if we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to

have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

"Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention—that peculiar voice, that unusual agility, and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this—let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength, and thrust up a chimney, head downward. Ordinary assassins employ no such modes of murder as this. Least of all do they thus dispose of the murdered. In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney, you will admit that there was something altogether irreconcilable with our common notions of human action, even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men. Think, too, how great must have been that strength which could have thrust the body *up* such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigour of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it *down* !

"Turn, now, to other indications of the employment of a vigour most marvellous. On the hearth were thick tresses—very thick tresses—of grey human hair. These had been torn out by the roots. You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself. Their roots (a hideous sight) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp—sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps half-a-million of hairs at a time. The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body—the instrument was a mere razor. I wish you also to look at the *brutal* ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L'Espanaye I do not speak. Monsieur Dumas and his worthy coadjutor have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument ; and so far these gentlemen are very correct. The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed. . . .

"If, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a *grotesquerie* in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result then has ensued ? What impression have I made upon your fancy ? "

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question. "A madman," I said, "has done this deed—some raving maniac escaped from a neighbouring *maison de santé*."

"In some respects," he replied, "your idea is not irrelevant ; but the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L'Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it ? "

"Dupin !" I said, completely unnerved, "this hair is most unusual—this is no *human* hair."

"I have not asserted that it is," said he ; "but, before we decide this point, I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this paper. It is a *facsimile* drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as 'dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger nails,' upon the throat of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and in another as a 'series of livid spots, evidently the impression of fingers.'

"You will perceive," continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, "that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained—possibly until the death of the victim—the fearful grasp by which it originally imbedded itself. Attempt, now, to place all your fingers,

at the same time, in the respective impressions as you see them."

I made the attempt in vain.

"We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial," he said. "The paper is spread out upon a plane surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again."

I did so; but the difficulty was even more obvious than before. "This," I said, "is the mark of no human hand."

"Read now," replied Dupin, "this passage from Cuvier."

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the large fulvous Ourang-outang of the East Indian Islands. The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

"The description of the digits," said I, as I made an end of reading, "is in exact accordance with the drawing. I see that no animal but an Ourang-outang of the species here mentioned, could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them.

This tuft of tawny hair, too, is identical in character with that of the beast of Cuvier. But I cannot possibly comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery. Besides, there were *two* voices heard in contention, and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman."

"True; and you will remember an expression attributed almost un-

animously, by the evidence, to this voice—the expression '*Mon Dieu!*' This, in the circumstances, has been justly characterised by one of the witnesses (Montani, the confectioner) as an expression of remonstrance or expostulation. Upon these two words, therefore, I have mainly built my hopes of a full



*From Baudelaire's translation of Poe's Works, published in Paris by A. Quantin.*

"The gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair."

From the collection of Mr. John R. Ingram.

solution of the riddle. A Frenchman was cognisant of the murder. It is possible—indeed it is far more than probable—that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transactions which took place. The Ourang-outang may have escaped from him. He may have traced it to the chamber; but, under the agitating circumstances which ensued, he could never have recaptured

it It is still at large. I will not pursue these guesses—for I have no right to call them more—since the shades of reflection upon which they are based are scarcely of sufficient depth to be appreciable by my own intellect, and since I could not pretend to make them intelligible to the understanding of another. . . . If the Frenchman in question is indeed, as I suppose, innocent of this atrocity, this advertisement, which I left last night upon our return home at the office of 'Le Monde,' will bring him to our residence."

He handed me a paper, and I read thus:—

"CAUGHT.—*In the Bois de Boulogne, in the early morning of the — inst. (the morning of the murder), a very large, tawny Ourang-outang of the Borneese species. The owner (who is ascertained to be a sailor, belonging to a Maltese vessel) may have the animal again, upon identifying it satisfactorily, and paying a few charges arising from its capture and keeping. Call at No. —, Rue —, Faubourg St. Germain—au troisième.*"

"How was it possible," I asked, "that you should know the man to be a sailor, and belonging to a Maltese vessel?"

"I do not know it," said Dupin. "I am not sure of it. Here, however, is a small piece of ribbon, which from its form, and from its greasy appearance, has evidently been used in tying the hair in one of those long *queues* of which sailors are so fond. Moreover, this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie, and is peculiar to the Maltese. I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning-rod. It could not have belonged to either of the deceased. Now if, after all, I am wrong in my induction from this ribbon, that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel, still I can have done no harm in saying what I did in the advertisement. . . . If I am right, a great point is gained. Cognisant, although innocent, of the murder, the Frenchman will reason thus:—'I am innocent; I am poor; my Ourang-outang is of great value—to one in my circumstances a fortune of itself—why should I lose it through idle apprehen-

sions of danger? Here it is, within my grasp. It was found in the Bois de Boulogne—at a vast distance from the scene of that butchery. How can it ever be suspected that a brute beast should have done the deed? . . . Above all, *I am known*. The advertiser designates me as the possessor of the beast. . . . It is not my policy to attract attention either to myself or to the beast. I will answer the advertisement, get the Ourang-outang, and keep it close until this matter has blown over.'"

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs.

"Be ready," said Dupin, "with your pistols, but neither use them nor show them until at a signal from myself."

The front door of the house had been left open, and the visitor had entered without ringing, and advanced several steps upon the staircase. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate. Presently we heard him descending. Dupin was moving quickly to the door, when we again heard him coming up. He did not turn back a second time, but stepped up with decision, and rapped at the door of our chamber.

"Come in," said Dupin, in a cheerful and hearty tone.

A man entered. He was a sailor, evidently—a tall, stout, and muscular-looking person, with a certain dare-devil expression of countenance, not altogether unprepossessing. His face, greatly sunburnt, was more than half hidden by whisker and *mustachio*. He had with him a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed. . . .

"Sit down, my friend," said Dupin. "I suppose you have called about the Ourang-outang. Upon my word I almost envy you the possession of him; a remarkably fine, and no doubt a very valuable animal. How old do you suppose him to be?"

The sailor drew a long breath, with the air of a man relieved of some intolerable burden, and then replied in an assured tone:—

"I have no way of telling—but he can't be more than four or five years old. Have you got him here?"

"Oh, no; we had no conveniences

for keeping him here. He is at a livery stable in the Rue Dubourg, just by. You can get him in the morning. Of course you are prepared to identify the property?"

"To be sure I am, sir."

"I shall be sorry to part with him," said Dupin.

"I don't mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing, sir," said the man. "Couldn't expect it. Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal—that is to say, anything in reason."

"Well," replied my friend, "that is all very fair, to be sure. Let me think!—what should I have? Oh! I will tell you. My reward shall be this. You shall give me all the information in your power about these murders in the Rue Morgue."

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone, and very quietly. Just as quietly, too, he walked towards the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it, without the least flurry, upon the table.

The sailor's face flushed up as if he were struggling with suffocation. He started to his feet and grasped his cudgel; but the next moment he fell back into his seat, trembling violently, and with the countenance of death itself. He spoke not a word. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

"My friend," said Dupin in a kind tone, "you are alarming yourself unnecessarily—you are indeed. We mean you no harm whatever. I pledge you the honour of a gentleman, and of a Frenchman, that we intend you no injury. I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue. It will not do, however, to deny that you are in some measure implicated in them. . . . Now the thing stands thus. You have done nothing which you could have avoided—nothing, certainly, which renders you culpable. You were not even guilty of robbery, when you might have robbed with impunity. You have nothing to conceal. You have no reason for concealment. On the other hand, you are bound by every principle of honour to confess all you know. An innocent man is now

imprisoned, charged with that crime of which you can point out the perpetrator."

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind, in a great measure, while Dupin uttered these words, but his original boldness of bearing was all gone.

"So help me God," said he, after a brief pause, "I *will* tell you all I know about this affair; but I do not expect you to believe one-half I say—I would be a fool indeed if I did. Still I *am* innocent, and I will make a clean breast if I die for it."

What he stated was in substance this. He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. A party, of which he formed one, landed at Borneo, and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure. Himself and a companion had captured the Ourang-outang. This companion dying, the animal fell into his own exclusive possession. After great trouble, occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage, he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris, where, not to attract towards himself the unpleasant curiosity of his neighbours, he kept it carefully secluded. His ultimate design was to sell it.

Returning home from some sailor's frolic on the night, or rather in the morning, of the murder, he found the beast occupying his own bedroom, into which it had broken from a closet adjoining, where it had been, as was thought, securely confined. Razor in hand, and fully lathered, it was sitting before a looking-glass attempting the operation of shaving, in which it had no doubt previously watched its master through the key-hole of the closet. Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious and so well able to use it, the man, for some moments, was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature, even in its fiercest moods, by the use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Ourang-outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber, down the stairs, and thence through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair;

the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at its pursuer, until the latter had nearly come up with it. It then again made off. In this manner the chase continued for a long time. The streets were profoundly quiet, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light gleaming from the open window of Madame L'Espanaye's chamber, in the fourth storey of her house. Rushing to the building, it perceived the lightning-rod, clambered up with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter, which was thrown fully back against the wall, and, by its means, swung itself directly upon the head-board of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute. The shutter was kicked open again by the Ourang-outang as it entered the room.

The sailor, in the meantime, was both rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong hopes of now recapturing the brute, as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured except by the rod, where it might be intercepted as it came down. On the other hand, there was much cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house. This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive. A lightning-rod is ascended without difficulty, especially by a sailor; but when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped; the most that he could accomplish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room. At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror. Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the night which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue Morgue. Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, habited in their night-clothes, must have been sitting with their backs towards the window; and, from the time elapsing between the ingress of the beast and the screams, it seems probable that it was not immediately perceived. . . .

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair and was flourishing the razor about her face in imitation of the motions

of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless; she had swooned. The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Ourang-outang into those of wrath. With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed its anger into frenzy. Gnashing its teeth it flew upon the body of the girl, and imbedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired. Its wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of its master, rigid with horror, was just discernible. The fury of the beast, which no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into fear. Conscious of having deserved punishment, it seemed desirous of concealing its bloody deeds, and skipped about the chamber in an agony of nervous agitation, throwing down and breaking the furniture as it moved, and dragging the bed from the bedstead. In conclusion, it seized first the corpse of the daughter and thrust it up the chimney, as it was found; then that of the old lady, which it immediately hurled through the window headlong.

As the ape approached the casement with its mutilated burden, the sailor shrank aghast to the rod, and, rather gliding than clambering down it, hurried at once home—dreading the consequences of the butchery, and gladly abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude about the fate of the Ourang-outang. The words heard by the party upon the staircase were the Frenchman's exclamations of horror and affright, commingled with the fiendish jabberings of the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The Ourang-outang must have escaped from the chamber by the rod, just before the breaking of the door. It must have closed the window as it passed through it. It was subsequently caught by the owner himself, who obtained for it a very large sum at the *Jardin des Plantes*. Lebon was instantly released, upon our narration of the circumstances at the *bureau* of the Prefect of Police.



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DANTE'S DREAM ON THE DAY OF THE DEATH OF BEATRICE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

*See page 449.*



# THE OLD WIVES' TALE

ARNOLD BENNETT

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and his Publishers, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.]



Photo: F. O. Hoppé.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

Enoch Arnold Bennett, the most brilliant of our romantic realists, was born in 1867. From the first he was keenly alive to all that went on around him in the Shelton district, near Hanley. To great receptivity he added great retentiveness, and his "Five Towns" novels are an amazing store of things observed in the first twenty-two years of his life. He achieves a blend of detail and atmosphere that is unique in modern fiction. Observe how these mingle in the description, here reproduced, of St. Luke's Square, in Bursley (Burslem), where the two Old Wives were born, the daughters of Mr. Baines, principal draper of the town. In his "Truth About an Author," Mr. Bennett tells us that in the 'seventies he

had lived in the actual drapers' shop, and "knew it as only a child could know it"; but the significant thing is that thirty years later he knew it as his childhood knew it. The Five Towns, like Sheffield, are environed by beautiful and typical English countrysides, but, as Mr. Harvey Darton has pointed out, in his admirable short study, "Arnold Bennett," these are not an element in this great group of novels; nowhere do any of his characters appear to be sensible of this purely "natural" beauty. In these novels, "The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger," "Hilda Lessways," and the rest, "there shall be no green shades nor shining orchard peace nor Sunday calm in these pages—nothing but men and women and houses, and the fires that burn in all three." But this critic points out with equal truth that Mr. Bennett can glorify grime, and turn his Five Towns into "a pillar of smoke by day, a pillar of fire by night."

"The Old Wives' Tale," Mr. Bennett has told his readers, was inspired by his observation, many years ago, of two waitresses in a Paris restaurant, one of whom was young and charming, the other less attractive. One day a middle-aged and somewhat frumpy decent woman entered, and was laughed at as a ridiculous person. Bennett looking on, sensed a tragedy of life-wear, and saw the material for a "heart-rending novel." But he decided that the ordinary middle-aged woman about whom he meant to write must not seem ridiculous, she must be absolutely normal, because "the whole modern tendency of realistic fiction is against oddness in a prominent figure."

Out of this little incident came "The Old Wives' Tale."

"The Old Wives' Tale" has no intricate plot, no shocks or surprises. It is a novel

*in every sense, but it is also a history, the history of Constance and Sophia Baines, daughters of the Bursley draper; Constance, the home-stayer, who wedded her father's manager, and carried on the shop, Sophia, her beautiful and wayward sister, who eloped with the plausible scoundrel, Gerald Scales, and exchanged the humdrum of Bursley for the lubricities of Paris, to return in the end to Bursley, and there to die. These two lives, all their environment, are set forth with a progression and emphasis in which there is never a jolt. Nor is there any commentary: Mr. Bennett leaves that to the reader. He always accumulates little things into a great whole. The novel is a kind of epic of the commonplace. Only in the Paris scenes does its temperature rise, and even that is perhaps a misdescription. The first of the two passages quoted gives us the atmosphere of Bursley. The remaining sections are concerned with the misadventures of Sophia Baines.*

### THE FIVE TOWNS.

**F**IVE TOWNS seem to cling together for safety. Yet the idea of clinging together for safety would make them laugh. They are unique and indispensable. From the north of the county right down to the south they alone stand for civilisation, applied science, organised manufacture, and the century—until you come to Wolverhampton. They are unique and indispensable because you cannot drink tea out of a teacup without the aid of the Five Towns; because you cannot eat a meal in decency without the aid of the Five Towns. For this the architecture of the Five Towns is an architecture of ovens and chimneys; for this its atmosphere is as black as its mud; for this it burns and smokes all night, so that Longshaw has been compared to hell; for this it is unlearned in the ways of agriculture, never having seen corn except as packing straw and in quartern loaves; for this, on the other hand, it comprehends the mysterious habits of fire and pure, sterile earth; for this it lives crammed together in slippery streets where the housewife must change white window-curtains at least once a fortnight

if she wishes to remain respectable; for this it gets up in the mass at six a.m., winter and summer, and goes to bed when the public-houses close; for this it exists—that you may drink tea out of a teacup and toy with a chop on a plate. All the everyday crockery used in the kingdom is made in the Five Towns—all, and much besides. . . .

Even the majestic thought that whenever and wherever in all England a woman washes up, she washes up the product of the district; that whenever and wherever in all England a plate is broken the fracture means new business for the district—even this majestic thought had probably never occurred to either of the girls. . . .

The Square was named after St. Luke. The Evangelist might have been startled by certain phenomena in his square, but, except in Wakes Week, when the shocking always happened, St. Luke's Square lived in a manner passably saintly—though it contained five public-houses. It contained five public-houses, a bank, a barber's, a confectioner's, three grocers', two chemists', an ironmonger's, a clothier's, and five drapers'. These were all the catalogue. St. Luke's Square had no room for minor establishments. The aristocracy of the Square undoubtedly consisted of the drapers (for the bank was impersonal); and among the five the shop of Baines stood supreme. No business establishment could possibly be more respected than that of Mr. Baines was respected. And though John Baines had been bedridden for a dozen years, he still lived on the lips of admiring, ceremonious burgesses as "our honoured fellow-townsmen." He deserved his reputation. . . .

\* \* \*

### *The Elopement.*

*Sophia, acting under her temperament, rejects Bursley and the drapery shop, and elopes with Gerald Scales, a handsome commercial traveller, who does business with her father. "The eternal cause . . . had endowed him with all the glorious, unique, incredible attributes of a god, and planted him down before Sophia to produce the eternal effect." The more immediate*

*effect is Sophia's elopement with Scales to London under a promise of marriage. She is armoured against moral disaster by the Baines tradition, and her own character, rooted therein. She stays, guiltlessly, with Gerald Scales, at the Hatfield Hotel, in Salisbury Street (now demolished) between the Strand and the river. In her room, the following dialogue ensues :*

"I've got no one but you now," she murmured in a melting voice.

a hint of wistful appeal in a manner that never failed to bewitch her. A less innocent girl than Sophia might have divined from that adorable half-feminine smile that she could do anything with Gerald except rely on him. But Sophia had to learn.

"Are you ready?" he asked, placing his hands on her shoulders and holding her away from him.

"Yes," she said, nerving herself. Their faces were still very near together.



*Reproduced by courtesy of Ideal Films, Ltd., from the "Ideal" picture version of Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale."*

SOPHIA DRAWS MR. POVEY'S TOOTH.

She fancied in her ignorance that the expression of this sentiment would please him. She was not aware that a man is usually rather chilled by it, because it proves to him that the other is thinking about his responsibilities and not about his privileges. Certainly it calmed Gerald, though without imparting to him her sense of his responsibilities. He smiled vaguely. To Sophia his smile was a miracle continually renewed; it mingled dashing gaiety with

"Well, would you like to go and see the Doré pictures?"

A simple enough question! A proposal felicitous enough! Doré was becoming known even in the Five Towns, not, assuredly, by his illustrations to the *Contes Drolatiques* of Balzac—but by his shuddering Biblical conceits. In pious circles Doré was saving art from the reproach of futility and frivolity. It was indubitably a tasteful idea on Gerald's part to take his love on a

summer's afternoon to gaze at the originals of those prints which had so deeply impressed the Five Towns. It was an idea that sanctified the profane adventure.

Yet Sophia showed signs of affliction. Her colour went and came; her throat made the motion of swallowing; there was a muscular contraction over her whole body. And she drew herself from him. Her glance, however, did not leave him, and his eyes fell before hers.

"But what about the—wedding?" she breathed.

That sentence seemed to cost all her pride, but she was obliged to utter it, and to pay for it.

"Oh," he said lightly and quickly, just as though she had reminded him of a detail that might have been forgotten, "I was just going to tell you. It can't be done here. There's been some change in the rules. I only found out for certain late last night. But I've ascertained that it'll be as simple as A B C before the English Consul at Paris; and as I've got the tickets for us to go over to-night, as we arranged . . ." He stopped.

She sat down on the towel-covered chair, staggered. She believed what he said. She did not suspect that he was using the classic device of the seducer. It was his casualness that staggered her. Had it really been his intention to set off on an excursion and remark as an afterthought: "*By the way*, we can't be married as I told you at half-past two to-day?" Despite her extreme ignorance and innocence, Sophia held a high opinion of her own commonsense and capacity for looking after herself, and she could scarcely believe that he was expecting her to go to Paris, and at night, without being married. She looked pitifully young, virgin, raw, unsophisticated; helpless in the midst of dreadful dangers. Yet her head was full of a blank astonishment at being mistaken for a simpleton! . . .

"It'll be all right!" Gerald persuasively continued.

He looked at her, as she was not looking at him. She was nineteen. But she seemed to him utterly mature and mysterious. Her face baffled him; her

mind was a foreign land. Helpless in one sense she might be; yet she, and not he, stood for destiny; the future lay in the secret and capricious workings of that mind.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed curtly. "Oh no!"

"Oh no what?"

"We can't possibly go like that," she said.

"But don't I tell you it'll be all right?" he protested. "If we stay here and they come after you . . .! Besides, I've got the tickets and all."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" she demanded.

"But how could I?" he grumbled. "Have we had a single minute alone?"

This was nearly true. They could not have discussed the formalities of marriage in the crowded train, nor during the hurried lunch with a dozen cocked ears at the same table. He saw himself on sure ground here.

"Now, could we?" he pressed.

"And you talk about going to see pictures!" was her reply.

Undoubtedly this had been a grave error of tact. He recognised that it was a stupidity. And so he resented it, as though she had committed it and not he.

"My dear girl," he said, hurt, "I acted for the best. It isn't my fault if rules are altered and officials silly."

"You ought to have told me before," she persisted sullenly.

"But how *could* I?"

He almost believed in that moment that he had really intended to marry her, and that the ineptitudes of red-tape had prevented him from achieving his honourable purpose. Whereas he had done nothing whatever towards the marriage.

"Oh no! Oh no!" she repeated, with heavy lip and liquid eye. "Oh no!"

He gathered that she was flouting his suggestion of Paris.

Slowly and nervously he approached her. She did not stir nor look up. Her glance was fixed on the washstand. He bent down and murmured:

"Come, now. It'll be all right. You'll travel in the ladies' saloon on the steam-packet."

She did not stir. He bent lower and



*Reproduced by courtesy of Ideal Films, Ltd., from the "Ideal" picture version of Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale."*

SOPHIA BAINES REFUSES TO ACCOMPANY GERALD TO PARIS UNLESS HE MARRIES HER.

touched the back of her neck with his lips. And she sprang up, sobbing and angry. Because she was mad for him she hated him furiously. All tenderness had vanished.

"I'll thank you not to touch me!" she said fiercely. She had given him her lips a moment ago, but now to graze her neck was an insult.

He smiled sheepishly. "But really you must be reasonable," he argued. "What have I done?"

"It's what you haven't done, I think!" she cried. "Why didn't you tell me while we were in the cab?"

"I didn't care to begin worrying you just then," he replied: which was exactly true.

The fact was, he had of course shirked telling her that no marriage would occur that day. Not being a professional seducer of young girls, he lacked skill to do a difficult thing simply.

"Now come along, little girl," he went on, with just a trifle of impatience.

"Let's go out and enjoy ourselves. I assure you that everything will be all right in Paris."

"That's what you said about coming to London," she retorted sarcastically through her sobs. "And look at you!"

Did he imagine for a single instant that she would have come to London with him save on the understanding that she was to be married immediately upon arrival? This attitude of an indignant question was not to be reconciled with her belief that his excuses for himself were truthful. But she did not remark the discrepancy.

Her sarcasm wounded his vanity.

"Oh, very well!" he muttered. "If you don't choose to believe what I say!" He shrugged his shoulders.

She said nothing; but the sobs swept at intervals through her frame, shaking it.

\* \* \*

"I am to go?" he asked, with a sneer.

She nodded.

"Of course if you order me to leave you, I must. Can I do anything for you?"

She signified that he could not.

"Nothing? You're sure?"

She frowned.

"Well, then, good-bye." He turned towards the door.

"I suppose you'd leave me here without money or anything?" she said in a cold, cutting voice. And her sneer was far more destructive than his. It destroyed in him the last trace of compassion for her.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" he said, and swaggeringly counted out five sovereigns on to a chest of drawers.

She rushed at them. "Do you think I'll take your odious money?" she snarled, gathering the coins in her gloved hand.

Her first impulse was to throw them in his face; but she paused and then flung them into a corner of the room.

"Pick them up!" she commanded him.

"No, thanks," he said briefly; and left, shutting the door.

Only a very little while, and they had been lovers, exuding tenderness with every gesture, like a perfume! Only a very little while, and she had been deciding to telegraph condescendingly to her mother that she was "all right!" And now the dream was utterly dissolved. And the voice of that hard common-sense which spake to her in her wildest moods grew loud in asserting that the enterprise could never have come to any good, that it was from its inception an impossible enterprise, unredeemed by the slightest justification. An enormous folly! Yes, an elopement; but not like a real elopement; always unreal! She had always known that it was only an imitation of an elopement, and must end in some awful disappointment. She had never truly wanted to run away; but something within her had pricked her forward in spite of her protests. The strict notions of her elderly relatives were right after all. It was she who had been wrong. And it was she who would have to pay. . . .

She had no idea at all as to what she ought to do, or could do. The mere prospect of venturing out of the room intimidated her. Had Gerald left her trunk in the hall? Of course he had. What a question! But what would happen to her? London . . . London had merely dazed her. She could do nothing for herself. She was as helpless as a rabbit in London. She drew aside the window-curtain and had a glimpse of the river. It was inevitable that she should think of suicide; for she could not suppose that any girl had ever got herself into a plight more desperate than hers. "I could slip out at night and drown myself," she thought seriously. "A nice thing that would be for Gerald!"

Then loneliness, like a black midnight, overwhelmed her, swiftly wasting her strength, disintegrating her pride in its horrid flood. She glanced about for support, as a woman in the open street who feels she is going to faint, and went blindly to the bed, falling on it with the upper part of her body, in an attitude of abandonment. She wept, but without sobbing.

## II.

Gerald Scales walked about the Strand, staring up at its high narrow houses, crushed one against another as though they had been packed, unsorted by a packer who thought of nothing but economy of space. . . .

She had told him to go, and he had gone. She had money to get home; she had nothing to do but use the tongue in her head. The rest was her affair. He would go to Paris alone, and find another amusement. It was absurd to have supposed that Sophia would ever have suited him. Not in such a family as the Baineses could one reasonably expect to discover an ideal mistress. No! there had been a mistake. The whole business was wrong. She had nearly made a fool of him. But he was not the man to be made a fool of. He had kept his dignity intact.

So he said to himself. Yet all the time his dignity, and his pride also, were bleeding, dropping invisible blood along the length of the Strand pavements.

He was at Salisbury Street again. He pictured her in the bedroom. Damn her! He wanted her. He wanted her with an excessive desire. He hated to think that he had been baulked. He hated to think that she would remain immaculate. And he continued to picture her in the exciting privacy of that cursed bedroom.

Now he was walking down Salisbury Street. He did not wish to be walking down Salisbury Street; but there he was!

"Oh, hell!" he murmured. "I suppose I must go through with it."

He felt desperate. He was ready to pay any price in order to be able to say to himself that he had accomplished what he had set his heart on.

"My wife hasn't gone out, has she?" he asked of the hall-porter.

"I'm not sure, sir; I think not," said the hall-porter.

The fear that Sophia had already departed made him sick. When he noticed her trunk still there, he took hope and ran upstairs.

He saw her, a dark crumpled, sinuous piece of humanity, half on and half off the bed, silhouetted against the bluish-white counterpane; her hat was on the floor, with the spotted veil trailing away from it. This sight seemed to him to be the most touching that he had ever seen, though her face was hidden. He forgot everything except the deep and strange emotion which affected him. He approached the bed. She did not stir.

Having heard the entry and knowing that it must be Gerald who had entered, Sophia forced herself to remain still. A wild, splendid hope shot up in her. Constrained by all the power of her will not to move, she could not stifle a sob that had lain in ambush in her throat.

The sound of the sob fetched tears to the eyes of Gerald.

"Sophia!" he appealed to her.

But she did not stir. Another sob shook her.

"Very well, then," said Gerald. "We'll stay in London till we can be married. I'll arrange it. I'll find a nice boarding-house for you, and I'll tell the people you're my cousin. I shall

stay on at this hotel, and I'll come and see you every day."

A silence.

"Thank you!" she blubbered. "Thank you!"

He saw that her little gloved hand was stretching out towards him, like a feeler; and he seized it, and knelt down and took her clumsily by the waist. Somehow he dared not kiss her yet.

An immense relief surged very slowly through them both.

"I—I—really——" She began to say something, but the articulation was lost in her sobs.

"What? What do you say, dearest?" he questioned eagerly.

And she made another effort. "I really couldn't have gone to Paris with you without being married," she succeeded at last. "I really couldn't."

"No, no!" he soothed her. "Of course you couldn't. It was I who was wrong. But you didn't know how I felt. . . . Sophia, it's all right now, isn't it?"

She sat up and kissed him fairly.

It was so wonderful and startling that he burst openly into tears. She saw in the facile intensity of his emotion a guarantee of their future happiness. And as he had soothed her, so now she soothed him. They clung together, equally surprised at the sweet, exquisite blissful melancholy which drenched them through and through. It was remorse for having quarrelled, for having lacked faith in the supreme rightness of the high adventure. Everything was right, and would be right; and they had been criminally absurd. . . .

## THE GUILLOTINE.

*Scales, having married Sophia in London, takes her to Paris. Life with her husband brings its disillusion. Her adventures in France have begun, and one of the earliest is thus vividly described:*

"I say!" he stopped her, as, nervous at the prospect before her, she was leaving the room. "I was thinking of going to Auxerre to-day."

"Auxerre?" she repeated, wondering under what circumstances she had recently heard that name. Then she

remembered · it was the place of execution of the murderer Rivain.

"Yes," he said. "Chirac has to go. He's on a newspaper now. He was an architect when I knew him. He's got to go, and he thinks himself jolly lucky. So I thought I'd go with him."

The truth was that he had definitely arranged to go.

"Not to see the execution?" she stammered.

"Why not? I've always wanted to see an execution, especially with the guillotine. And executions are public in France. It's quite the proper thing to go to them."

"But why do you want to see an execution?"

"It just happens that I do want to see an execution. It's a fancy of mine, that's all. I don't know that any reason is necessary," he said, pouring out water into the diminutive ewer.

She was aghast. "And shall you leave me here alone?"

"Well," said he, "I don't see why my being married should prevent me from doing something that I've always wanted to do. Do you?"

"Oh *no*!" she eagerly concurred.

"That's all right," he said. "You can do exactly as you like. Either stay here, or come with me. If you go to Auxerre there's no need at all for you to see the execution. It's an interesting old town—cathedral and so on. But of course if you can't bear to be in the same town as a guillotine, I'll go alone. I shall come back to-morrow."

It was plain where his wish lay. She stopped the phrases that came to her lips, and did her best to dismiss the thoughts which prompted them.

"Of course I'll go," she said quietly. She hesitated, and then went up to the washstand and kissed a part of his cheek that was not soapy. That kiss, which comforted and somehow reassured her, was the expression of a surrender whose monstrousness she would not admit to herself. . . .

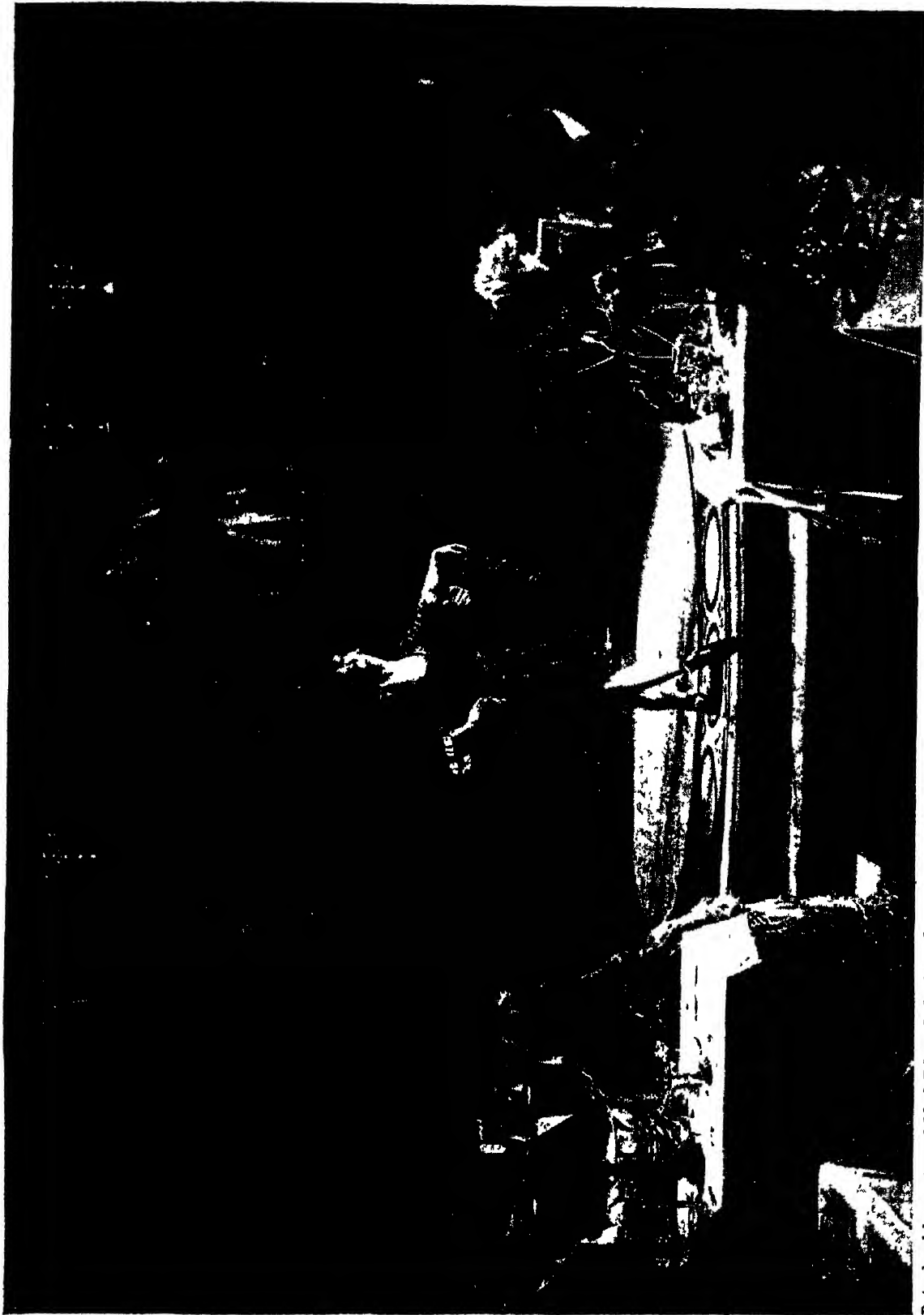
### III.

It was night. She lay in the narrow crimson-draped bed. The heavy crimson curtains had been drawn across the dirty

lace curtains of the window, but the lights of the little square faintly penetrated through chinks into the room. The sounds of the square also penetrated, extraordinarily loud and clear, for the unabated heat had compelled her to leave the window open. She could not sleep. Exhausted though she was, there was no hope of her being able to sleep.

Once again she was profoundly depressed. She remembered the dinner with horror. The long, crowded table, with semi-circular ends, in the oppressive and reeking dining-room lighted by oil-lamps! There must have been at least forty people at that table. Most of them ate disgustingly, as noisily as pigs, with the ends of the large coarse napkins tucked in at their necks. All the service was done by the fat woman whom she had seen at the window with Gerald, and a young girl whose demeanour was candidly brazen. Both these creatures were slatterns. Everything was dirty. But the food was good. Chirac and Gerald were agreed that the food was good, as well as the wine. "Remarkable!" Chirac had said, of the wine. Sophia, however, could neither eat nor drink with relish. She was afraid. The company shocked her by its gestures alone. It was very heterogeneous in appearance, some of the diners being well dressed, approaching elegance, and others shabby. But all the faces, to the youngest, were brutalised, corrupt, and shameless. The juxtaposition of old men and young women was odious to her, especially when those pairs kissed, as they did frequently towards the end of the meal. . . .

Sophia gathered that the talk was exclusively about assassinations, executions, criminals, and executioners. Some of the people there made a practice of attending every execution. They were fountains of interesting gossip, and the lions of the meal. There was a woman who could recall the dying words of all the victims of justice for twenty years past. The table roared with hysteric laughter at one of this woman's anecdotes. Sophia learned that she had related how a criminal had said to the



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SOPHIA WATCHES THE PARISIAN DANCER.

priest who was good-naturedly trying to screen the sight of the guillotine from him with his body: "Stand away now, parson. Haven't I paid to see it?" Such was the Englishman's rendering. The wages of the executioners and their assistants were discussed, and differences of opinions led to ferocious arguments. A young and dandiacal fellow told, as a fact which he was ready to vouch for with a pistol, how Cora Pearl, the renowned English courtesan, had through her influence over a prefect of police, succeeded in visiting a criminal alone in his cell during the night preceding his execution, and had only quitted him an hour before the final summons. The tale won the honours of the dinner. . . .

Sophia gathered, to her intense astonishment and alarm, that the prison was close by and that the execution would take place at the corner of the square itself in which the hotel was situated. Gerald must have known, he had hidden it from her. She regarded him sideways, with distrust.

\* \* \*

Gerald had left her at the bedroom door with a self-conscious nod. She had partly undressed and lain down, and instantly the hotel had transformed itself into a kind of sounding-box. It was as if, beneath and within all the noises of the square, every movement in the hotel reached her ears through cardboard walls: distant shoutings and laughter below; rattlings of crockery below; stampings up and down stairs; stealthy creepings up and down stairs; brusque calls, fragments of song, whisperings; long sighs suddenly stifled; mysterious groans as of torture, broken by a giggle; quarrels and bickering—she was spared nothing in the strangely resonant darkness.

Then there came out of the little square a great uproar and commotion, with shrieks, and under the shrieks a confused din. In vain she pressed her face into the pillow and listened to the irregular, prodigious noise of her eyelashes as they scraped the rough linen. The thought had somehow introduced itself into her head that she must arise

and go to the window and see all that was to be seen. She resisted. She said to herself that the idea was absurd, that she did not *wish* to go to the window. Nevertheless, while arguing with herself, she well knew that resistance to the thought was useless, and that ultimately her legs would obey its command.

When ultimately she yielded to the fascination and went to the window and pulled aside one of the curtains, she had a feeling of relief.

The cool, grey beginnings of dawn were in the sky, and every detail of the square was visible. Without exception all the windows were wide open and filled with sightseers. In the background of many windows were burning candles or lamps that the far distant approach of the sun was already killing. In front of these, on the frontier of two mingling lights, the attentive figures of the watchers were curiously silhouetted. On the red-tiled roofs, too, was a squatted population. Below, a troop of gendarmes, mounted on caracoling horses stretched in line across the square, was gradually sweeping the entire square of a packed, gesticulating, cursing crowd. The operation of this immense besom was very slow. As the spaces of the square were cleared they began to be dotted by privileged persons, journalists or law officers or their friends, who walked to and fro in conscious pride; among them Sophia desried Gerald and Chirac, strolling arm-in-arm and talking to two elaborately clad girls, who were also arm-in-arm.

Then she saw a red reflection coming from one of the side streets of which she had a vista; it was the swinging lantern of a waggon drawn by a gaunt grey horse. The vehicle stopped at the end of the square from which the besom had started, and it was immediately surrounded by the privileged, who, however, were soon persuaded to stand away. The crowd amassed now at the principal inlets of the square, gave a formidable cry and burst into the refrain—

"Le voilà !  
Nicolas !  
Ah ! Ah ! Ah !"

The clamour became furious as a group of workmen in blue blouses drew piece by piece all the components of the guillotine from the waggon and laid them carefully on the ground, under the superintendence of a man in a black frock-coat and a silk hat with broad flat brims ; a little fussy man of nervous gestures. And presently the red columns had risen upright from the ground and were joined at the top by an acrobatic climber. As each part was bolted and screwed to the growing machine, the man in the high hat carefully tested it. In a short time that seemed very long, the guillotine was finished save for the triangular steel blade which lay shining on the ground, a cynosure. The executioner pointed to it, and two men picked it up and slipped it into its groove, and hoisted it to the summit of the machine. The executioner peered at it interminably amid a universal silence. Then he actuated the mechanism, and the mass of metal fell with a muffled, reverberating thud. There were a few faint shrieks, blended together, and then an overpowering racket of cheers, shouts, hootings, and fragments of song. The blade was again lifted, instantly reproducing silence, and again it fell, liberating a new bedlam. The executioner made a movement of satisfaction. Many women at the windows clapped enthusiastically, and the gendarmes had to fight brutally against the fierce pressure of the crowd. The workmen doffed their blouses and put on coats, and Sophia was disturbed to see them coming in single file towards the hotel, followed by the executioner in the silk hat.

## IV.

... Her eye caught the guillotine again, and was held by it. Guarded by gendarmes, that tall and simple object did most menacingly dominate the square with its crude red columns. Tools and a large open box lay on the ground beside it. The enfeebled horse in the waggon had an air of dozing on his twisted legs. Then the first rays of the sun shot lengthwise across the square at the level of the chimneys ; and Sophia noticed that nearly all the lamps and

candles had been extinguished. Many people at the windows were yawning ; they laughed foolishly after they had yawned. Some were eating and drinking. Some were shouting conversations from one house to another. The mounted gendarmes were still pressing back the feverish crowds that growled at all the inlets to the square. She saw Chirac walking to and fro alone. But she could not find Gerald. He could not have left the square. Perhaps he had returned to the hotel and would come up to see if she was comfortable or if she needed anything. Guiltily she sprang back into bed. When last she had surveyed the room it had been dark ; now it was bright and every detail stood clear. Yet she had the sensation of having been at the window only a few minutes.

She waited. But Gerald did not come. She could hear chiefly the steady hum of the voices of the executioner and his aids. She reflected that the room in which they were must be at the back. The other sounds in the hotel grew less noticeable. Then, after an age, she heard a door open, and a low voice say something commandingly in French, and then a "Oui, monsieur," and a general descent of the stairs. The executioner and his aids were leaving. "You," cried a drunken English voice from an upper floor—it was the middle-aged Englishman translating what the executioner had said—"you, you will take the head." Then a rough laugh, and the repeating voice of the Englishman's girl, still pursuing her studies in English : "You will take ze 'ead. Yess, sair." And another laugh. At length quiet reigned in the hotel. Sophia said to herself : "I won't stir from this bed till it's all over and Gerald comes back !"

She dozed, under the sheet, and was awakened by a tremendous shrieking, growling, and yelling : a phenomenon of human bestiality that far surpassed Sophia's narrow experiences. Shut up though she was in a room, perfectly secure, the mad fury of that crowd, balked at the inlets to the square, thrilled and intimidated her. It sounded as if they would be capable of tearing the very horses to pieces. "I must stay

where I am," she murmured. And even while saying it she rose and went to the window again and peeped out. The torture involved was extreme, but she had not sufficient force within her to resist the fascination. She stared greedily into the bright square. The first thing she saw was Gerald coming out of a house opposite, followed after a few seconds by the girl with whom he had previously been talking. Gerald glanced hastily up at the façade of the hotel, and then approached as near as he could to the red columns, in front of which were now drawn a line of gendarmes with naked swords. A second and larger waggon, with two horses, waited by the side of the other one. The racket beyond the square continued and even grew louder. But the couple of hundred persons within the cordons, and all the inhabitants of the windows, drunk and sober, gazed in a fixed and sinister enchantment at the region of the guillotine, as Sophia gazed. "I cannot stand this!" she told herself in horror, but she could not move; she could not move even her eyes.

At intervals the crowd would burst out in a violent staccato—

"Le voilà !

Nicholas !

Ah ! Ah ! Ah !

And the final "Ah" was devilish.

Then a gigantic passionate roar, the culmination of the mob's fierce savagery crashed against the skies. The line of maddened horses swerved and reared, and seemed to fall on the furious multitude while the statue-like gendarmes rocked over them. It was a last effort to break the cordon, and it failed.

From the little street at the rear of the guillotine appeared a priest, walking backwards, and holding a crucifix high in his right hand, and behind him came the handsome hero, his body all crossed with cords, between two warders, who pressed against him and supported him on either side. He was certainly very young. He lifted his chin gallantly, but his face was incredibly white. Sophia discerned that the priest was trying to hide the sight of the guillotine from the

prisoner with his body, just as in the story which she had heard at dinner.

Except the voice of the priest, indistinctly rising and falling in the prayer for the dying, there was no sound in the square or its environs. The windows were now occupied by groups turned to stone with distended eyes fixed on the little procession. Sophia had a tightening of the throat, and the hand trembled by which she held the curtain. The central figure did not seem to her to be alive, but rather a doll, a marionette wound up to imitate the action of a tragedy. She saw the priest offer the crucifix to the mouth of the marionette, which with a clumsy unhuman shoving of its corded shoulders butted the thing away. And as the procession turned and stopped she could plainly see that the marionette's nape and shoulders were bare, his shirt having been slit. It was horrible. "Why do I stay here?" she asked herself hysterically. But she did not stir. The victim had disappeared now in the midst of a group of men. Then she perceived him prone under the red column, between the grooves. The silence was now broken only by the tinkling of the horses' bits in the corners of the square. The line of gendarmes in front of the scaffold held their swords tightly and looked over their noses, ignoring the privileged groups that peered almost between their shoulders.

And Sophia waited, horror-struck. She saw nothing but the gleaming triangle of metal that was suspended high above the prone, attendant victim. She felt like a lost soul, torn too soon from shelter, and exposed for ever to the worst hazards of destiny. Why was she in this strange, incomprehensible town, foreign and inimical to her, watching with agonized glance this cruel, obscene spectacle? Her sensibilities were all a bleeding mass of wounds. Why? Only yesterday, and she had been an innocent, timid creature in Bursley, in Axe, a foolish creature who deemed the concealment of letters a supreme excitement. Either that day or this day was not real. Why was she imprisoned alone in that odious, indescribably odious hotel, with no one to

soothe and comfort her, and carry her away?

The distant bell boomed once. Then a monosyllabic voice sounded, sharp, low, nervous; she recognised the voice of the executioner, whose name she had heard but could not remember. There was a clicking noise . . .

She shrank down to the floor in terror and loathing, and hid her face, and shuddered. Shriek after shriek, from various windows, rang on her ears in a fusillade; and then the mad yell of the penned crowd, which, like herself, had not seen but had heard, extinguished all other noise. Justice was done. The great ambition of Gerald's life was at last satisfied.

\* \* \*

### CONSTANCE.

*Constance, in the meanwhile, has remained in the Bursley home and shop. After her father's death she has married his faithful, efficient, but otherwise ungifted manager, Samuel Povey. In the following passage—one of the finest in the novel—we return to Bursley and to Constance.*

It is remarkable what a little thing will draw even the most regular and serious people from the deep groove of their habits. One morning in March, a boneshaker, an affair on two equal wooden wheels joined by a bar of iron, in the middle of which was a wooden saddle, disturbed the gravity of St. Luke's Square. True, it was probably the first boneshaker that had ever attacked the gravity of St. Luke's Square. It came out of the shop of Daniel Povey, the confectioner and baker, and Samuel Povey's celebrated cousin, in Boulton Terrace. . . . The boneshaker was brought forth by Dick Povey, the only son of Daniel, now aged eleven years, under the superintendence of his father, and the Square soon perceived that Dick had a natural talent for breaking-in an untrained boneshaker. After a few attempts he could remain on the back of the machine for at least ten yards, and his feats had the effect of endowing St. Luke's Square with the attractiveness of a circus. Samuel Povey watched with candid interest from the ambush of his door, while the unfortunate young lady assistants, though aware of the performance that was going on, dared not stir from the stove. Samuel was tremendously tempted to sally out boldly, and chat with his cousin about the toy; he had surely a better right to do

so than any other tradesman in the Square, since he was of the family; but his diffidence prevented him from moving. Presently Daniel Povey and Dick went to the top of the Square with the machine, opposite Holl's, and Dick, being carefully installed in the saddle, essayed to descend the gentle paven slopes of the Square. He failed time after time; the machine had an astonishing way of turning round, running uphill, and then lying calmly on its side. At this point of Dick's life-history every shop-door in the Square was occupied by an audience. At last the boneshaker displayed less unwillingness to obey, and lo! in a moment Dick was riding down the Square, and the spectators held their breath as if he had been Blondin crossing Niagara. Every second he ought to have fallen off, but he contrived to keep upright. Already he had accomplished twenty yards—thirty yards! It was a miracle that he was performing! The transit continued, and seemed to occupy hours. And then a faint hope rose in the breast of the watchers that the prodigy might arrive at the bottom of the Square. His speed was increasing with his "nack." But the Square was enormous, boundless. Samuel Povey gazed at the approaching phenomenon, as a bird at a serpent, with bulging, beady eyes. The child's speed went on increasing and his path grew straighter. Yes, he would arrive, he would do it! Samuel Povey involuntarily lifted one leg in his nervous tension. And now the hope that Dick would arrive became a fear, as his pace grew still more rapid. Everybody lifted one leg, and gaped. And the intrepid child surged on, and, finally victorious, crashed into the pavement in front of Samuel at the rate of quite six miles an hour.

Samuel picked him up, unscathed. . .

In another adventure more thrilling events occurred. The fair-haired Dick was one of those dangerous, frenzied madcaps who are born without fear. The secret of the machine had been revealed to him in his recent transit, and he was silently determining to surpass himself. Precariously balanced, he descended the Square again, frowning hard, his teeth set, and actually managed to swerve into King Street. Constance, in the parlour, saw an incomprehensible winged thing fly past the window. The cousins Povey sounded an alarm and protest and ran in pursuit; for the gradient of King Street is, in the strict sense, steep. Half-way down King Street Dick was travelling at twenty miles an hour, and heading straight for the church, as though he meant to disestablish it and perish. The main gate of the churchyard was open, and that affrighting child, with a lunatic's luck, whizzed safely through the portals into God's acre. The cousins Povey

discovered him lying on a green grave, clothed in pride. His first words were: "Dad, did you pick my cap up?" The symbolism of the amazing ride did not escape the Square; indeed, it was much discussed.

This incident led to a friendship between the cousins. They formed a habit of meeting in the Square for a chat. The meetings were the subject of comment, for Samuel's relations with the greater Daniel had always been of the most distant. . . .

Everyone liked Daniel Povey; he was a favourite among all ranks. The leading confectioner, a member of the Local Board, and a sidesman at St. Luke's, he was, and had been for twenty-five years, very prominent in the town. He was a tall, handsome man, with a trimmed, greying beard, a jolly smile, and a flashing, dark eye. His good humour seemed to be permanent. He had dignity without the slightest stiffness; he was welcomed by his equals and frankly adored by his inferiors. He ought to have been Chief Bailiff, for he was rich enough; but there intervened a mysterious obstacle between Daniel Povey and the supreme honour, a scarcely tangible impediment which could not be definitely stated. He was capable, honest, industrious, successful, and an excellent speaker; and if it did not belong to the austerer section of society, if, for example, he thought nothing of dropping into "The Tiger" for a glass of beer, or of using an oath occasionally, or of telling a facetious story—well, in a busy, broad-minded town of thirty thousand inhabitants, such proclivities are no bar whatever to perfect esteem. But—how is one to phrase it without wronging Daniel Povey? He was entirely moral, his views were unexceptionable.

The truth is that, for the ruling classes of Bursley, Daniel Povey was just a little too fanatical a worshipper of the god Pan. He was one of the remnant who had kept alive the great Pan tradition from the days of the Regency through the vast, arid Victorian expanse of years. The flighty character of his wife was regarded by many as a judgment upon him for the robust Rabelaisianism of his more private conversation, for his frank interest in, his eternal preoccupation with, aspects of life and human activity which, though essential to the divine purpose, are not openly recognised as such—even by Daniel Poveys. It was not a question of his conduct; it was a question of the cast of his mind. If it did not explain his friendship with the rector of St. Luke's, it explained his departure from the Primitive Methodist connexion, to which the Poveys as a family had belonged since Primitive Methodism was created in Turnhill in 1807.

Daniel Povey had a way of assuming that every male was boiling over with interest in the sacred cult of Pan. The assumption, though sometimes causing inconvenience at first, usually conquered by virtue of its inherent truthfulness. Thus it fell out with Samuel. Samuel had not suspected that Pan had silken cords to draw him. He had always averted his eyes from the god—that is to say, within reason. Yet now Daniel, on perhaps a couple of fine mornings a week, in full Square, with Fan sitting behind on the cold stones, and Mr. Critchlow ironic at his door in a long white apron, would entertain Samuel Povey for half an hour with Pan's most intimate lore, and Samuel Povey would not blench. He would, on the contrary, stand up to Daniel like a little man, and pretend with all his might to be, potentially, a perfect arch-priest of the god. Daniel taught him a lot. . . .

Not many weeks after his initiation into the cult he was startled by Constance's preoccupied face one evening. Now, a husband of six years' standing, to whom it has not happened to become a father, is not easily startled by such a face as Constance wore. Years ago he had frequently been startled, had frequently lived in suspense for a few days. But he had long since grown impervious to these alarms. And now he was startled again—but as a man may be startled who is not altogether surprised at being startled. And seven endless days passed, and Samuel and Constance glanced at each other like guilty things, whose secret refuses to be kept. Then three more days passed, and another three. Then Samuel Povey remarked, in a firm, masculine, fact-fronting tone:

"Oh, there's no doubt about it!"

And they glanced at each other like conspirators who have lighted a fuse and cannot take refuge in flight. Their eyes said continually, with a delicious, an enchanting mixture of ingenuous modesty and fearful joy:

"Well, we've gone and done it!"

There it was, the incredible, incomprehensible future—coming!

Samuel had never correctly imagined the manner of her heralding. He had imagined in his early simplicity that one day Constance, blushing, might put her mouth to his ear and whisper—something positive. It had not occurred in the least like that. But things are so obstinately, so incurably unsentimental.

"I think we ought to drive over and tell mother, on Sunday," said Constance.

His impulse was to reply, in his grand, offhand style: "Oh, a letter will do!"

But he checked himself and said, with careful deference: "You think that will be better than writing?"

All was changed. He braced every fibre

to meet destiny, and to help Constance to meet it.

The weather threatened on Sunday. He went to Axe without Constance. His cousin drove him there in a dog-cart, and he announced that he should walk home, as the exercise would do him good. During the drive Daniel, in whom he had not confided, chattered as usual, and Samuel pretended to listen with the same attitude as usual, but secretly he despised Daniel for a man who has got something not of the first importance on the brain. His perspective was truer than Daniel's.

He walked home, as he had decided, over the wavy moorland of the county dreaming in the heart of England. Night fell on him in mid-career, and he was tired. But the earth, as it whirled through naked space, whirled up the moon for him, and he pressed on at a good speed. A wind from Arabia wandering cooled his face. And at last, over the brow of Toft End, he saw suddenly the Five Towns a-twinkle on their little hills down in the vast amphitheatre. And one of those lamps was Constance's lamp — one, somewhere. He lived, then. He entered into the shadow of Nature. The mysteries made him solemn. What! A bone-shaker, his cousin, and then this!

"Well, I'm damned! Well, I'm damned!" he kept repeating, he who never swore.

\* \* \*

## THE MEETING OF THE SISTERS.

*After more than thirty years the sisters meet again in Bursley. Sophia has been deserted by her husband, has made a fortune by conducting a Paris boarding-house which she has sold to advantage. A finished woman of the world, with character unimpaired, she returns to Bursley and to her homely but strong-minded sister. Their meeting is described in a masterly chapter.*

The express from London was late, so that Constance had three-quarters of an

hour of the stony calmness of Knype platform when it is waiting for a great train. At last the porters began to cry, "Macclesfield, Stockport, and Manchester train"; the immense engine glided round the curve, dwarfing the carriages behind it, and Constance had a supreme tremor. The calmness of the platform was transformed into a *mêlée*. Little Constance found herself left on the fringe of a physically agitated crowd which was apparently trying to scale a precipice surmounted by windows and doors from whose apertures looked forth defenders of the train. Knype platform seemed as if it would never be reduced to



Reproduced by courtesy of Ideal Films, Ltd., from the "Ideal" picture version of Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale."

CONSTANCE: "You mustn't kill me . . . I'm like that."

order again. And Constance did not estimate highly the chances of picking out an unknown Sophia from that welter. She was very seriously perturbed. All the muscles of her face were drawn as her gaze wandered anxiously from end to end of the train.

Presently she saw a singular dog. Other people also saw it. It was of the colour of chocolate; it had a head and shoulders richly covered with hair that hung down in thousands of tufts like the tufts of a modern mop such as is bought in shops. This hair stopped suddenly rather less than

halfway along the length of the dog's body, the remainder of which was naked and as smooth as marble. The effect was to give to the inhabitants of the Five Towns the impression that the dog had forgotten an essential part of its attire and was outraging decency. The ball of hair which had been allowed to grow on the dog's tail, and the circles of hair which ornamented its ankles, only served to intensify the impression of indecency. A pink ribbon round its neck completed the outrage. The animal had absolutely the air of a decked trollop. A chain ran taut from the creature's neck into the middle of a small crowd of persons gesticulating over trunks, and Constance traced it to a tall and distinguished woman in a coat and skirt with a rather striking hat. A beautiful and aristocratic woman, Constance thought, at a distance! Then the strange idea came to her: "That's Sophia!" She was sure. . . . She was not sure. . . . She was sure. The woman emerged from the crowd. Her eye fell on Constance. They both hesitated, and, as it were, wavered uncertainly towards each other.

"I should have known you anywhere," said Sophia, with apparently careless tranquillity, as she stooped to kiss Constance, raising her veil.

Constance saw that this marvellous tranquillity must be imitated, and she imitated it very well. It was a "Baines" tranquillity. But she noticed a twitching of her sister's lips. The twitching comforted Constance, proving to her that she was not alone in foolishness. There was also something queer about the permanent lines of Sophia's mouth. That must be due to the "attack" about which Sophia had written. . . .

"This is Fossette," said Sophia, pulling at the chain.

Constance knew not what to reply. Surely Sophia could not be aware what she did in bringing such a dog to a place where people were so particular as they are in the Five Towns.

"Fossette!" She repeated the name in an endearing accent, half stooping towards the dog. After all, it was not the dog's fault. Sophia had certainly mentioned a dog in her letters, but she had not prepared Constance for the spectacle of Fossette.

All that happened in a moment. A porter appeared with two trunks belonging to Sophia. Constance observed that they were superlatively "good" trunks; also that Sophia's clothes, though "on the showy side," were superlatively "good." The getting of Sophia's ticket to Bursley occupied them next, and soon the first shock of meeting had worn off.

In a second-class compartment of the Loop Line train, with Sophia and Fossette opposite to her, Constance had leisure to "take in" Sophia. She came to the

conclusion that, despite her slenderness and straightness and the general effect of the long oval of her face under the hat, Sophia looked her age. She saw that Sophia must have been through a great deal, her experiences were damagingly printed in the details of feature. Seen at a distance, she might have passed for a woman of thirty, even for a girl, but seen across a narrow railway carriage she was a woman whom suffering had aged. Yet obviously her spirit was unbroken. Hear her tell a doubtful porter that of course she should take Fossette with her into the carriage! See her shut the carriage door with the expressed intention of keeping other people out! She was accustomed to command. At the same time her face had an almost set smile, as though she had said to herself: "I will die smiling." Constance felt sorry for her. While recognising in Sophia a superior in charm, in experience, in knowledge of the world and in force of personality, she yet with a kind of undisturbed, fundamental superiority felt sorry for Sophia.

"What do you think?" said Sophia, absently fingering Fossette. "A man came up to me at Euston, while Cyril was getting my ticket, and said, 'Eh, Miss Baines, I haven't seen ye for over thirty years, but I know you're Miss Baines, or *were*—and you're looking bonny.' Then he went off. I think it must have been Holl, the grocer."

"Had he got a long white beard?"

"Yes."

"Then it was Mr. Holl. He's been Mayor twice. He's an alderman, you know."

"Really!" said Sophia. "But wasn't it queer?"

"Eh! Bless us!" exclaimed Constance. "Don't talk about queer! It's terrible how time flies."

The conversation stopped, and it refused to start again. Two women who are full of affectionate curiosity about each other, and who have not seen each other for thirty years, and who are anxious to confide in each other, ought to discover no difficulty in talking; but somehow these two could not talk. Constance perceived that Sophia was impeded by the same awkwardness as herself.

"Well, I never!" cried Sophia, suddenly. She had glanced out of the window and had seen two camels and an elephant in a field close to the line, amid manufactories and warehouses and advertisements of soap.

"Oh!" said Constance. "That's Barnum's, you know. They have what they call a central depot here, because it's the middle of England." Constance spoke proudly. (After all, there can be only one middle.) It was on her tongue to say, in her "tart" manner, that Fossette ought

to be with the camels, but she refrained. Sophia hit on the excellent idea of noting all the buildings that were new to her and all the landmarks that she remembered. It was surprising how little the district had altered.

"Same smoke!" said Sophia.

"Same smoke!" Constance agreed.

"It's even worse," said Sophia.

"Do you think so?" Constance was slightly piqued. "But they're doing something now for smoke abatement."

"I must have forgotten how dirty it was!" said Sophia. "I suppose that's it. I'd no idea . . .!"

"Really!" said Constance. Then, in candid admission, "the fact is, it *is* dirty. You can't imagine what work it makes, especially with window-curtains."

The fat, red cabman was handling the trunks on the pavement, and Amy was upstairs. For a moment the sisters were alone together in the parlour.

"So here I am!" exclaimed the tall, majestic woman of fifty. And her lips twitched again as she looked round the room—so small to her.

"Yes, here you are!" Constance agreed. She bit her lip, and, as a measure of prudence to avoid breaking down, she hustled out to the cabman. A passing instant of emotion, like a fleck of foam on a wide and calm sea!

The cabman blundered up and downstairs with trunks, and saluted Sophia's haughty generosity, and then there was quietness. Amy was already brewing the tea in the cave. The prepared tea-table in front of the fire made a glittering array.

\* \* \*

The next morning, after a night varied by periods of wakefulness not unpleasant, Sophia arose and, taking due precautions against cold, went to the window. It was Saturday; she had left Paris on the Thursday. She looked forth upon the Square, holding aside the blind. She had expected, of course, to find that the Square had shrunk in size; but nevertheless she was startled to see how small it was. It seemed to be scarcely bigger than a courtyard. She could remember a winter morning when from the window she had watched the Square under virgin snow in the lamplight, and the Square had been vast, and the first wayfarer, crossing it diagonally and leaving behind him the irregular impress of his feet, had appeared to travel for hours over an interminable white waste before vanishing past Holl's shop in the direction of the Town Hall. She chiefly recalled the Square under snow; cold mornings, and the coldness of the oil-cloth at the window, and the draught of cold air through the ill-fitting sash (it was put right now!) These visions of herself seemed beautiful to her; her childish existence

seemed beautiful; the storms and tempests of her girlhood seemed beautiful; even the great sterile expanse of tedium when, after giving up a scholastic career, she had served for two years in the shop—even thus had a strange charm in her memory. And she thought that not for millions of pounds would she live her life over again.

\* \* \*

But to be always with such people! To be always with Constance! To be always in the Bursley atmosphere, physical and mental!

She pictured Paris as it would be on that very morning—bright, clean, glittering; the neatness of the Rue Lord Byron, and the magnificent slanting splendour of the Champs Elysées. Paris had always seemed beautiful to her; but the life of Paris had not seemed beautiful to her. Yet now it did seem beautiful. She could delve down into the earlier years of her ownership of the Pension, and see a regular, placid beauty in her daily life there. Her life there, even so late as a fortnight ago, seemed beautiful, sad, but beautiful. It had passed into history. She sighed when she thought of the innumerable interviews with Mardon, the endless formalities required by the English and the French law and by the particularity of the Syndicate. She had been through all that. She had actually been through it and it was over. She had bought the Pension for a song and sold it for great riches. She had developed from a nobody into the desired of Syndicates. And after long, long, monotonous, strenuous years of possession the day had come, the emotional moment had come, when she had yielded up the keys of ownership. . . .

Astonishing, with what liquid tenderness she turned and looked back on that hard, fighting, exhausting life in Paris! For, even if she had unconsciously liked it, she had never enjoyed it. She had always compared France disadvantageously with England, always resented the French temperament in business, always been convinced that "you never knew where you were" with French tradespeople. And now they flitted before her endowed with a wondrous charm; so polite in their lying, so eager to spare your feelings and to reassure you, so neat and prim. And the French shops, so exquisitely arranged! Even a butcher's shop in Paris was a pleasure to the eye, whereas the butcher's shop in Wedgwood Street, which she remembered of old, and which she had glimpsed from the cab—what a bloody shambles! She longed for Paris again. She longed to stretch her lungs in Paris. These people in Bursley did not suspect what Paris was. They did not appreciate and they never

would appreciate the marvels that she had accomplished in a theatre of marvels. They probably never realised that the whole of the rest of the world was not more or less like Bursley. They had no curiosity. Even Constance was a thousand times more interested in relating trifles of Bursley gossip than in listening to details of life in Paris. . . .

Why should Sophia feel sorrowful? She did not know. She was free; free to go where she liked and do what she liked. She had no responsibilities, no cares. The thought of her husband had long ago ceased to rouse in her any feeling of any kind.

She was rich. Never could she spend her income! She did not know how to spend it. She lacked nothing that was procurable. She had no desires except the direct desire for happiness. If thirty thousand pounds or so could have bought a son like Cyril, she would have bought one for herself. She bitterly regretted that she had no child. In this, she envied Constance. A child seemed to be the one commodity worth having. She was too free, too exempt from responsibilities. In spite of Constance she was alone in the world. The strangeness of the hazards of life overwhelmed her. Here she was at fifty, alone.

# ENGLAND

W. E. HENLEY

[Reprinted by kind permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

WHAT have I done for you,  
 England, my England?  
 What is there I would not do,  
 England my own?  
 With your glorious eyes austere,  
 As the Lord were walking near,  
 Whispering terrible things and dear  
 As the Song on your bugles blown,  
 England—  
 Round the world on your bugles blown!

\* \*

Where shall the watchful sun,  
 England, my England,  
 Match the master-work you've done,  
 England, my own?  
 When shall he rejoice agen  
 Such a breed of mighty men  
 As came forward, one to ten,  
 To the Song on your bugles blown,  
 England—  
 Down the years on your bugles blown!

\* \*

Ever the faith endures,  
 England, my England:—  
 "Take and break us: we are yours,  
 England, my own!  
 Life is good and joy runs high  
 Between English earth and sky:

Death is death; but we shall die  
 To the Song on your bugles blown,  
 England—  
 To the stars on your bugles blown!"

\* \*

They call you proud and hard,  
 England, my England;  
 You with worlds to watch and ward,  
 England, my own!  
 You whose mailed hand keeps the keys  
 Of such teeming destinies,  
 You could know nor dread nor ease  
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,  
 England—  
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

\* \*

Mother of Ships whose might,  
 England, my England,  
 Is the fierce old sea's delight,  
 England, my own,  
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,  
 Spouse in Chief of the ancient sword,  
 There's the menace of the word  
 In the Song on your bugles blown,  
 England—  
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown:

# THE LIARS

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

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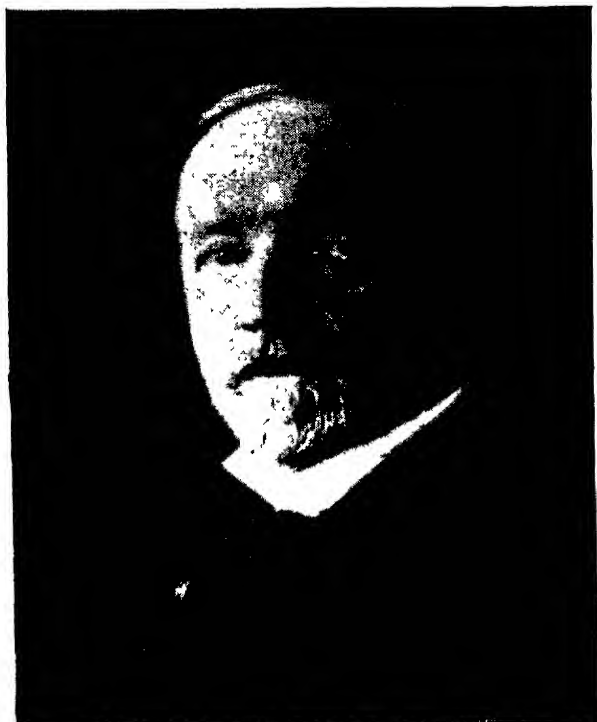


Photo: Hoppé.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

The third Act of this play, which is here selected, is one of the finest scenes of comedy of modern times. In order to follow it with ease and clearness the reader is to imagine himself in a drawing-room in Cadogan Gardens. The business of the persons of the play is to endeavour to save the reputation of Lady Jessica Nepean, who had met her would-be lover, Edward Falkner, the night before in a riverside hotel, and has been seen there by her husband's brother, George. He has conveyed the information to her husband, Gilbert, a big, rough person, of uncertain temper, a kind of society Othello. But she has been seen there also by several of her friends, who, with others, are now gathering to shield her honour by all manner of white lies—they are the "liars" of the play. Chief among them are Colonel Sir Christopher Deering, a

handsome, genial man of thirty-eight, ready to play the guardian angel to all persons in distress; Freddie Tatton, a nervous, weedy little henpecked creature with a squeaky voice; his wife, Rosamund, in whose drawing-room the scene is going forward; Archibald Coke, a prim and pompous man of fifty; his wife, Dolly Coke, a pretty empty-headed rattle; and lastly, Mrs. Crespin, a bright, good-looking woman of the world.

## ACT III.

SCENE: LADY ROSAMUND'S drawing-room, Cadogan Gardens, a very elegant, modern apartment, furnished in good taste. LADY ROSAMUND discovered in out-door morning-dress. FOOTMAN showing in LADY JESSICA at back.

FOOTMAN (announces): Lady Jessica Nepean. (Exit FOOTMAN.)

LADY ROSAMUND. Well, dear?

LADY JESSICA (kisses LADY ROSAMUND very affectionately). Oh, Rosy—

LADY R. What's the matter?

LADY J. Directly you had gone Ferris came in with a telegram from Gilbert saying he was coming home last night. Of course I flew back to town. When I got there I found a later telegram saying he hadn't been able to finish his business, and that he would come back to-day.

LADY R. (taking letter from pocket). He reaches Paddington at twelve.

LADY J. How do you know?

LADY R. (giving letter). Read that.

LADY J. (looking at handwriting). From George Nepean.

LADY R. Yes. He came here an hour ago to see me, and left that note. I'm afraid George means to be very horrid.

LADY J. (reading). "Dear Lady Rosamund, I shall, of course, be quite ready to listen to any explanation you

may have to offer. I will come back to Cadogan Gardens on my return from Paddington. I am now on my way there to meet Gilbert, who arrives from Devon at twelve. It is only fair to tell you that on leaving Lady Jessica last evening I telegraphed him I had a most serious communication to make to him, and that on his arrival I shall tell him exactly what I saw." George does mean to be horrid. (*Retaining letter.*)

LADY R. I cannot imagine how you—

LADY J. Oh, do not preach.

LADY R. My Freddie's in a small fever.

LADY J. What about?

LADY R. My coming up to town this morning.

LADY J. You're sure he'll stay down there? He won't come up and—interfere?

LADY R. Oh no, poor old dear! I snubbed him thoroughly and left him grizzling in his tent, like Achilles. He'll stay there all day, fuming and trying to screw up his courage to have a tremendous row with me when I get back to dinner this evening. I know my Freddie so well!

(FREDDIE saunters in at back, half timid, half defiant.)

(Looking at him with amused surprise.)

Hillo, my friend! Hillo!

FREDDIE (*very severe and dignified, takes no notice of her*). How do, Jess?

(LADY JESSICA alternately reads GEORGE'S letter and looks at FREDDIE.)

LADY R. What has brought you to town?

FREDDIE. I came up with a purpose.

LADY R. Oh, don't say that. People are always so horrid who do things with a purpose.

FREDDIE. I came up with Mrs. Crespin. She has lost the address of the cook that you gave her last evening. I told her you were in town. She will call here for it.

LADY R. (*sweetly*). Very well.

FREDDIE. Do you intend to stay in, or go out this morning?

LADY R. That depends. I may stay in—or I may go out. What are you going to do?

FREDDIE. That depends. I may stay in—or—I may go out.

LADY R. Very well, dear, do as you please. I'll take the alternative. (*To LADY JESSICA.*) Come and take your things off in my room.

LADY J. (*glancing at FREDDIE*). But don't you think—

FREDDIE (*with great dignity*). I have come up to town this morning, because for the future I intend to place everything in this house on a new basis, an entirely opposite basis from that on which it now stands.

LADY R. You're going to turn all the furniture upside down! Oh, I wouldn't!

FREDDIE. Hitherto I have been content to be a cipher in this establishment. I will be a cipher no longer.

LADY R. No, I wouldn't. Come along, Jess!

LADY J. But—

LADY R. We'll talk it over upstairs. Run away to your club, Freddie, and think over what figure you would like to be. I daresay we can arrange it.

(Exit LADY ROSAMUND, taking off LADY JESSICA, and closing the door rather sharply behind her.)

FREDDIE (*left alone, marches up to the door, and calls out in a forcible-feeble scream*). I will not be a cipher! I will not be a cipher! (*Comes to centre of stage, gesticulates, his lips moving, sits down very resolutely, and then says in a tone of solemn conviction*) I will not be a cipher!

(Enter SIR CHRISTOPHER DEERING.)

SIR C. (*shaking hands*). I've just come on from Lady Jessica's. They told me I should find her here.

FREDDIE. She's upstairs with my wife.

SIR C. Can I see her for a few minutes?

FREDDIE. I don't know. Deering, old fellow, we're tiled in, aren't we? If I ask your advice—

SIR C. Certainly, Freddie. What is it?

FREDDIE. I've been married for seven years—

SIR C. Seven years, is it? It doesn't seem so long.

FREDDIE. Oh, doesn't it? Yes, it does. Rosy and I have never quite hit it off from the first.

SIR C. No? How's that?

FREDDIE. I don't know. When I want to do anything, she doesn't. When I want to go anywhere, she won't. When I like anybody, she hates them. And when I hate anybody, she likes them. And—well—there it is in a nutshell.

SIR C. Hum! I should humour her a little, Freddie—let her have her own way. Try kindness.

FREDDIE. Kindness? I tell you this, Deering, kindness is a grand mistake. And I made that grand mistake at starting. I began with riding her on the snaffle. I ought to have started on the curb, eh?

SIR C. Well, there's something to be said for that method in some cases. Kindness won't do, you say? Why not try firmness?

FREDDIE. I have.

SIR C. Well?

FREDDIE. Well, firmness is all very well, but there's one great objection to firmness.

SIR C. What's that?

FREDDIE. It leads to such awful rows, and chronic rowing does upset me so. After about two days of it, I feel so seedy and shaky and nervous, I don't know what to do. (*Has a sudden wrathful outburst.*) And she comes up as smiling as ever!

SIR C. Poor old fellow!

FREDDIE. I say, Deering, what would you advise me to do?

SIR C. Well, it requires some consideration—

FREDDIE (*with deep conviction*). You know, Deering, there must be some way of managing them.

SIR C. One would think so. There must be some way of managing them!

FREDDIE (*has another wrathful outburst*). And I used to go and wait outside her window, night after night, for hours! What do you think of that?

SIR C. I should say it was time very badly laid out.

FREDDIE (*pursuing his reminiscences*). Yes, and caught a chill on my liver and was laid up for six weeks.

SIR C. Poor old fellow!

FREDDIE. I say, Deering, what would you do?

SIR C. Well—well—it requires some consideration.

FREDDIE (*walking about*). You know, Deering, I may be an ass—

SIR C. Oh!

FREDDIE (*firmly*). Yes. I may be an ass, but I'm not a *silly* ass. I may be a fool, but I'm not a *d—ee—d* fool! Now there's something going on this morning between Rosamund and Jess. They're hobnobbing and whispering, and when two of 'em get together—

SIR C. Oh, my dear fellow, when two women get together, do you think it can ever be worth a man's while to ask what nonsense or mischief they're chattering? By the way, did you say that I could see Lady Jessica?

FREDDIE. She's upstairs with Rosy. I'll send her to you. Deering, if you were married, would you be a cipher in your own house?

SIR C. Not if I could help it.

FREDDIE (*very determinedly*). Neither will I. (*Exit.*)

(SIR CHRISTOPHER, *left alone, takes out the stylograph and looks at it carefully. In a few seconds enter LADY JESSICA. As she enters he drops left hand which holds the stylograph.*)

SIR C. How d'ye do?

LADY J. How d'ye do? You wish to see me?

(SIR CHRISTOPHER *presents the stylograph, LADY JESSICA shows alarm.*)

SIR C. I see from the inscription that this belongs to you.

LADY J. (*taking stylograph*). Where did you find it?

SIR C. In a private sitting-room at the Star and Garter at Shepperford.

LADY J. I must have left it there some time ago. I could not imagine where I had lost it. Thank you so much.

SIR C. Pray don't mention it. (*An awkward pause.*) Good morning.

LADY J. Good morning. (SIR CHRISTOPHER *has got to door at back.*) Sir Christopher—(SIR CHRISTOPHER *stops.*) You were at Shepperford—?

SIR C. Last evening.

LADY J. Pretty little spot.

SIR C. Charming.

LADY J. And a very good hotel?

SIR C. First class. Such splendid cooking!

LADY J. The cooking's good, is it? — oh, yes, I dined there once, some time ago.

SIR C. I dined there last night.

LADY J. Did you? At the *table d'hôte*?

SIR C. No, in a private sitting-room. Number ten.

LADY J. With a friend, I suppose?

SIR C. No. All alone.

LADY J. All alone? In number ten?

SIR C. All alone. In number ten.

LADY J. I suppose you—I suppose—

SIR C. Suppose nothing except that I had a remarkably good dinner, that I picked up that stylograph and brought it up to town with me last night. And there is an end of the whole matter, I assure you. Good morning.

LADY J. Good morning. Sir Christopher—you—(SIR CHRISTOPHER is again arrested at door) you—a—I may trust you?

SIR C. If I can help you—yes.

LADY J. Nothing—nothing is known about my being there?

SIR C. Your being there?

LADY J. (after a pause—embarrassed). I was to have dined in number ten.

SIR C. All alone?

LADY J. (same embarrassed manner). No—with Mr. Falkner. I was coming up to town from my cousin's. I started to

walk to the station. I must have taken the wrong turning, for instead of finding myself at the station, I found myself at the Star and Garter. I was very hungry and I asked Mr. Falkner to give me a mere mouthful of dinner.

SIR C. A mere mouthful.

LADY J. And then George Nepean caught sight of me, came in, saw Mr. Falkner, and telegraphed my husband that I—of course Gilbert will believe the worst, and I—oh, I don't know what to do!

SIR C. Can I be of any service?

LADY J. How would you advise me to—to get out of it?

SIR C. Let us go over the various possibilities of the case. There are only two.

LADY J. What are they?

SIR C. Possibility number one—get out of it by telling fibs. Possibility number two—get out of it by telling the truth. Why not possibility number two?

LADY J. Oh. I couldn't!



Photo: Ellis and Walery.

#### THE SISTERS.

Lady Jessica, discovered at the hotel, dining alone with Edward Falkner, waves her handkerchief to attract Lady Rosamund's attention. She endeavours to persuade her and her friends to dine with them in order to prevent scandal.

SIR C. Couldn't what?

LADY J. Tell my husband that I was going to dine with Mr. Falkner.

SIR C. But it was quite by accident?

LADY J. Oh, quite!

SIR C. Eh!

LADY J. Quite!

SIR C. Well——?

LADY J. But if Gilbert made inquiries——

SIR C. Well?

LADY J. It was such a very good dinner that Mr. Falkner ordered.

SIR C. If I'm to help you out of this, you had better tell me all the truth. Especially as I'm not your husband. Now frankly, is this a mere indiscretion or——

LADY J. A mere indiscretion, nothing more. Honour—really, really honour.

SIR C. A mere indiscretion that will never be repeated.

LADY J. A mere indiscretion that will never be repeated. You believe me?

SIR C. (*looking at her*). Yes, I believe you, and I'll help you.

LADY J. Thank you! Thank you!

SIR C. Now did Falkner expect you?

LADY J. He ought not.

SIR C. He ought not. But he did.

LADY J. I told him I shouldn't come.

SIR C. Which was exactly the same as telling him you would.

LADY J. Have you seen Mr. Falkner?

SIR C. Only for a minute just before dinner. He came up to town.

LADY J. Without any dinner?

SIR C. Without any dinner. To come back to these two possibilities.

LADY J. Yes, Rosy and I have decided on——on——

SIR C. On possibility number one, tell a fib. I put that possibility first out of natural deference and chivalry towards ladies. The only objection I have to telling fibs is that you get found out.

LADY J. Oh, not always.

SIR C. Eh!

LADY J. I mean, if you arrange things not perhaps exactly as they were, but as they ought to have been.

SIR C. I see. In that way a lie becomes a sort of idealized and essential truth——

LADY J. Yes. Yes——

SIR C. I'm not a good hand at——idealizing.

LADY J. Ah, but then you're a man! No, I can't tell the truth. Gilbert would never believe me.

(*LADY ROSAMUND enters, followed by FREDDIE, with a self-important and self-assertive air.*)

LADY R. Good morning, Sir Christopher.

SIR C. Good morning, Lady Rosamund.

LADY R. Jess, I've had to tell Freddie.

LADY J. And I've had to tell Sir Christopher. He was at Shepperford last evening, and he has promised to help us.

FREDDIE. I must say, Jess, that I think you behaved—well—in a—confounded silly way.

LADY J. That is perfectly understood.

FREDDIE (*solemnly*). When a woman once forgets what is due——

LADY J. Oh, don't moralize! Rosy, Sir Christopher, do ask him not to improve the occasion.

SIR C. The question is, Freddie, whether you will help us in getting Lady Jessica out of this little difficulty.

FREDDIE. Well, I suppose I must join in.

LADY J. Now, Rosy, do you fully understand——

SIR C. I don't think I do. What is the exact shape which Possibility Number One has taken—or is going to take?

LADY R. Jess and I had arranged to have a little *tête-à-tête* dinner at Shepperford. Jess got there first. I hadn't arrived. George saw Jess at the window, and came in. At that moment Mr. Falkner happened to come into the room, and Jess knowing that appearances were against her, was confused, and couldn't on the spur of the moment give the right explanation.

SIR C. I suppose the waiter will confirm that right explanation?

LADY J. The waiter? I hadn't thought of that. Waiters will confirm anything, won't they? Couldn't you settle with the waiter?

SIR C. Very well. I'll settle with the waiter.

(Enter MRS. CRESPIN.)

MRS. CRESPIN (*shows a little surprise at seeing them all, then goes very affectionately to LADY ROSAMUND*). Good morning dear. Good morning, Sir Christopher.

(SIR CHRISTOPHER bows. To FREDDIE.)

I've seen you. (*Goes to LADY JESSICA*.)

Good morning dearest. (*Kisses her.*)

LADY J. Good morning, dearest. (*Kisses her.*)

MRS. C. (*to LADY JESSICA. Looking anxiously at her.*) You're looking pale and worried.

LADY J. Me? Oh no, I'm sure I don't, do I?

SIR C. Not to masculine eyes.

MRS. C. (*to LADY ROSAMUND*). Dear, I've lost the address of that cook. Would you mind writing it out again?

LADY R. Certainly.

(*Goes to writing-table and writes.*)

MRS. C. (*to LADY JESSICA*). What's the matter with our dear friend George Nepean?

LADY J. Matter?

MRS. C. I ran against him in a post-office on my way from Paddington just now.

LADY J. Yes?

MRS. C. Your husband is quite well, I hope?

LADY J. My husband? Oh, quite! He always is quite well. Why?

MRS. C. George Nepean seemed so strange.

LADY J. How?

MRS. C. He said he was going to Paddington to meet your husband—and he made so much of it.

LADY J. Ah! You see, my husband is a big man, so naturally George would make much of it.

MRS. C. I always used to go to the



Photo: Ellis & Walery.

A SCENE FROM "THE LIARS" AS PERFORMED AT THE CRITERION THEATRE, APRIL, 1907.

station to meet my husband when I had one.

LADY J. (*a little triumphantly*). Ah, Rosy and I know better than to kill our husbands with too much kindness.

MRS. C. Still, I think husbands need a little pampering-----

SIR C. Not at all. The brutes are so easily spoilt. A little overdose of sweetness, a little extra attention from a wife to her husband, and life is never the same again!

FREDDIE (*who has been waiting eagerly to get a word in*). I suppose you didn't mention anything to George Nepean

about our dining with you last evening?

MRS. C. (*alert*). Did I? Let me see! Yes! Yes! I did mention that you were over. Why?

(*They all look at each other.*)

FREDDIE. Oh, nothing, nothing!

MRS. C. I'm so sorry. Does it matter much?

LADY J. Not in the least.

LADY R. Oh, not in the least.

FREDDIE. Not in the least.

SIR C. Not at all.

MRS. C. I'm afraid I made a mistake.

LADY R. How?

MRS. C. Your husband—

LADY R. Oh, my dear, what does it matter what my Freddie says or does or thinks, eh, Freddie? (*Frowning angrily aside at FREDDIE.*) There's the address of the cook.

(*Giving the paper on which she has been writing*)

MRS. C. Thank you so much. Good morning, dearest. (*Kiss.*)

LADY R. Good morning, dearest. (*Kiss.*)

MRS. C. (*going to LADY JESSICA*). Good-bye, dearest. (*Kiss.*)

LADY J. Good-bye, dearest. (*Kiss.*)

MRS. C. (*very sweetly, shaking hands*). Good-bye, Sir Christopher.

SIR C. Good-bye.

MRS. C. You are quite sure that I didn't make a mistake in telling George Nepean that Lady Rosy and Mr. Tatton dined with me last evening?

SIR C. It was the truth, wasn't it?

MRS. C. Of course it was.

SIR C. One never makes a mistake in speaking the truth.

MRS. C. Really? That's a very sweeping assertion to make.

SIR C. I base it on my constant experience—and practice.

MRS. C. You find it always answers to tell the truth?

SIR C. Invariably.

MRS. C. I hope it will in this case. Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!

(*Exit MRS. CRESPIN. They all stand looking at each other, nonplussed. SIR CHRISTOPHER slightly touching his head with perplexed gesture.*)

SIR C. Our fib won't do.

LADY R. Freddie, you incomparable nincompoop!

FREDDIE. I like that! If I hadn't asked her, what would have happened? George Nepean would have come in, you'd have plumped down on him with your lie, and what then? Don't you think it's jolly lucky I said what I did?

SIR C. It's lucky in this instance. But if I am to embark any further in these imaginative enterprises, I must ask you, Freddie, to keep a silent tongue.

FREDDIE. What for?

SIR C. Well, old fellow, it may be an unpalatable truth to you, but you'll never make a good liar.

FREDDIE. Very likely not. But if this sort of thing is going on in my house, I think I ought to.

LADY R. Oh, do subside, Freddie, do subside!

LADY J. Yes, George—and perhaps Gilbert—will be here directly. Oh, will somebody tell me what to do?

SIR C. We have tried possibility number one. It has signally failed. Why not possibility number two?

LADY J. Tell the truth? My husband would never believe it! Besides, he threatened that he wouldn't spare me. And he won't. No! No! No! Somebody dined with me last night, or was going to dine with me, and that somebody was a woman.

(*Enter DOLLY.*)

DOLLY (*going to LADY R.*). Ah, my dear Lady Rosamund—

LADY J. (*goes affectionately and a little hysterically to her*). Dolly! How good of you! (*Kissing her.*)

DOLLY. What's the matter?

LADY J. Dolly, you dined with me, or were going to dine with me at the Star and Garter at Shepperford last evening. Don't say you can't, and didn't, for you must and did!

DOLLY. Of course I'll say anything that's—necessary.

LADY J. Oh, you treasure !  
DOLLY. But I don't understand——

(LADY JESSICA takes her aside and whispers eagerly.)

SIR C. (*glancing at LADY JESSICA and DOLLY*). Possibility number one—with variations. I'm not required any further.

LADY R. Oh, Sir Christopher, you won't desert us?

SIR C. Certainly not, if I can be of any use. But if this is to be a going concern, don't you think the fewer partners the better?

LADY R. Oh, don't go. You can help us so much.

SIR C. How?

LADY R. Your mere presence will be an immense moral support to us.

SIR C. (*uncomfortable*). Thank you! Thank you!

LADY R. You can come to our assistance whenever we are in the lurch, corroborate us whenever we need corroboration—and——

SIR C. Bolster up generally.

LADY R. Yes. Besides, everybody knows you are such an honourable man. I feel they won't suspect you.

SIR C. (*uncomfortable*). Thank you! Thank you!

DOLLY (*to LADY JESSICA*). Very well, dear. I quite understand. After George went away, you were so upset at his suspicions that you came back to town

without any dinner. Did I stay and have the dinner?

SIR C. No, no. I wouldn't go so far as that.

DOLLY. But what did I do? I must have dined somewhere, didn't I? Not that I mind if I didn't dine anywhere. But won't it seem funny if I didn't dine somewhere?

LADY J. I suppose it will.

DOLLY. Very well then, where did I dine? Do tell me. I know I shall get into an awful muddle if I don't know. Where did I dine?

(Enter GEORGE NEPEAN.)

GEORGE (*enters very frigidly, bows very coldly. Very stiffly.*) Good morning, Lady Rosamund! (*To the others—bowing.*) Good morning.

LADY R. (*very cordially*). My dear George, don't take that tragic tone. (*Insists on shaking hands.*) Anyone would suppose there was something dreadful the matter. I've just explained to Sir Christopher

your mistake of last night.

GEORGE. My mistake?

LADY J. You shouldn't have left so hurriedly, George. I sent Mr. Falkner after you to explain. Dolly, tell him.

DOLLY. Jess and I had arranged to have a little dinner all by our two selves——

GEORGE. Indeed!



Photo: Ellis & Walery.

SIR CHRISTOPHER endeavours to persuade BEATRICE to marry him when he returns from South Africa.

SIR CHRISTOPHER. "Don't you know if I'm sure of you I shall carry everything before me?"

DOLLY. There's nothing strange in that, Sir Christopher?

SIR C. Not at all. I am sure any person of either sex would only be too delighted to dine *tête-à-tête* with you.

DOLLY. And when I got there, I found poor Jess in an awful state. She said you had come into the room and had made the most horrid accusations against her, poor thing!

GEORGE. I made no accusation.

LADY J. What did you mean by saying that Gilbert must know?

GEORGE. Merely that I should tell him what I saw.

LADY J. And you have told him?

GEORGE. Yes, on his arrival an hour ago.

LADY J. Where is he?

GEORGE. Round at Sloane Street waiting till I have heard Lady Rosamund's explanation.

LADY R. Well, you have heard it. Or, rather, it's Dolly's explanation. The whole thing is so ridiculously simple. I think you ought to beg Jess's pardon.

GEORGE. I will when I am sure that I have wronged her.

FREDDIE. Oh, come, I say, George! you don't refuse to take a lady's word—

LADY R. Freddie, subside!

DOLLY (to GEORGE). Poor Jess was so much upset by what you said that she couldn't eat any dinner, she nearly had hysterics, and when she got a little better, she came straight up to town, poor thing!

GEORGE. What was Mr. Falkner doing there?

LADY J. He was staying in the hotel and happened to come into the room at that moment. (*A little pause*)

LADY R. Is there anything else you would like to ask?

GEORGE. No.

LADY R. And you're quite satisfied?

GEORGE. The question is not whether I'm satisfied, but whether Gilbert will be. I'll go and fetch him. Will you excuse me?

SIR C. (*stops him*). Nepean, I'm sure you don't wish to embitter your brother and Lady Jessica's whole future life by sowing jealousy and suspicion between them. Come now, like a good fellow,

you'll smooth things over as much as you can.

GEORGE. I shall not influence my brother one way or the other. He must judge for himself.

(*Exit. SIR CHRISTOPHER shrugs his shoulders.*)

DOLLY. I got through it very well, didn't I? (*To LADY JESSICA.*)

LADY J. Yes, dear. Thank you so much. But George didn't seem to believe it, eh?

FREDDIE. It's so jolly thin. A couple of women dining together! what should a couple of women want to dine together for? Oh, it's too thin, you know!

LADY J. And you don't think Gilbert will believe it? He must! he must! Oh, I begin to wish that we had tried—

SIR C. Possibility number two. I'm afraid it's too late now.

LADY J. Oh, what shall I do? Do you think Gilbert will believe Dolly?

LADY R. He must if Dolly only sticks to it.

DOLLY. Oh, I'll stick to it. Only I should like to know where I dined. Where did I dine?

(*Enter FOOTMAN to DOLLY.*)

FOOTMAN. If you please, ma'am, Mr. Coke is waiting for you below.

DOLLY (*with a scream*). Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'd quite forgotten!

LADY R. What?

DOLLY. I arranged to meet Archie here and take him on to the dentist's. (*To FOOTMAN.*) Tell Mr. Coke I'll come in a moment.

DOLLY (*to LADY JESSICA*). Dear, I must go—

LADY J. You can't! You must stay now and tell Gilbert—mustn't she, Sir Christopher?

SIR C. I'm afraid you must, Mrs. Coke. You are our sheet-anchor.

DOLLY. But what can I tell Archie?

LADY R. Can't you put him off, send him away?

DOLLY. What excuse can I make? He is so fidgety and inquisitive. He'll insist on knowing everything. No, I must go.

LADY J. (*desperate*). You can't! You

can't! You must stay! Couldn't we tell Archie and ask him to help us?

SIR C. (*impatiently to LADY R.*) Oh!

DOLLY. Oh, I wouldn't tell Archie for the world. He wouldn't understand.

(*Enter ARCHIBALD COKE.*)

COKE. Good morning, Rosy! Freddie! Sir Christopher! (*Nodding all round.*) Now, Dolly, are you ready?

DOLLY. I—I—

LADY J. She can't go, Archie.

COKE. Can't go?

LADY J. She—she isn't well.

COKE. Not well? (*Alarmed.*) Not influenza again?

DOLLY. No, not influenza. But I'd rather not go.

COKE. Oh, nonsense, nonsense! I cannot take the gas alone. (*To SIR CHRISTOPHER.*) I've a terrible dread of the gas. I'm sure they'll give me too much some day. Now, Dolly.

LADY R. (*to SIR CHRISTOPHER.*) Gilbert will be here directly. Can't you get him away?

SIR C. Coke, your wife isn't just the thing, as you can see. I'll go to the dentist's with you. Come along! I'll see they give you the right dose.

COKE (*resisting*). No. My wife is the proper person to go to the dentist with me, and see that the gas is rightly administered. Come, Dolly!

LADY J. (*comes desperately to COKE.*) Dolly can't go!

COKE. Why not?

LADY J. She must stay here and tell Gilbert that she dined with me last evening.

COKE. Tell Gilbert that she dined with you last evening! What for?

SIR C. (*aside to LADY ROSAMUND.*) We're taking too many partners into this concern.

COKE. She dined with me. Why should she tell Gilbert she dined with you?

LADY J. If you must know, I was coming to the station from Barbara's, and I must have taken the wrong turning—

COKE (*very suspicious*). The wrong turning—

LADY J. Yes, for instead of finding

myself at the station, I found myself at the Star and Garter.

COKE. The Star and Garter!

LADY J. And as I was frightfully hungry I asked Mr. Falkner to give me a little dinner.

COKE. A little dinner.

LADY J. George Nepean happened to come in, and seeing the dinner things laid, actually suspected me of dining with Mr. Falkner! And he has told Gilbert, and don't you see—if Dolly will only say that it was she who was dining with me—don't you see?

COKE. No, I don't. I cannot lend myself to anything of the sort. And I expressly forbid Dolly to say that she dined with you.

LADY J. But she has said so. She has just told George Nepean.

COKE. Told George Nepean!

DOLLY. I couldn't leave poor Jess in a scrape. And now I have said so, I must stick to it, mustn't I? You wouldn't have me tell another one now.

COKE. Well, I'm surprised! Really, I consider it quite disgraceful.

FREDDIE. Look here, Coke, we can't let Gilbert think that Jess was dining with Falkner, can we? He'd only make a howling scandal and drag us all into it. We've got to say something. I know it's jolly thin, but can you think of a better one?

COKE. No, and I decline to have anything to do with this! I should have thought my character was too well known for me to be asked to a—a— It is too disgraceful! I will not lend my countenance to anything of the kind!

LADY R. Very well then, will you please take yourself off and leave us to manage the affair ourselves?

COKE. No, I will not forfeit my self-respect, I will not permit my wife to forfeit her self-respect by taking part in these proceedings. Really, it is—it is—it is too disgraceful.

(*LADY JESSICA suddenly bursts into tears, sobs violently.*)

SIR C. (*comes up to him, very calm, touches him on the shoulder.*) Coke, I assure you that theoretically I have as great an objection to lying as you or any



*Photo: Ella & Walery.*

Mrs. CRESPIN, looking anxiously at LADY JESSICA (Miss Mary Moore): "You're looking pale and worried."

man living. But Lady Jessica has acted a little foolishly. No more. Of that I am sure. If you consent to hold your tongue, I think Gilbert Nepean will accept his wife's explanation and the affair will blow over. If, however, you insist on the truth coming out, what will happen? You will very likely bring about a rupture between them, you may possibly place Lady Jessica in a position where she will have no alternative but to take a fatal plunge, and you will drag yourself and your wife into a very unpleasant family scandal. That's the situation.

COKE. But it places me in a very awkward position. No, really, I cannot consent—I'm an honourable man.

SIR C. So are we all, all honourable men. The curious thing is that ever since the days of the Garden of Eden, women have had a knack of impaling us honourable men on dilemmas of this kind, where the only alternative is to be false to the truth or false to them. In this instance I think we may very well keep our mouths shut without suffering any violent pangs of conscience about the matter. Come now!

COKE (*overwhelmed*). Well, understand me, if I consent to keep my mouth shut, I must not be supposed to countenance what is going on. That is quite understood?

SIR C. Oh, quite! Quite! We'll consider you as strictly neutral.

COKE (*rising up, violently*). No! On second thoughts, I really cannot. I cannot!

LADY R. Very well! Then will you go away and leave us to manage it as we can?

COKE. And I had arranged to take the gas so comfortably this morning. It's most unfair to place me in a position of this kind. I must protest—I really—

(*Enter GILBERT and GEORGE NEPEAN.*)

LADY R. (*advances very cordially to GILBERT, who does not respond*). Good morning, Gilbert.

GILBERT. Good morning. Good morning, Coke.

COKE (*very uncomfortable*). Good morning

GILBERT (*nodding*). Freddie! Deering! (*Looks at LADY JESSICA, who looks at him. They do not speak. Pause, looking round*) I thought I was coming here for a private explanation.

LADY R. No, Sir Christopher. If Gilbert is determined to carry this any further we shall need the unbiased testimony of an impartial friend, so that everybody may know exactly what did occur. Please stay.

SIR C. (*puts down hat*). Whew! (*To himself.*)

LADY R. Gilbert, don't be foolish. Everybody here knows all about the stupid affair of last evening.

GILBERT. Everybody here knows? Well, I don't. I shall be glad to be informed. (*Looks round.*)

(COKE shows symptoms of great discomfort.)

SIR C. Nepean, I'm sure you don't wish to make any more than is necessary of Lady Jessica's trifling indiscretion—

GILBERT. I wish to make no more of it than the truth, and I'll take care that nobody makes less of it. Now—(*To LADY JESSICA, very furiously*)—you were dining with this fellow Falkner, last evening?

LADY J. No.

GILBERT. No? Then whom did you dine with?

LADY J. If you speak like that I shan't answer you.

GILBERT. Will you tell me what I ask?

LADY J. No!

GILBERT. No, you won't? Perhaps, as you all know, somebody else will oblige me. Coke—

COKE (*most uncomfortable*). Really, I—I don't know all the particulars, and I would prefer not to be mixed up in your private affairs.

GILBERT. Deering—you?

SIR C. My dear fellow, I only know what I've heard, and hearsay evidence is proverbially untrustworthy. Now, if I may offer you a little advice, if I were you, I should gently take Lady Jessica by the hand, I should gently lead her home, I should gently use all those endearing little arts of persuasion and

entreaty which a husband may legitimately use to his wife, and I should gently beguile her into telling me the whole truth. I should believe everything she told me, I shouldn't listen to what anybody else said, and I should never mention the matter again. Now, do as I tell you, and you'll be a happy man to-morrow, and for the rest of your life. *(Pause.)*

GILBERT *(looks at LADY JESSICA)*. No. *(SIR CHRISTOPHER shrugs his shoulders.)* I came here for an explanation, and I won't go till I've got it.

LADY R. My dear Gilbert, we're patiently waiting to give you an explanation, if you'll only listen to it. Dolly, do tell him how it all happened, and let him see what a donkey he's making of himself.

DOLLY. Yes, Gilbert, I wish you wouldn't get in these awful tempers. You frighten us so that in a very little while we shan't know whether we're speaking the truth, or whether we're not.

GILBERT. Go on!

DOLLY. Jess and I had arranged to have a little *tête-à-tête* dinner at Shepperford and talk over old times all by our two selves *(COKE gets very uncomfortable)*—hadn't we, Jess? Rosy, you heard us arranging it all?

LADY R. Yes, on the last night you were at our place.

DOLLY. Yes. Well, Jess got there first and then Mr. Falkner happened to come into the room, and then George happened to come in and wouldn't wait to listen to Jess's explanation, would he, Jess? Well, when I got there, I found Jess in strong hysterics, poor old dear! I couldn't get her round for ever so long. And as soon as she was better she came straight up to town. And that's all. *(Pause.)*

GILBERT. And what did you do?

DOLLY *(very nervous)*. I came up to town too.

GILBERT. Without any dinner?

DOLLY. No—I—

GILBERT. Where did you dine?

DOLLY. I didn't really dine anywhere—not to say dine. I had some cold chicken and a little tongue when I got home. *(Pause.)* And a tomato salad.

COKE *(very much shocked at DOLLY)*. Oh, of all the—

*(SIR CHRISTOPHER nudges him to be quiet)*

GILBERT. Coke, what do you know of this?

COKE. Well—I know what Dolly has just told you.

GILBERT. You allow your wife to dine out alone?

COKE. Yes—yes—on certain occasions.

GILBERT. And you knew of this arrangement?

COKE. Yes—at least, no—not before she told me of it. But after she told me, I did know.

GEORGE. But Jessica said that she expected a small party.

DOLLY. I was the small party.

GILBERT *(to COKE)*. What time did Dolly get home last evening?

COKE. Eh? Well, about—

DOLLY. A little before nine.

GEORGE. Impossible! I was at Shepperford after half-past seven. If Lady Jessica had hysterics, and you stayed with her, you could scarcely have reached Kensington before nine.

DOLLY. Well, perhaps it was ten. Yes, it was ten.

GILBERT. Coke, were you at home last evening when your wife got back?

COKE. I? No—yes, yes—no—not precisely.

GILBERT *(growing indignant)*. Surely you must know whether you were at home or not when your wife returned?

COKE. No, I don't. And I very much object to be cross-questioned in this manner. I've told you all I know, and—I—I withdraw from the whole business. Now, Dolly, are you ready?

GILBERT. No, stop! I want to get at the bottom of this and I will. *(Coming furiously to LADY JESSICA.)* Once more will you give me your version of this cock-and-bull story?

*(FOOTMAN announces MR. FALKNER.)*

GILBERT. Ah!

SIR C. Nepean! Nepean! Control yourself!

*(Enter FALKNER.)*

GILBERT. Let me be, Deering. (*Going to FALKNER.*) You were at Shepperford last evening. My wife was there with you?

FALKNER. I was at Shepperford last evening. Lady Jessica was there. She was dining with Lady Rosamund——

LADY R. No! No!

GILBERT. Lady Jessica was dining with Lady Rosamund?

FALKNER. I understood her to say so, did I not, Lady Rosamund?

LADY R. No! No! It was Mrs. Coke who was dining with Lady Jessica.

FALKNER. Then I misunderstood you. Does it matter?

GILBERT. Yes. I want to know what the devil you were doing there?

SIR C. Nepean! Nepean!

GILBERT. Do you hear? What the devil were you doing there? Will you tell me, or——

(*Trying to get at FALKNER, SIR CHRISTOPHER holds him back.*)

LADY J. (*rises very quietly.*) Mr. Falkner, tell my husband the truth.

FALKNER. But, Lady Jessica——

LADY J. Yes, if you please—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Tell him all. I wish it.

GILBERT. You hear what she says. Now then, the truth—and be damned to you!

FALKNER (*looks around, then after a*

*pause, with great triumph*). I love Lady Jessica with all my heart and soul! I asked her to come to me at Shepperford last evening. She came. Your brother saw us and left us. The next moment Lady Rosamund came, and she had scarcely gone when the maid came with your telegram and took Lady Jessica back to town. If you think there was anything more on your wife's side than a passing folly and amusement at my expense, you will wrong her. If you think there is anything less on my side than the deepest, deepest, deepest love and worship, you will wrong me. Understand this. She is guiltless. Be sure of that. And now you've got the truth, and be damned to you. (*Goes to door at back—turns.*) If you want me, you know where to find me. (*To LADY JESSICA.*) Lady Jessica, I am at your service—always!

(*Exit at back. They all look at each other.*)

SIR C (*very softly to himself.*) Possibility Number Two—with a vengeance!

[*In the last Act the situation is cleared up. Sir Christopher persuades Lady Jessica to go back to her husband, who comes to be convinced of her innocence; and he himself, with his friend and comrade, the broken-hearted Falkner, goes off to Africa.*]

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## WHEN LOVE IS DONE

THE night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies,  
When love is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

# THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

CHARLES READE

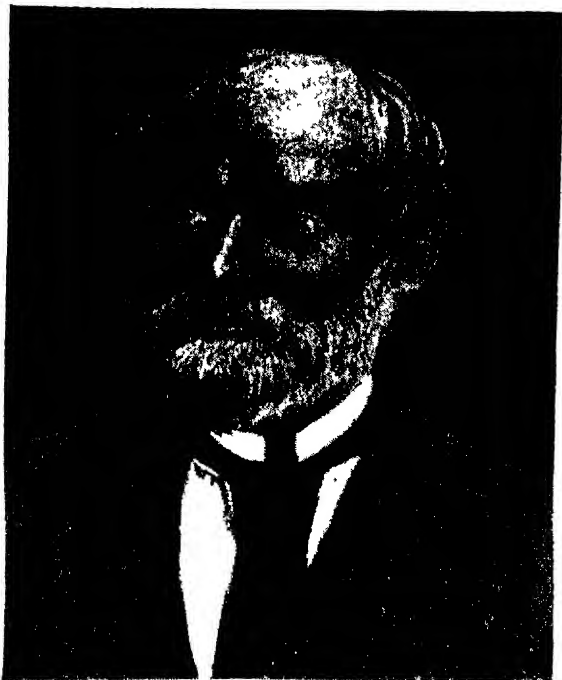


Photo: Rischgalt's Collection.

CHARLES READE.

*This great romance of the Middle Ages sets the author in the rank of Scott and Dumas—indeed, according to some judges, even higher. Walter Besant called it "the greatest historical novel in the language." Swinburne remarked of it that "a story better conceived, better constructed, or better related, it would be difficult to find anywhere." As a picture of the scenes, the people and the customs of those rugged times it has never been excelled—times when the taverns were the dens of cut-throats, and the forest-roads the haunt of bears, when the traveller on foot went in fear at every step of being cross-bowed from an ambush, or of being hunted like a rabbit by a bloodhound. It is through an endless series of such perils, of the most thrilling of adventures, that the reader takes his way in the company of the hero of*

*the story, Gerard, the son of a cloth-seller of Tergou in Holland, who, after being brought up to be a priest, defies his family, marries a charming girl—or, at least, half marries her, for the ceremony is raided in the middle—is placed in captivity, escapes, and starts on the long journey which lands him safe at last in Rome. There, receiving a false letter which informs him that his wife is dead, he sinks into despair and takes the priestly vow—and so comes the tragic climax of the story. Too late, he learns that his wife is living, and that he has a son. Alas! the Cloister has received him, and the Hearth is to be his no more.*

*This story, it should be noted, is founded on fact. The baby grew up to be the great Erasmus who, as a scholar and reformer, stamped his name upon the age.*

*The extract which here follows describes one of the adventures which befell the hero on his journey—one of the most terrible and thrilling, yet only one among a hundred of the kind. Denys, a companion whom he has picked up on the way, is a rough, gay, careless soldier, a sort of blend of Dalgetty and Mercutio. The comrades are besieged by robbers in a tavern, while the serving-maid, their ally, has escaped to seek for help.*

THEY fell in with a roadside auberge, and Denys, seeing a buxom girl at the door, said, "This seems a decent inn," and led the way into the kitchen. They ordered supper, to which no objection was raised, only the landlord requested them to pay for it beforehand. It was not an uncommon proposal in any part of the world. Still it was not universal, and Denys was nettled, and dashed his hand somewhat ostentatiously into his purse and pulled out a gold angel. "Count me the change, and speedily," said he. "You tavern-keepers are more likely to rob me than I you."

While the supper was preparing, Denys disappeared, and was eventually found by Gerard in the yard, helping Manon, his plump but not bright decoy duck, to draw water, and pouring extravagant compliments into her dullish ear. Gerard grunted and returned to table, but Denys did not come in for a good quarter of an hour. . .

Denys found a figure seated by the well. It was Manon, but instead of receiving him as he thought he had a right to expect, coming by invitation, all she did was to sob. He asked her what ailed her? She sobbed. Could he do anything for her? She sobbed.

The good-natured Denys, driven to his wits' end, which was no great distance, proffered the custom of the country by way of consolation. She repulsed him roughly. "Is it a time for fooling?" said she, and sobbed.

"You seem to think so," said Denys, waxing wroth. But the next moment he added tenderly, "and I, who could never bear to see beauty in distress."

"It is not for myself."

"Who then? your sweetheart?"

"Oh, que nenni. My sweetheart is not on earth now; and to think I have not an écu to buy masses for his soul"; and in this shallow nature the grief seemed now to be all turned in another direction.

"Come, come," said Denys, "shalt have money to buy masses for thy dead lad; I swear it. Meantime tell me why you weep."

"For you."

"For me? Art mad?"

"No; I am not mad. 'Tis you that were mad to open your purse before him."

The mystery seemed to thicken, and Denys, wearied of stirring up the mud by questions, held his peace to see if it would not clear of itself. Then the girl, finding herself no longer questioned, seemed to go through some internal combat. At last she said, doggedly and aloud, "I will. The Virgin give me courage? What matters it if they kill me, since he is dead? Soldier, the landlord is out."

"Oh, is he?"

"What, do landlords leave their taverns at this time of night? also see

what a tempest! We are sheltered here, but t'other side it blows a hurricane."

Denys said nothing.

"He is gone to fetch the band."

"The band! what band?"

"Those who will cut your throat and take your gold. Wretched man; to go and shake gold in an innkeeper's face!"

The blow came so unexpectedly it staggered even Denys, accustomed as he was to sudden perils. He muttered a single word, but in it a volume.

"Gerard!"

"Gerard!" What is that? Oh, 'tis thy comrade's name, poor lad. Get him out quick ere they come; and fly to the next town."

"And thou?"

"They will kill me."

"That shall they not. Fly with us."

"'Twill avail me nought: one of the band will be sent to kill me. They are sworn to slay all who betray them."

"I'll take thee to my native place full thirty leagues from hence, and put thee under my own mother's wing, ere they shall hurt a hair o' thy head. But first Gerard. Stay thou here whilst I fetch him!"

As he was darting off, the girl seized him convulsively, and with all the iron strength excitement lends to women. "Stay me not! for pity's sake," he cried; "'tis life or death."

"Sh!—sh!" whispered the girl, shutting his mouth hard with her hand, and putting her pale lips close to him, and her eyes, that seemed to turn backwards, straining towards some indistinct sound.

He listened.

He heard footsteps, many footsteps, and no voices. She whispered in his ear, "They are come."

And trembled like a leaf.

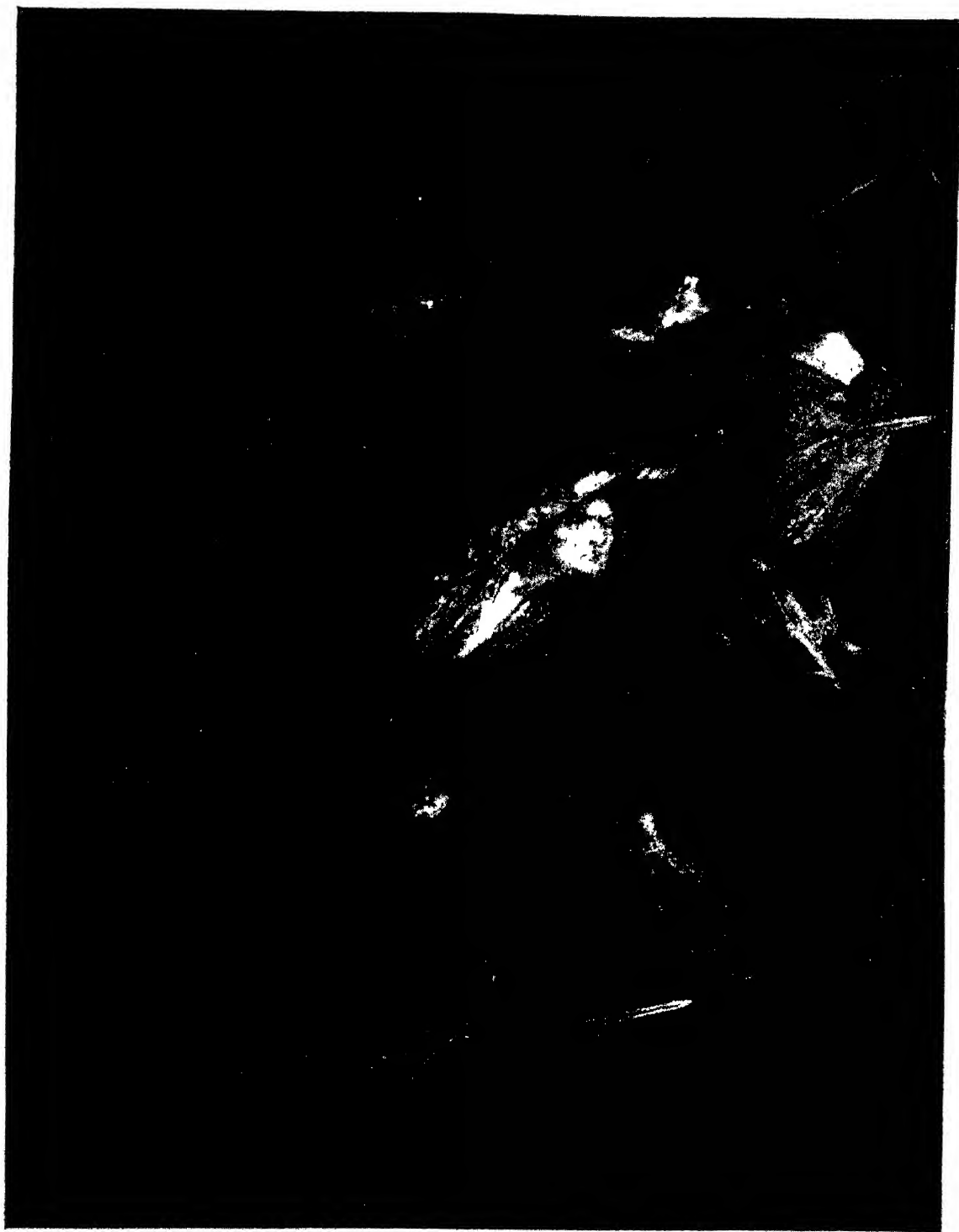
Denys felt it was so. Travellers in that number would never have come in dead silence.

The feet were now at the very door.

"How many?" said he, in a hollow whisper.

"Hush!" and she put her mouth to his very ear.

And who, that had seen this man and woman in that attitude, would have guessed what freezing hearts were theirs,



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from their edition of "The Cloister and the Hearth."*

DENYS SAW A STEEL POINT COME OUT OF THE ABBOT

From the colour drawing by Evelyn Paul.

and what terrible whispers passed between them?

"Seven."

"How armed?"

"Sword and dagger: and the giant with his axe. They call him the Abbot."

"And my comrade?"

"Nothing can save him. Better lose one life than two. Fly!"

Denys's blood froze at this cynical advice. "Poor creature, you know not a soldier's heart."

He put his head in his hands a moment, and a hundred thoughts of dangers baffled whirled through his brain.

"Listen, girl! There is one chance for our lives, if thou wilt but be true to us. Run to the town; to the nearest tavern, and tell the first soldier there, that a soldier here is sore beset, but armed, and his life to be saved if they will but run. Then to the bailiff. But first to the soldiers. Nay, not a word, but buss me, good lass, and fly! men's lives hang on thy heels."

She kilted up her gown to run. He came round to the road with her, saw her cross the road cringing with fear, then glide away, then turn into an erect shadow, then melt away in the storm.

And now he must get to Gerard. But how? He had to run the gauntlet of the whole band. He asked himself, what was the worst thing they could do? for he had learned in war that an enemy does, not what you hope he will do, but what you hope he will not do. "Attack me as I enter the kitchen! Then I must not give them time."

Just as he drew near to the latch, a terrible thought crossed him. "Suppose they had already dealt with Gerard. Why, then," thought he, "nought is left but to kill, and be killed;" and he strung his bow, and walked rapidly into the kitchen. There were seven hideous faces seated round the fire, and the landlord pouring them out neat brandy, blood's forerunner in every age.

"What? company!" cried Denys gaily; "one minute, my lads, and I'll be with you;" and he snatched up a lighted candle off the table, opened the door that led to the staircase, and went up it hallooing. "What, Gerard! whither

hast thou skulked to?" There was no answer. He hallooed louder, "Gerard, where art thou?"

After a moment, in which Denys lived an hour of agony, a peevish, half-inarticulate noise issued from the room at the head of the little stairs. Denys burst in, and there was Gerard asleep.

"Thank God!" he said, in a choking voice, then began to sing loud, untuneful ditties. Gerard put his fingers into his ears, but presently he saw in Denys's face a horror that contrasted strangely with this sudden merriment.

"What ails thee?" said he, sitting up and staring.

"Hush!" said Denys, and his hand spoke even more plainly than his lips.

"Listen to me."

Denys then pointing significantly to the door, to show Gerard sharp ears were listening hard by, continued his song aloud, but under cover of it threw in short muttered syllables.

"(Our lives are in peril.)

"(Thieves.)

"(Thy doublet.)

"(Thy sword.)

"Aid.

"Coming.

"Put off time." Then aloud—

"Well, now, wilt have t'other bottle?—Say Nay."

"No, not I."

"But I tell thee, there are half-a-dozen jolly fellows. Tired."

"Ay, but I am too wearied," said Gerard. "Go thou."

"Nay, nay!" Then he went to the door and called out cheerfully, "Landlord, the young milksop will not rise. Give those honest fellows t'other bottle. I will pay for't in the morning."

He heard a brutal and fierce chuckle.

Having thus by observation made sure the kitchen door was shut, and the miscreants were not actually listening, he examined the chamber door closely; then quietly shut it, but did not bolt it; and went and inspected the window.

It was too small to get out of, and yet a thick bar of iron had been let in the stone to make it smaller; and just as he made this chilling discovery, the outer door of the house was bolted with a loud clang.

Denys groaned.  
 "The beasts are in the shambles."

But would the thieves attack them while they were awake? Probably not.

Not to throw away this their best chance, the poor souls now made a series of desperate efforts to converse, as if discussing ordinary matters; and by this means Gerard learned all that had passed, and that the girl was gone for aid.

"Pray Heaven she may not lose heart by the way," said Denys, sorrowfully.

And Denys begged Gerard's forgiveness for bringing him out of his way for this.

Gerard forgave him.

"I would fear them less, Gerard, but for one they call the Abbot. I picked him out at once. Taller than you, bigger than us both put together. Fights with an axe. Gerard, a man to lead a herd of deer to battle. I shall kill that man to-night, or he will kill me. I think somehow 'tis he will kill me." . . .

Gerard was for bolting the door; but Denys with a sign showed him that half the door-post turned outward on a hinge, and the great bolt was little more than a blind. "I have forborne to bolt it," said he, "that they may think us the less suspicious."

Near an hour rolled away thus. It seemed an age. Yet it was but a little hour, and the town was a league distant. And some of the voices in the kitchen became angry and impatient.

"They will not wait much longer," said



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"Look on the sockets out of which thou hast picked the eyes."

From the colour drawing by Byam Shaw.

Denys, "and we have no chance at all unless we surprise them."

"I will do whate'er you bid," said Gerard meekly.

There was a cupboard on the same side as the door; but between it and the window. It reached nearly to the ground, but not quite. Denys opened the cupboard door and placed Gerard on a chair behind it. "If they run for the bed, strike at the napes of their necks! a sword cut there always kills or disables."

He then arranged the bolsters and their shoes in the bed so as to deceive a person peeping from a distance, and drew the short curtains at the head.

Meantime Gerard was on his knees. Denys looked round and saw him.

"Ah!" said Denys, "above all, pray them to forgive me for bringing you into this guet-apens!"

And now they grasped hands and looked in one another's eyes, oh, such a look! Denys's hand was cold, and Gerard's warm.

They took their posts.

Denys blew out the candle.

"We must keep silence now."

But in the terrible tension of their nerves and very souls they found they could hear a whisper fainter than any man could catch at all outside that door. They could hear each other's hearts thump at times.

"Good news!" breathed Denys, listening at the door.

"They are casting lots."

"Pray that it may be the Abbot."

"Yes. Why?"

"If he comes alone I can make sure of him."

"Denys!"

"Ay!"

"I fear I shall go mad, if they do not come soon."

"Shall I feign sleep? Shall I snore?"

"Will that——"

"Perhaps."

"Do then, and God have mercy on us!"

Denys snored at intervals.

There was a scuffling of feet heard in the kitchen, and then all was still.

Denys snored again. Then took up his position behind the door.

But he, or they, who had drawn the lot, seemed determined to run no foolish risks. Nothing was attempted in a hurry.

When they were almost starved with cold, and waiting for the attack, the door on the stairs opened softly and closed again. Nothing more.

There was another harrowing silence.



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"She gave a loud shriek and bounded out of her chair."

From the colour drawing by Byam Shaw.

Then a single light footstep on the stair ; and nothing more.

Then a light crept under the door ; and nothing more.

Presently there was a gentle scratching, not half so loud as a mouse's, and the false door-post opened by degrees, and left a perpendicular space, through which the light streamed in. The door, had it been bolted, would now have hung by the bare tip of the bolt, which went into the real door-post, but as it was, it swung gently open of itself. It opened inwards, so Denys did not raise his crossbow from the ground, but merely grasped his dagger.

The candle was held up, and shaded from behind by a man's hand.

He was inspecting the beds from the threshold, satisfied that his victims were both in bed.

The man glided into the apartment. But at the first step something in the position of the cupboard and chair made him uneasy. He ventured no further, but put the candle on the floor and stooped to peer under the chair ; but as he stooped, an iron hand grasped his shoulder, and a dagger was driven so fiercely through his neck that the point came out at his gullet. There was a terrible hiccough, but no cry ; and half-a-dozen silent strokes followed in swift succession, each a death-blow, and the assassin was laid noiselessly on the floor.

Denys closed the door, bolted it gently, drew the post to, and even while he was doing it whispered Gerard to bring a chair. It was done.

" Help me 'set him up."

" Dead ? "

" Parbleu."

" What for ? "

" Frighten them ! Gain time."

Even while saying this, Denys had whipped a piece of string round the dead man's neck, and tied him to the chair, and there the ghastly figure sat fronting the door.

" Denys, I can do better. Saints forgive me ! "

" What ? Be quick then, we have not many moments."

And Denys got his crossbow ready, and tearing off his straw mattress, reared it before him and prepared to shoot the moment the door should open, for he had no hope any more would come singly, when they found the first did not return.

While thus employed, Gerard was busy about the seated corpse, and to his amazement Denys saw a luminous glow spreading rapidly over the white face.

Gerard blew out the candle ; and on this the corpse's face shone still more like a glowworm's head.

Denys shook in his shoes, and his teeth chattered.

" What in Heaven's name, is this ? " he whispered.

" Hush ! 'tis but phosphorus, but 'twill serve."

" Away ! they will surprise thee."

In fact uneasy mutterings were heard below, and at last a deep voice said, " What makes him so long ? is the drôle rifling them ? "

It was their comrade they suspected then, not the enemy. Soon a step came softly but rapidly up the stairs : the door was gently tried.

When this resisted, which was clearly not expected, the sham post was very cautiously moved, and an eye no doubt peeped through the aperture : for there was a howl of dismay, and the man was heard to stumble back and burst into the kitchen, where a Babel of voices rose directly on his return.

Gerard ran to the dead thief and began to work on him again.

" Back, madman ! " whispered Denys.

" Nay, nay. I know these ignorant brutes ; they will not venture here awhile. I can make him ten times more fearful."

" At least close that opening ! Let them not see you at your devilish work."

Gerard closed the sham post, and in half a minute his brush made the dead head a sight to strike any man with dismay. He put his art to a strange use, and one unparalleled perhaps in the history of mankind. He illuminated his dead enemy's face to frighten his living foe : the staring eyeballs he made globes of fire ; the teeth he left white, for so

they were more terrible by the contrast ; but the palate and tongue he tipped with fire, and made one lurid cavern of the red depths the chapfallen jaw revealed : and on the brow he wrote in burning letters "*La Mort.*" And, while he was doing it, the stout Denys was quaking, and fearing the vengeance of Heaven ; for one man's courage is not another's ; and the band of miscreants below were quarrelling and disputing loudly, and now without disguise. . . .

At last one was heard to cry out, " I tell ye the devil has got him and branded him with hell-fire. I am more like to leave this cursed house than go again into a room that is full of fiends."

" Art drunk ? or mad ? or a coward ?" said another.

" Call me a coward, I'll give thee my dagger's point, and send thee where Pierre sits o' fire for ever."

" Come, no quarrelling when work is afoot," roared a tremendous diapason, " or I'll brain ye both with my fist, and send ye where we shall all go soon or late."

" The Abbot," whispered Denys gravely.

He felt the voice he had just heard could belong to no man but the colossus he had seen in passing through the kitchen. It made the place vibrate. The quarrelling continued some time, and then there was a dead silence.

" Look out, Gerard."

" Ay. What will they do next ? "

" We shall soon know."

" Shall I wait for you, or cut down the first that opens the door ? "

" Wait for me, lest we strike the same and waste a blow. Alas ! we cannot afford that."

Dead silence.

Sudden came into the room a thing that made them start and their hearts quiver.

And what was it ? A moonbeam.

Even so can this machine, the body, by the soul's action, be strung up to start and quiver. The sudden ray shot keen and pure into that shamble.

Its calm, cold, silvery soul traversed the apartment in a stream of no great volume, for the window was narrow.

After the first tremor Gerard whispered, " Courage, Denys ! God's eye is on us even here." And he fell upon his knees with his face turned towards the window.

Ay, it was like a holy eye opening suddenly on human crime and human passions. Many a scene of blood and crime that pure cold eye has rested on ; but on few more ghastly than this, where two men, with a lighted corpse between them, waited panting, to kill and be killed. Nor did the moonlight deaden that horrible corpse-light. If anything it added to its ghastliness : for the body sat at the edge of the moonbeam, which cut sharp across the shoulder and the ear, and seemed blue and ghastly and unnatural by the side of that lurid glow in which the face and eyes and teeth shone horribly. But Denys dared not look that way.

The moon drew a broad stripe of light across the door, and on that his eyes were glued. Presently he whispered, " Gerard ! "

Gerard looked and raised his sword.

Acutely as they had listened, they had heard of late no sound on the stair. Yet there—on the door-post, at the edge of the stream of moonlight, were the tips of the fingers of a hand.

The nails glistened.

Presently they began to crawl and crawl down towards the bolt, but with infinite slowness and caution. In so doing they crept into the moonlight. The actual motion was imperceptible, but slowly, slowly, the fingers came out whiter and whiter ; but the hand between the main knuckles and the wrist remained dark.

Denys slowly raised his crossbow.

He levelled it. He took a long steady aim.

Gerard palpitated. At last the crossbow twanged. The hand was instantly nailed, with a stern jar, to the quivering door-post. There was a scream of anguish. " Cut," whispered Denys eagerly, and Gerard's uplifted sword descended and severed the wrist with two swift blows. A body sank down moaning outside.

The hand remained inside, immovable, with blood trickling from it down the wall. The fierce bolt, slightly barbed, had gone through it and deep into the real door-post.

"Two," said Denys, with terrible cynicism.

He strung his crossbow, and kneeled behind his cover again.

"The next will be the Abbot."

The wounded man moved, and presently crawled down to his companions on the stairs, and the kitchen door was shut.

There nothing was heard now but low muttering. The last incident had revealed the mortal character of the weapons used by the besieged.

"I begin to think the Abbot's stomach is not so great as his body," said Denys.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the following events happened all in a couple of seconds. The kitchen door was opened roughly, a heavy but active man darted up the stairs without any manner of disguise, and a single ponderous blow sent the door not only off its hinges, but right across the room on to Denys's fortification, which it struck so rudely as nearly to lay him flat. And in the doorway stood a colossus with a glittering axe.

He saw the dead man with the moon's blue light on half his face, and the red light on the other half and inside his chapfallen jaws: he stared, his

arms fell, his knees knocked together, and he crouched with terror.

"LA MORT!" he cried, in tones of terror, and turned and fled. In which act Denys started up and shot him through both jaws. He sprang with one bound into the kitchen, and there leaned on his axe, spitting blood and teeth and curses.

Denys strung his bow and put his hand into his breast.

He drew it out dismayed.

"My last bolt is gone," he groaned.



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"My fellow-craftsmen put their arms round my neck and hailed me Master."

From the colour drawing by Byam Shaw.

"But we have our swords, and you have slain the giant."

"No, Gerard," said Denys gravely, "I have not. And the worst is I have wounded him. Fool! to shoot at a retreating lion. He had never faced thy handiwork again, but for my meddling."

"Ha! to your guard! I hear them open the door."

Then Denys, depressed by the one error he had committed in all this fearful night, felt convinced his last hour had come. He drew his sword, but like one doomed. But what is this? a red light flickers on the ceiling. Gerard flew to the window and looked out. There were men with torches, and breastplates gleaming red. "We are saved! Armed men!" And he dashed his sword through the window shouting, "Quick! quick! we are sore pressed."

"Back!" yelled Denys; "they come! strike none but him!"

That very moment the Abbot and two men with naked weapons rushed into the room. Even as they came, the outer door was hammered fiercely, and the Abbot's comrades hearing it, and seeing the torchlight, turned and fled. Not so the terrible Abbot: wild with rage and pain, he spurned his dead comrade, chair and all, across the room, then, as the men faced him on each side with kindling eyeballs, he waved his tremendous axe like a feather right and left, and cleared a space, then lifted it to hew them both in pieces.

His antagonists were inferior in strength, but not in swiftness and daring, and above all they had settled how to attack him. The moment he reared his axe, they flew at him like cats, and both together. If he struck a full blow with his weapon he would most likely kill one, but the other would certainly kill him: he saw this, and intelligent as well as powerful, he thrust the handle fiercely in Denys's face, and, turning, jobbed with the steel at Gerard. Denys went staggering back covered with blood. Gerard had rushed in like lightning, and, just as the axe turned to descend on him, drove his sword so fiercely through the giant's body, that the very hilt sounded on his ribs like the blow of a pugilist, and

Denys, staggering back to help his friend, saw the steel point come out of the Abbot behind.

The stricken giant bellowed like a bull, dropped his axe, and clutching Gerard's throat tremendously, shook him like a child. Then Denys with a fierce snarl drove his sword into the giant's back. "Stand firm now!" and he pushed the cold steel through and through the giant and out at his breast.

Thus horribly spitted on both sides, the Abbot gave a violent shudder, and his heels hammered the ground convulsively. His lips, fast turning blue, opened wide and deep, and he cried, "LA MORT!—LA MORT!—LA MORT!!" the first time in a roar of despair, and then twice in a horror-stricken whisper, never to be forgotten.

Just then the street door was forced.

Suddenly the Abbot's arms whirled like windmills, and his huge body wrenched wildly and carried them to the doorway, twisting their wrists and nearly throwing them off their legs.

"He'll win clear yet," cried Denys: "out steel! and in again!"

They tore out their smoking swords, but ere they could stab again, the Abbot leaped full five feet high, and fell with a tremendous crash against the door below, carrying it away with him like a sheet of paper, and through the aperture the glare of torches burst on the awestruck faces above, half blinding them.

The thieves at the first alarm had made for the back door, but driven thence by a strong guard ran back to the kitchen, just in time to see the lock forced out of the socket, and half-a-dozen mailed archers burst in upon them. On these in pure despair they drew their swords.

But ere a blow was struck on either side, the staircase door behind them was battered into their midst with one ponderous blow, and with it the Abbot's body came flying, hurled as they thought by no mortal hand, and rolled on the floor spouting blood from back and bosom in two furious jets, and quivered, but breathed no more.

The thieves smitten with dismay fell

on their knees directly, and the archers bound them, while, above, the rescued ones still stood like statues rooted to the spot, their dripping swords extended in the red torchlight, expecting their indomitable enemy to leap back on them as wonderfully as he had gone. . . .

"Oh! the fine mouldy smell," said Denys; "in such places still lurks the good wine; advance thy torch. Diable! what is that in the corner? A pile of rags? No: 'tis a man."

They gathered round with the torch, and lo! a figure crouched on a heap in the corner pale as ashes, and shivering.

"Why, it is the landlord," said Denys.

"Get up, thou craven heart!" shouted one of the archers.

"Why, man, the thieves are bound, and we are dry that bound them. Up! and show us thy wine; for no bottles see I here."

"What, be the rascals bound?" stammered the pale landlord; "good news. W—w—wine? that will I, honest sirs."

And he rose with unsure joints and offered to lead the way to the wine cellar. But Denys interposed. "You are all in the dark, comrades. He is in league with the thieves." . . .

They had reached the threshold when Denys cried "Halt!"

"What is't?"

"Here be bottles in this corner; advance thy light."

The torch-bearer went towards him. He had just taken off his scabbard and was probing the heap the landlord had just been crouched upon.

"Nay, nay," cried the landlord, "the wine is in the next cellar. There is nothing *there*."

"Nothing is mighty hard; then," said Denys, and drew out something with his hand from the heap.

It proved to be only a bone.

Denys threw it on the floor: it rattled.

"There is nought there but the bones of the house," said the landlord.

"Just now 'twas



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"Oh!" he cried, and gazed in rapture.

From the colour drawing by Byam Shaw.

nothing. Now that we have found something 'tis nothing but bones. Here's another. Humph? look at this one, comrade; and you come too and look at it, and bring yon smooth knave along."

The archer with the torch, whose name was Philippe, held the bone to the light and turned it round and round.

"Well?" said Denys.

"Well, if this was a field of battle, I should say 'twas the shankbone of a man; no more, no less. But 'tisn't a battlefield, nor a churchyard; 'tis an inn."

"True, mate: but yon knave's ashy face is as good a light to me as a field of battle. . . . Mayhap if these bones could tell their tale they would make true men's flesh creep that heard it."

"Alas! young man, what hideous fancies are these! The bones are bones of beeves, and sheep, and kids, and not, as you think, of men and women. Holy saints preserve us!"

"Hold thy peace! thy words are air. . . . Drag him close to me, let me read his face: now then, what is this, thou knave?" and he thrust a small object suddenly in his face.

"Alas! I know not."

"Well, I would not swear neither: but it is too like the thumb bone of a man's hand; mates, my flesh it creeps. Churchyard! how know I this is not one?"

And he now drew his sword out of the scabbard and began to rake the heap of earth and broken crockery and bones out on the floor.

The landlord assured him he but wasted his time. "We poor innkeepers are sinners," said he; "we give short measure and baptize the wine: we are fain to do these things; the laws are so unjust to us; but we are not assassins. How could we afford to kill our customers? May Heaven's lightning strike me dead if there be any bones there but such as have been used for meat. 'Tis the kitchen wench flings them here: I swear by God's holy mother, by holy Paul, by holy Dominic, and Denys my patron saint—ah!"

Denys held out a bone under his eye in dead silence. It was a bone no man,

however ignorant, however lying, could confound with those of sheep or oxen. The sight of it shut the lying lips, and palsied the heartless heart.

The landlord's hair rose visibly on his head like spikes, and his knees gave way as if his limbs had been struck from under him.

"Ah!" said Denys solemnly, and trembling now with rage, "look on the sockets out of which thou hast picked the eyes, and let them blast thine eyes, that crows shall pick out ere this week shall end. Now, hold thou that while I search on. Hold it, I say, or here I rob the gallows——" and he threatened the quaking wretch with his naked sword, till with a groan he took the skull and held it, almost fainting.

Oh! that every murderer, and contriver of murder, could see him, sick, and staggering with terror, and with his hair on end, holding the cold skull, and feeling that his own head would soon be like it. And soon the heap was scattered, and alas! not one, nor two, but many skulls were brought to light, the culprit moaning at each discovery.

Suddenly Denys uttered a strange cry of distress to come from so bold and hard a man; and held up to the torch a mass of human hair. It was long, glossy, and golden. A woman's beautiful hair. At the sight of it the archers instinctively shook the craven wretch in their hands: and he whined. . . .

Then in a sudden fury Denys seized the landlord fiercely by the neck, and forced him to his knees; and foot on head ground his face savagely among the bones of his victims, where they lay thickest; and the assassin first yelled, then whined and whimpered, just as a dog first yells, then whines, when his nose is so forced into some leveret or other innocent he has killed.

"Now lend me thy bowstring, Philippe!" He passed it through the eyes of a skull alternately, and hung the ghastly relic of mortality and crime round the man's neck; then pulled him up and kicked him industriously into the kitchen, where one of the aldermen of the burgh had arrived with constables, and was even now taking an archer's deposition.

# THE INFERNO

## DANTE



Photo: Alinari

DANTE AND VIRGIL. BY DELACROIX.  
The Louvre, Paris.

"The Divine Comedy" is a description of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. Literally, it is a vision of the state of souls after death; allegorically, it is a demonstration of man's need of spiritual illumination and guidance. Before we take our way with Dante through the zones of Hell, there are two things to keep in mind, first, that the "Inferno" is, apart from other things, the greatest adventure-story in the world; and, secondly, that it is made alive and real with vivid, graphic details, like those of "Robinson Crusoe" or "Gulliver's

Travels." The great sights of the "Inferno" stand out like pictures, and remain in the mind's eye, an unforgettable series of stupendous scenes.

The shape of Hell is that of an enormous pit, like an inverted cone, whose point is at the centre of the earth, while its sides are occupied by broad steps or ledges, one below the other, and, of course, diminishing in size as they descend, the most guilty sinners being lowest down.

[The translation used here is Cary's.]

### CANTO III.

Dante, having lost his way in a gloomy forest, is met by Virgil, who promises to show him the punishments of Hell. Following Virgil, he comes to the gate of the Inferno, where, after having read the dreadful words that are written thereon—"All hope abandon, ye who enter here"—they both enter.

"THROUGH me you pass into the city of woe :  
Through me you pass into eternal pain :  
Through me among the people lost for aye.

Justice the founder of my fabric moved :  
 To rear me was the task of Power divine,  
 Supreme Wisdom, and primeval Love  
 Before me things create were none, save things  
 Eternal, and eternal I endure.  
 All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

*Just within the entrance comes a dark plain, the vestibule of Hell, in which are the Spirits of the Selfish and the Idle, the Giddyaimless, stung by wasps and hornets, and running for ever behind a whirling flag.*

Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,  
 Resounded through the air pierced by no star,  
 That e'en I wept at entering Various tongues,  
 Horrible languages, outcries of woe,  
 Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,  
 With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,  
 Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls  
 Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,  
 Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies. . . .

*Then, crossing the plain, they arrive at the River Acheron, the Stream of Sorrow. There are the crowds at Charon's ferry, "staying for waftage," and the fierce old man with eyes like wheels of flame, who ferries them across.*

And lo ! toward us in a bark  
 Comes on an old man, hoary white with old,  
 Crying, "Woe to you, wicked spirits ! hope not  
 Ever to see the sky again I come  
 To take you to the other shore across,  
 Into eternal darkness, there to dwell  
 In fierce heat and in ice. And thou, who there  
 Standest, live spirit ! get thee hence, and leave  
 These who are dead " But soon as he beheld  
 I left them not, " By other way," said he,  
 " By other haven shalt thou come to shore,  
 Not by this passage ; thee a nimbler boat  
 Must carry." Then to him thus spake my guide :  
 " Charon ! thyself torment not : so 'tis will'd,  
 Where will and power are one : ask thou no more."

Straightway in silence fell the shaggy cheeks  
 Of him, the boatman o'er the livid lake,  
 Around whose eyes glared wheeling flames.

\* \* \*

Then all together sorely wailing drew  
 To the curst strand, that every man must pass  
 Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,  
 With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,  
 Beckoning, and each, that lingers, with his oar  
 Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves,  
 One still another following, till the bough  
 Strews all its honours on the earth beneath ;  
 E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood  
 Cast themselves, one by one, down from the shore,  
 Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.



*Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.*

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**THE MEETING OF DANTE AND BEATRICE**

From the painting by Henry Holiday in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

Thus go they over through the umber'd wave  
 And ever they on the opposing bank  
 Be landed, on this side another throng  
 Still gathers.

## CANTO V.

*Dante falls into a trance of terror from which, being roused by a clap of thunder, he finds that they have crossed the river. Thence they descend into Limbo, the first circle of Hell. There he finds the souls of the great pagans, who, though they lived nobly, were unbaptised. Homer, Horace, Ovid, welcome Dante as one of themselves. Coming into the second circle of Hell, Dante at the entrance beholds Minos, the Infernal Judge, an enormous man-faced dog. Here he witnesses the punishment of guilty lovers, blown like cranes upon a mighty wind.*

Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be heard.  
 Now am I come where many a plaining voice  
 Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came  
 Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groan'd  
 A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn  
 By warring winds. The stormy blast of Hell  
 With restless fury drives the spirits on,  
 Whirl'd round and dash'd amain with sore annoy.  
 When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,  
 There shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moans,  
 And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in Heaven.

I understood, that to this torment sad  
 The carnal sinners are condemn'd, in whom  
 Reason by lust is sway'd. As in large troops  
 And multitudinous, when winter reigns,  
 The starlings on their wings are borne abroad ;  
 So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.  
 On this side and on that, above, below,  
 It drives them : hope of rest to solace them  
 Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,  
 Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,  
 Stretch'd out in long array ; so I beheld  
 Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on  
 By their dire doom.

*There they saw Semiramis and Cleopatra, and, above all, there is Francesca of Rimini and her lover Paolo, whose story he has made immortal. This story, which she tells to Dante—how they were surprised and slain together by her husband, John the lame, a lord of Rimini—makes him faint with pity.*

When I had heard my sage instructor name  
 Those dames and knights of antique days, o'erpower'd  
 By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind  
 Was lost ; and I began : " Bard ! willingly  
 I would address those two together coming,  
 Which seem so light before the wind." He thus :  
 " Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.  
 Then by that love which carries them along,  
 Entreat ; and they will come." Soon as the wind  
 Sway'd them towards us, I thus framed my speech :  
 " O wearied spirits ! come, and hold discourse

With us, if by none else restrain'd." As doves  
 By fond desire invited, on wide wings  
 And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,  
 Cleave the air, wafted by their will along ;  
 Thus issued, from that troop where Dido rarks,  
 They, through the ill air speeding ; with such force  
 My cry prevailed, by strong affection urged.



*Photo: Rischgilt. Collecti. n.*

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

From the painting by Cabanel, in the Luxembourg, Paris.

*(Francesca speaks.)*

" Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,  
 Entangled him by that fair form, from me  
 Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still :  
 Love, that denial takes from none beloved,  
 Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,  
 That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.  
 Love brought us to one death : Caïna waits  
 The soul, who spilt our life." Such were their words ;  
 At hearing which, downward I bent my looks,  
 And held them there so long, that the bard cried :  
 " What art thou pondering ? " I in answer thus :  
 " Alas ! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire,  
 Must they at length to that ill pass have reach'd ! "  
 Then turning, I to them my speech address'd,  
 And thus began : " Francesca ! your sad fate

Even to tears my grief and pity moves.  
 But tell me ; in the time of your sweet sighs,  
 By what, and how Love granted, that ye knew  
 Your yet uncertain wishes ? " She replied :  
 " No greater grief than to remember days  
 Of joy, when misery is at hand. That kens  
 Thy learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly  
 If thou art bent to know the primal root,  
 From whence our love gat being, I will do  
 As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,  
 For our delight we read of Lancelot,  
 How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no  
 Suspicion near us. Oft-times by that reading  
 Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue  
 Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point  
 Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,  
 The wished smile, so rapturously kiss'd  
 By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er  
 From me shall separate, at once my lips  
 All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both  
 Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day  
 We read no more." While thus one spirit spake,  
 The other wail'd so sorely, that heart-struck  
 I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not far  
 From death, and like a corse fell to the ground.

## CANTO VI.

*When he recovers he finds himself in the third circle,  
 where the gluttons lie in mire under a continual rain of hail,  
 snow, and filthy water, while Cerberus, the gigantic dog, barks,  
 snarls, and rends them.*

In the third circle I arrive, of showers  
 Ceaseless, accursed, heavy and cold, unchanged  
 For ever, both in kind and in degree.  
 Large hail, discolour'd water, sleety flaw  
 Through the dun midnight air stream'd down amain :  
 Stank all the land whereon that tempest fell.

Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,  
 Through his wide threefold throat, barks as a dog  
 Over the multitude immersed beneath.  
 His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous beard.  
 His belly large, and claw'd the hands, with which  
 He tears the spirits, flays them, and their limbs  
 Piecemeal disparts. Howling there spread, as curs,  
 Under the rainy deluge, with one side  
 The other screening, oft they roll them round,  
 A wretched, godless crew. When that great worm  
 Descried us, savage Cerberus, he oped  
 His jaws, and the fangs show'd us ; not a limb  
 Of him but trembled.



**DIVINE TRAGEDY.**  
From the painting by Paul Chenavard, in the Luxembourg, Paris.

*X Photo.*

## CANTOS VII. AND VIII.

*At the beginning of the fourth circle he sees Plutus, god of riches, guarding the circle of the spendthrifts and the misers, who spend their time in rolling mighty crags to crash against each other; and further on, the Styx, the awful marsh in which the Sullen writhe like eels, and in whose dark waters fight the Spirits of the Angry. They come at last to the base of a lofty tower, from which shine two signal-flames; and now they behold Phlegyas, the ferry-*

*man of the lake, coming with angry speed to convey them to the other side. Through the grim vapour are seen glowing, red with fire, the towers and pinnacles of Satan's City of Dis. The gates are guarded by a horde of demons; upon the battlements the blood-stained Furies tear the serpents from their hair, shrieking for Medusa to turn the pilgrims into stone. A rapt, disdainful Angel, who speeds dry-footed across the lake, scatters those monsters from the pathway.*

And now there came o'er the perturbed waves  
Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made  
Either shore tremble, as if of a wind  
Impetuous from conflicting vapours sprung,  
That, 'gainst some forest driving all his might,  
Plucks off the branches, beats them down, and hurls  
Afar; then, onward passing, proudly sweeps  
His whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.

Mine eyes he loosed, and spake: "And now direct  
Thy visual nerve along that ancient foam,  
There, thickest where the smoke ascends." As frogs,  
Before their foe the serpent, through the wave  
Ply swiftly all, till at the ground each one  
Lies on a heap; more than a thousand spirits  
Destroy'd, so saw I fleeing before one  
Who pass'd with unwet feet the Stygian sound.  
He, from his face removing the gross air,  
Oft his left hand forth stretch'd, and seem'd alone  
By that annoyance wearied. I perceived  
That he was sent from Heaven; and to my guide  
Turn'd me, who signal made, that I should stand  
Quiet, and bend to him. Ah me! how full  
Of noble anger seem'd he. To the gate  
He came, and with his wand touch'd it, whereat  
Open without impediment it flew.

*And the two poets, entering the city, find a great plain rough with lidless sepulchres each filled with fire and holding the tormented spirit of a heretic in a red-hot bed. From one of these the proud spirit of Farinata lifts his head, "looking as if he entertained great scorn of Hell." Descending into the seventh circle, by a wild chasm of shattered rocks, they come to the river of blood, in which stand the Tyrants, while troops of Centaurs, with Chiron at their head, gallop up and down the bank and shoot the Sinners with their arrows. Still in the seventh circle, they enter the dismal wood of the Self-murderers, whose spirits*

*have become rough stunted trees, with poisoned fruit on which feed the Harpies, huge filthy birds with women's faces; while through this dreadful forest other spirits rush, pursued by hell-hounds. Beyond this wood lies a naked plain of fiery sand, the region of the Violent, under a slow eternal shower of flakes of fire. Journeying along the banks of the river of blood which crosses the sand, they reach the place where the flood falls in a cataract into a gulf. Virgil, having thrown Dante's girdle into the abyss, they behold at that signal a monstrous and horrible figure coming swimming up through the dark air—it is Geryon.*

"Lo! the fell monster with the deadly sting  
Who passes mountains, breaks through fenced walls  
And firm embattled spears, and with his filth  
Taints all the world." Thus me my guide address'd,  
And beckon'd him, that he should come to shore,  
Near to the stony causeway's utmost edge.

Forthwith that image vile of Fraud appear'd,  
His head and upper part exposed on land,  
But laid not on the shore his bestial train.  
His face the semblance of a just man's wore,  
So kind and gracious was its outward cheer;  
The rest was serpent all. . . .  
As oft-times a light skiff, moor'd to the shore,  
Stands part in water, part upon the land;  
Or, as where dwells the greedy German boor,  
The beaver settles, watching for his prey;  
So on the rim, that fenced the sand with rock,  
Sat perch'd the fiend of evil. In the void  
Glancing, his tail upturn'd its venomous fork,  
With sting like scorpions arm'd.

*Descending on the monster's back the poets reach the eighth circle, which is divided into ten gulfs, the place of punishment for divers kinds of Fraud.*

My guide already seated on the haunch  
Of the fierce animal I found; and thus  
He me encouraged. "Be thou stout: be bold.  
Down such a steep flight must we now descend.  
Mount thou before: for, that no power the tail  
May have to harm thee, I will be i' th' midst."

\* \* \*

"Geryon! now move thee: be thy wheeling gyres  
Of ample circuit, easy thy descent.  
Think on the unusual burden thou sustain'st."

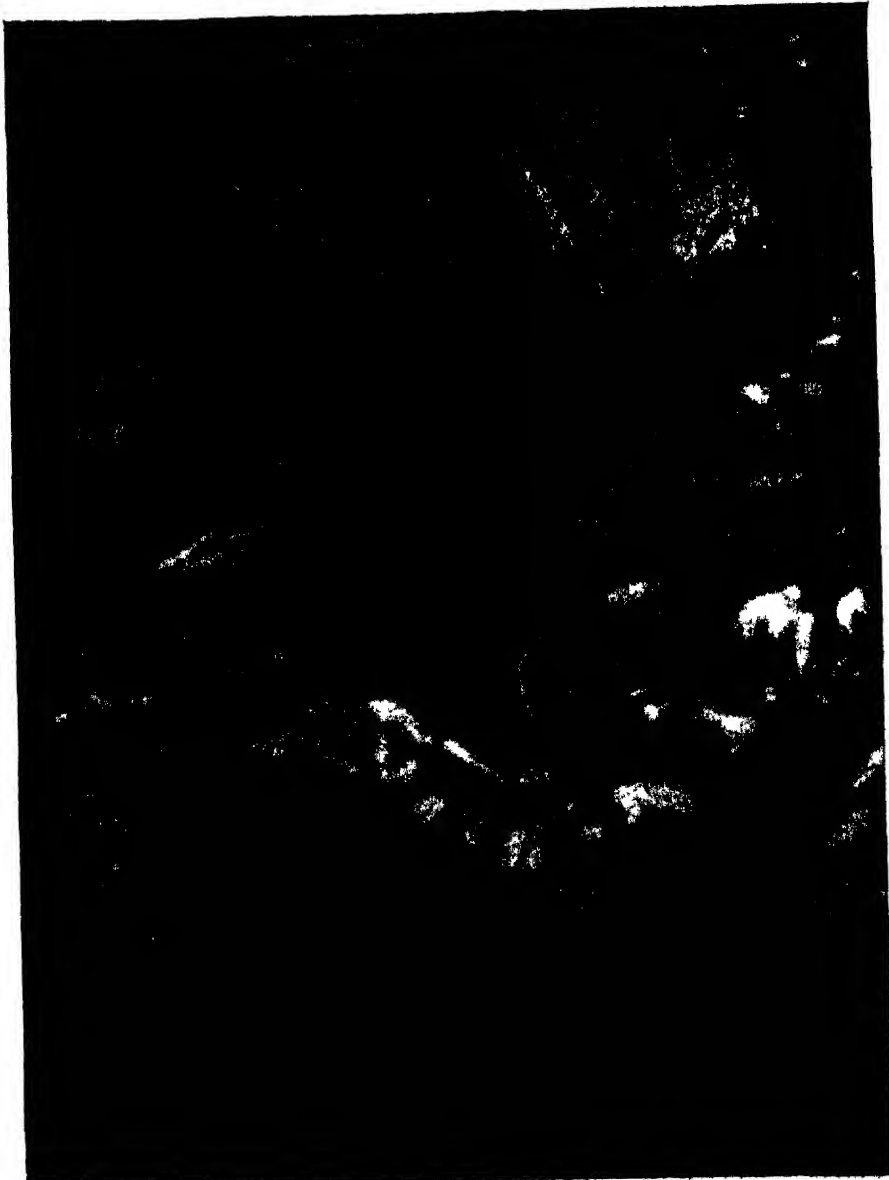
As a small vessel, backening out from land,  
Her station quits; so thence the monster loosed,  
And, when he felt himself at large, turn'd round  
There, where the breast has been, his forked tail.  
Thus, like an eel, outstretch'd at length he steer'd,  
Gathering the air up with retractile claws.

\* \* \*

The air I viewed, and other object none,  
Save the fell beast. He, slowly sailing, wheels  
His downward motion, unobserved of me,  
But that the wind, arising to my face,  
Breathes on me from below. Now on our right  
I heard the cataract beneath us leap  
With hideous crash; whence bending down to explore,  
New terror I conceived at the steep plunge;  
For flames I saw, and wailings smote mine ear:  
So that, all trembling, close I crouch'd my limbs,  
And then distinguish'd, unperceived before,

By the dread torments that on every side  
Drew nearer, how our downward course we wound.

As falcon, that hath long been on the wing,  
But lure nor bird hath seen, while in despair  
The falconer cries, "Ah me! thou stoop'st to earth,"  
Wearied descends, whence nimbly he arose  
In many an airy wheel, and lighting sits  
At distance from his lord in angry mood;  
So Geryon lighting places us on foot  
Low down at base of the deep-furrow'd rock.  
And, of his burden there discharged, forthwith  
Sprang forward, like an arrow from the string.



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Harrap & Co., Ltd., from "Stories from Dante."

THE SEVENTH CIRCLE,

*In the first are the Seducers, scourged by horned demons. In the next are the Flatterers, immersed in filth. Then come the Simonists, set head downwards in deep, narrow holes, with feet that burn like lamps above the level of the rock. Then the hordes of the False Prophets, whose necks are twisted round so that they face backwards. Next comes a dyke of boiling pitch, in which the Spirits of Embezzlers plunge and dive, watched by black-winged demons armed with prongs. This is one of the most vivid scenes in the Inferno. The chief of these hobgoblins is named Barbariccia, while under him are Graffiaccane, Draghignazzo, Farfarello, and the rest of the foul crew.*

As dolphins that, in sign  
To mariners, heave high their arched backs,  
That thence forewarn'd they may advise to save  
Their threaten'd vessel ; so, at intervals,  
To ease the pain, his back some sinner show'd,  
Then hid more nimbly than the lightning-glance.

E'en as the frogs, that of a watery moat  
Stand at the brink, with the jaws only out,  
Their feet and of the trunk all else conceal'd,  
Thus on each part the sinners stood ; but soon  
As Barbariccia was at hand, so they  
Drew back under the wave. I saw, and yet  
My heart doth stagger, one, that waited thus,  
As it befalls that oft one frog remains,  
While the next springs away : and Graffiacane,  
Who of the fiends was nearest, grappling seized  
His clotted locks, and dragg'd him sprawling up,  
That he appear'd to me an otter.

*Observe the brief sharp touch which brings before the eye  
the body hauled out of the pitch, black, sleek, and glistening—  
"like an otter." Two of the demons, fighting for their prey like  
vultures, drop, locked together, into the seething pitch, and their  
fellow-goblins have to fish them out, all glued and struggling,  
with their prongs.*

Already I perceived my hair stand all  
On end with terror, and look'd eager back.  
"Teacher," I thus began, "if speedily  
Thyself and me thou hide not, much I dread  
Those evil talons. Even now behind  
They urge us : quick imagination works  
So forcibly, that I already feel them."

\* \* \*

I from far beheld them with spread wings  
Approach to take us. Suddenly my guide  
Caught me, even as a mother that from sleep  
Is by the noise aroused, and near her sees  
The climbing fires, who snatches up her babe  
And flies ne'er pausing, careful more of him  
Than of herself, that but a single vest  
Clings round her limbs. Down from the jutting beach  
Supine he cast him to that pendent rock,  
Which closes on one part the other chasm.

Never ran water with such hurrying pace  
Adown the tube to turn a land-mill's wheel,  
When nearest it approaches to the spokes,  
As then along that edge my master ran,  
Carrying me in his bosom, as a child,  
Not a companion. Scarcely had his feet  
Reach'd to the lowest of the bed beneath,  
When over us the steep they reach'd : but fear  
In him was none ; for that high Providence,  
Which placed them ministers of the fifth foss,  
Power of departing thence took from them all.

*The poets proceed to the succeeding chasms, where they come upon the Hypocrites weighed down by gilded cowls of lead—the Thieves, who change with agony to serpents and from serpents back to sinners—the Evil Counsellors, each a flame, dancing like strange fireflies in their gloomy gorge—the Traitors and Schismatics, rent with awful wounds, one of whom, Brian of Boru, who rebelled against Henry the Second,*

*King of England, holds up by the hair his severed head to talk to Dante. Thence the poets make their way to the ninth circle. The sound of a great horn, like thunder, strikes their ears, and soon they see three giants standing at the verge of the lowest pit of Hell. One of these, Antæus, sets them down upon the bottom of the gulf, which is a sea of everlasting ice, in which the forms of the tormented appear like flies in crystal.*

As down we stood  
In the dark pit beneath the giants' feet.  
But lower far than they, and I did gaze  
Still on the lofty battlement, a voice  
Bespake me thus: "Look how thou walkest. Take  
Good heed, thy soles do tread not on the heads  
Of thy poor brethren." Thereupon I turn'd,  
And saw before and underneath my feet  
A lake, whose frozen surface liker seem'd  
To glass than water. . . .

As peeps the frog  
Croaking above the wave, what time in dreams  
The village gleaner oft pursues her toil,  
So, to where modest shame appears, thus low  
Blue pinch'd and shrined in ice the spirits stood,  
Moving their teeth in shrill note like the stork.  
His face each downward held; their mouth the cold,  
Their eyes express'd the dolour of their heart.

A space I look'd around, then at my feet  
Saw two so strictly join'd, that of their head  
The very hairs were mingled. "Tell me ye,  
Whose bosoms thus together press," said I,  
"Who are ye?" At that sound their necks they bent;  
And when their looks were lifted up to me,  
Straightway their eyes, before all moist within,  
Distill'd upon their lips, and the frost bound  
The tears betwixt those orbs, and held them there.  
Plank unto plank hath never cramp closed up  
So stoutly. Whence, like two enraged goats,  
They clash'd together: them such fury seized.

*Two of these spirits are frozen in a single hole, and one of them is gnawing like a dog the other's skull. He lifts his teeth to tell his awful story. He is Ugolini, who was thrown into the Tower of Famine with his sons and left to starve to death. His story of the deaths of his two dying children is one of the most pathetic in the world. His companion in the ice is Archbishop Ruggiere, who had sent them to the Tower. And so we come to the last scene of all, the*

*lowest pit of Hell, the Judecca, so called from Judas, the place of the great Betrayers. The Arch-Traitor Satan stands for ever in the centre of it, champing three sinners in his three huge jaws, and sending forth from his vast bat-wings an icy wind that freezes all the sea. Leaving the darkness and agonies behind them, they come out at last beside the Hill of Purgatory, under the quiet shining of the stars—*

Through a circular opening in the cave:  
Thence issuing we again beheld the stars.

# ALICE IN WONDERLAND

LEWIS CARROLL



Phot. : Ritchie's Collection.

C. L. DODGSON. 1832-1898.

Known as "Lewis Carroll."

From a portrait by Herkomer in the Hall of  
Christ Church, Oxford.

*Lewis Carroll was the pen-name of Charles Dodgson, an Oxford mathematical tutor, and the most gifted of the Victorian writers for children. "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" are familiar, and to children beloved the world over. The first edition of "Alice in Wonderland" was published in 1865.*

*Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank and having nothing to do. Suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her. Alice*

*did not think there was anything very remarkable in that, but she was surprised to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear! oh dear! I shall be too late." The Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat pocket, and looked at it, then hurried on. Pop it went down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge. In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again. Alice found many curious things in the rabbit-hole, among them a little bottle, and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters. Alice ventured to taste the drink, and finding it very nice, she very soon finished it off. Then a strange thing happened:*

"What a curious feeling!" said Alice. "I must be shutting up like a telescope."

And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high. . . . She waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?" And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing. . . .

*In a little glass box she found a very small cake, on which the words "EAT ME" were beautifully marked in currants. Alice very soon finished off the cake.*

"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice (she was so much surprised, that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English); "now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-bye, feet!" (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). "Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure I shan't be able! I shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you: you must manage the best way you can—but I must be kind to them," thought Alice, "or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas."

*Dear, dear! everything became very queer. Alice wondered if she had been changed in the night.*

"Who am I?"

"Let me think: *was* I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is, Who in the world am I? Ah, *that's* the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, *she's* she, and *I'm* I, and—oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However, the Multiplication Table doesn't signify: let's try Geography. London is

the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no, *that's* all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say '*How doth the little—*'" and she crossed her hands on her lap as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:

"How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every golden scale!"

"How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
How neatly spread his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in,  
With gently smiling jaws!"

"I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she went on. . . .

Her foot slipped, and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow fallen into the sea, "and in that case I can go back by railway," she said to herself. . . .

However, she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.

"I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out. "I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! That *will* be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-day."

*But Alice was not drowned in her own tears; she had an adventure with the Mouse, and the pool got quite crowded with the birds and animals that fell into it; "there were a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore."*

*Then she had the adventure with the Caterpillar.*

#### **The Caterpillar.**

"I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other; but the great question is, *what?*"

The great question certainly was, *what?* Alice looked all round her at the



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"When the Rabbit actually took a watch out of his waistcoat pocket Alice started to her feet."

From the colour drawing by Margaret W Tarrant.

flowers and the blades of grass, but she could not see anything that looked like the right thing to eat or drink under the circumstances. There was a large mushroom growing near her, about the same height as herself; and, when she had looked under it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, it occurred to her that she might as well look and see what was on the top of it.

She stretched herself up on tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom, and her eyes immediately met those of a large blue caterpillar, that was sitting on the top with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking not the

smallest notice of her or of anything else.

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice

"Who are *you*?" said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, "I—I hardly know, sir, just at present—at least I know who I *was* when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then."

"What do you mean by that?" said the Caterpillar sternly. "Explain yourself!"

"I can't explain *myself*, I'm afraid, sir," said Alice, "because I'm not myself, you see."

"I don't see," said the Caterpillar.

"I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly," Alice replied very politely, "for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing."

"It isn't," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet," said Alice, "but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?"

"Not a bit," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps your feelings may be different," said Alice; "all I know is, it would feel very queer to *me*."

"You!" said the Caterpillar contemptuously. "Who are *you*?"

Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation. Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar's making such *very* short remarks, and she drew herself up and said, very gravely, "I think you ought to tell me who *you* are, first."

"Why?" said the Caterpillar.

Here was another puzzling question; and as Alice could not think of any good reason, and as the Caterpillar seemed to be in a *very* unpleasant state of mind, she turned away.

"Come back!" the Caterpillar called after her. "I've something important to say!"

This sounded promising, certainly: Alice turned and came back again.

"Keep your temper," said the Caterpillar.

"Is that all?" said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could.

"No," said the Caterpillar. . . .

For some minutes it puffed away without speaking, but at last it unfolded its arms, took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said, "So you think you're changed, do you?"

"I'm afraid I am, sir," said Alice; "I can't remember things as I used—and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together!"

"Can't remember *what* things?" said the Caterpillar.

"Well, I've tried to say '*How doth the little busy bee,*' but it all came different!" Alice replied in a very melancholy voice.

"Repeat, '*You are old, Father William,*'" said the Caterpillar.

Alice folded her hands, and began:

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,

"And your hair has become very white;

And yet you incessantly stand on your head—

Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,

"I feared it might injure the brain;

But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,

Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,  
And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—

Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,

"I kept all my limbs very supple  
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—

Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak

For anything tougher than suet;  
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—

Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,

And argued each case with my wife;  
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,

Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever;  
Yet you balance an eel on the end of your nose—

What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"

Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!

Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?"

Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

"That is not said right," said the Caterpillar.

"Not *quite* right, I'm afraid," said Alice, timidly; "some of the words have got altered."

"It is wrong from beginning to end," said the Caterpillar decidedly, and there was silence for some minutes.

\* \* \*

### *The Cheshire Cat.*

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought: still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she began, rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name: however, it only grinned a little wider.

"Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on. "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't much care where——" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you go," said the Cat.

"——so long as I get *somewhere*," Alice added as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question.

"What sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter: and in *that* direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat: "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on. "And how do you know that you're mad?"

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Well, then," the Cat went on, "you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now I growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad."

"I call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat. "Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?"

"I should like it very much," said Alice, "but I haven't been invited yet."



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"She was surprised to find quite a large crowd collected round the Cheshire Cat; there was a dispute going on between the Executioner, the King, and the Queen, who were all talking at once."

From the colour drawing by Margaret W. Tarrant.

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so used to queer things happening. While she was looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

"By-the-bye, what became of the baby?" said the Cat. "I'd nearly forgotten to ask."

"It turned into a pig," Alice quietly said, just as if it had come back in a natural way.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again, but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters before," she said to herself; "the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps, as this is May, it won't be raving mad—at least not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

"Did you say pig, or fig?" said the Cat.

"I said pig," replied Alice; "and I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy."

"All right," said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice, "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life."

She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur.

\* \* \*

#### **A Mad Tea Party.**

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between

them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head.

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine?" the March Hare said, in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your *hair* wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said, with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!" . . .

The conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while

Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter. . . .

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head im-



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"There's plenty of room!" said Alice, indignantly, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table."

From the colour drawing by Margaret W. Tarrant.

looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

patiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied: "what's the answer?"



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"Come on!" cried the Gryphon, and, taking Alice by the hand, it hurried off"

From the colour drawing by Margaret W. Tarrant.

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than waste it asking riddles with no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting it. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously

replied: "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully: "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the

Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I!" he replied. "We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare); "it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!  
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:

'Up above the world you fly,  
Like a tea-tray in the sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle——

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen jumped up and bawled out 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they

both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"One upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well——"

"What did they live on?" said



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"They saw the Mock Turtle sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break."

From the colour drawing by Margaret W. Tarrant.

Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly. "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter: "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March

Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse; "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "—that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off; the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

# PLUTARCH'S LIVES

## JULIUS CÆSAR



BRUTUS AND CASCA.

BRUTUS: "Was the crown offered him thrice?"

CASCA: "Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice."

*Plutarch's "Lives" will ever be ranked among the great books of the world; his fame rests mainly on his biographies of famous Greeks and Romans, some of these "Lives" were the source of Shakespeare's Roman plays. Above everything else, Plutarch is essentially a biographer, "with an eye for picturesque detail, a memory for stories and a gift for telling them, a dramatic sense and a knowledge of character; he enjoyed recreating famous figures and scenes, and this makes him delightful to read." Historians of all subsequent ages have been indebted to him; for some periods he is almost the only source of information now available.*

*Plutarch lived somewhere between 46 A.D. and about 120 or 130 A.D. He was born in a small Beotian town in Greece, and he wrote in Greek.*

CÆSAR is said to have been admirably fitted by nature to make a great statesman and orator, and to have taken such pains to improve his genius this way that without dispute he might challenge the second place. More he did not aim at, as choosing to be first rather amongst men of arms and power, and, therefore, never rose to that height of eloquence to which nature would have carried him,

his attention being diverted to those expeditions and designs which at length gained him the empire. . . .

In his pleadings at Rome, his eloquence soon obtained him great credit and favour, and he won no less upon the affections of the people by the affability of his manners and address, in which he showed a tact and consideration beyond what could have been expected at his age; and the open house he kept, the entertainments he gave, and the general splendour of his manner of life contributed little by little to create and increase his political influence. . . .

Cicero was the first who had any suspicions of his designs upon the government, and as a good pilot is apprehensive of a storm when the sea is most smiling, saw the designing temper of the man through this disguise of good humour and affability, and said that, in general, in all he did and undertook, he detected the ambition for absolute power, "but when I see his hair so carefully arranged, and observe him adjusting it with one finger, I cannot imagine it should enter into such a man's thoughts to subvert the Roman state." . . .

#### *Bribing His Way.*

Cæsar was so profuse in his expenses that, before he had any public employment, he was in debt thirteen hundred talents, and many thought that by incurring such expense to be popular he changed a solid good for what would prove but a short and uncertain return; but in truth he was purchasing what was of the greatest value at an inconsiderable rate. When he was made surveyor of the Appian Way, he disbursed, besides the public money, a great sum out of his private purse; and when he was ædile, he provided such a number of gladiators, that he entertained the people with three hundred and twenty single combats, and by his great liberality and magnificence in theatrical shows, in processions, and public feasting, he threw into the shade all the attempts that had been made before him, and gained so much upon the people, that every one was eager to

find out new offices and new honours for him in return for his munificence. . . .

*The following passage is typical of Plutarch's method of introducing intimate gossip in his "Lives" :—*

#### *Cæsar's Wife.*

There was no disturbance during Cæsar's prætorship, only what misfortune he met with in his own domestic affairs. Publius Clodius was a patrician by descent, eminent both for his riches and eloquence, but in licentiousness of life and audacity exceeded the most noted profligates of the day.

He was in love with Pompeia, Cæsar's wife, and she had no aversion to him. But there was strict watch kept on her apartment, and Cæsar's mother, Aurelia, who was a discreet woman, being continually about her, made any interview very dangerous and difficult. The Romans have a goddess whom they call Bona, the same whom the Greeks call Gynæcea . . . The Grecians affirm that she is that mother of Bacchus whose name is not to be uttered, and, for this reason, the women who celebrate her festival cover the tents with vine-branches, and, in accordance with the fable, a consecrated serpent is placed by the goddess. It is not lawful for a man to be by, nor so much as in the house, whilst the rites are celebrated, but the women by themselves perform the sacred offices, which are said to be much the same with those used in the solemnities of Orpheus. When the festival comes, the husband, who is either consul or prætor, and with him every male creature, quits the house. The wife then taking it under her care sets it in order, and the principal ceremonies are performed during the night, the women playing together amongst themselves as they keep watch, and music of various kinds going on.

As Pompeia was at that time celebrating this feast, Clodius, who as yet had no beard, and so thought to pass undiscovered, took upon him the dress and ornaments of a singing woman, and so came thither, having the air of a young girl. Finding the doors open, he was without any stop introduced by the maid, who was in the intrigue. She



"I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar."

presently ran to tell Pompeia, but as she was away a long time, he grew uneasy in waiting for her, and left his post and traversed the house from one room to another, still taking care to avoid the lights, till at last Aurelia's woman met him, and invited him to play with her, as the women did among themselves.

He refused to comply, and she presently pulled him forward, and asked him who he was, and whence he came. Clodius told her he was waiting for Pompeia's own maid, Abra, being in fact her own name also, and as he said so, betrayed himself by his voice. Upon which the woman shrieking, ran into the company where there were lights, and cried out she had discovered a man. The women were all in a fright. Aurelia covered up the sacred things and stopped the proceedings, and having ordered the doors to be shut, went about with lights to find Clodius, who was got into the maid's room that he had come in with, and was seized there. The women knew him, and drove him out of doors, and at once, that same night, went home and told their husbands the story. In the morning, it was all about the town, what an impious attempt Clodius had made, and how he ought to be punished as an offender, not only against those whom he had offended, but also against the public and the gods. . . .

Cæsar at once dismissed Pompeia, but being summoned as a witness against Clodius, said he had nothing to charge him with! This looking like a paradox, the accuser asked him why he parted with his wife. Cæsar replied, "I wished my wife to be not so much as suspected." . . . .

\* \* \*

*Plutarch's descriptions of Cæsar's military exploits are too long to quote. Rome had reached "The Era of the Adventurer Generals," scheming for dictatorial powers. Cæsar obtained reputation by conquering Gaul, defeating the German tribes, and invading Britain.*

*Among the great Romans of the time there were many factions and jealousies, competitors for office in the Senate and Assemblies of the Republic. Cæsar had ever some purpose in view, ever ready to fight or bribe his way to office. As ædile he gave magnificent shows, he revived honours, he had great designs for himself, and tried to sound the temper of the people to see "whether they were tame enough to bear his humour." One eminent Roman inveighed against him: "Cæsar was not now working mines, but planting batteries to overthrow the State." Cæsar knew how to bide his time. His brilliant successes as a general had aroused the jealousy of Pompey.*

Cæsar, being out of his prætorship, had got the province of Spain, but was in great embarrassment with his creditors, who, as he was going off, came upon him, and were very pressing and importunate. This led him to apply himself to Crassus, who was the richest man in Rome, but wanted Cæsar's youthful vigour and heat to sustain the opposition against Pompey. Crassus took upon him to satisfy those creditors who were most uneasy to him, and would not be put off any longer, and engaged himself to the amount of eight hundred and thirty talents, upon which Cæsar was now at liberty to go to his province. In his journey, as he was crossing the Alps, and passing by a small village of the barbarians with but few inhabitants, and those wretchedly poor, his companions asked the question among themselves by way of mockery, if there were any canvassing for offices there; any contention which should be uppermost, or feuds of great men one against another. To which Cæsar made answer seriously, "For my part, I had rather be the first man among these fellows, than the second man in Rome."

It is said that another time, after reading some part of the history of Alexander, he sat a great while very thoughtful, and at last burst out into tears. His friends were surprised, and asked him the reason of it. "Do you think," said he, "I have not just cause to weep, when I consider that Alexander at my age had conquered so many nations, and I have all this time done nothing that is memorable."

\* \* \*

*On his return Cæsar was promoted to the Consulship, and secured Pompey's sympathies by giving him his daughter as bride.*

#### **Cæsar's Bravery.**

Pompey, when he was married, at once filled the forum with soldiers, and gave the people his help in passing the new laws, and secured Cæsar the government of all Gaul, both on this and the other side of the Alps, together with Illyricum, and the command of four legions for five years. . . .

But the most disgraceful thing that was done in Cæsar's consulship was his assisting to gain the tribuneship for the same Clodius who had made the attempt on his wife's chastity and intruded upon the secret vigils. He was elected on purpose to effect Cicero's downfall; nor did Cæsar leave the city to join his army till they two had overpowered Cicero and driven him out of Italy.

Thus far have we followed Cæsar's actions before the wars of Gaul. After this, he seems to begin his course afresh, and to enter upon a new life and scene of action. And the period of those wars which he now fought, and those many expeditions in which he subdued Gaul, showed him to be a soldier and general not in the least inferior to any of the greatest and most admired commanders who had ever appeared at the head of armies. . . . For he had not pursued the wars in Gaul full ten years when he had taken by storm above eight hundred towns, subdued three hundred states, and of the three millions of men, who made up the gross sum of those with whom at several times he engaged, he had killed one million and taken captive a second.

He was so much master of the goodwill and hearty service of his soldiers that those who in other expeditions were but ordinary men displayed a courage past defeating or withstanding when they went upon any danger where Cæsar's glory was concerned. Such a one was Acilius, who, in the sea-fight before Marseilles, had his right hand struck off with a sword, yet did not quit his buckler out of his left, but struck the enemies in the face with it, till he drove them off and made himself master of the vessel. Such another was Cassius Scæva, who, in a battle near Dyrrhachium, had one of his eyes shot out with an arrow, his shoulder pierced with one javelin, and his thigh with another; and having received one hundred and thirty darts upon his target, called to the enemy, as though he would surrender himself. But when two of them came up to him, he cut off the shoulder of one with a sword, and by a blow over the face forced the other to

retire, and so with the assistance of his friends, who now came up, made his escape. Again, in Britain, when some of the foremost officers had accidentally got into a morass full of water, and there were assaulted by the enemy, a common soldier, whilst Cæsar stood and looked on, threw himself into the midst of them, and after many signal demonstrations of his valour, rescued the officers and beat off the barbarians. He himself, in the end, took to the water, and with much difficulty, partly by swimming, partly by wading, passed it, but in the passage lost his shield. Cæsar and his officers saw it and admired, and went to meet him with joy and acclamation. But the soldier, much dejected and in tears, threw himself down at Cæsar's feet and begged his pardon for having let go his buckler. Another time in Africa, Scipio having taken a ship of Cæsar's in which Granius Petro, lately appointed quæstor, was sailing, gave the other passengers as free prize to his soldiers, but thought fit to offer the quæstor his life. But he said it was not usual for Cæsar's soldiers to take but give mercy, and having said so, fell upon his sword and killed himself.

This love of honour and passion for distinction were inspired into them and cherished in them by Cæsar himself, who, by his unsparing distribution of money and honours, showed them that he did not heap up wealth from the wars for his own luxury, or the gratifying his private pleasures, but that all he received was but a public fund laid by for the reward and encouragement of valour, and that he looked upon all he gave to deserving soldiers as so much increase to his own riches. Added to this also, there was no danger to which he did not willingly expose himself, no labour from which he pleaded an exemption. His contempt of danger was not so much wondered at by his soldiers because they knew how much he coveted honour. But his enduring so much hardship, which he did to all appearance beyond his natural strength, very much astonished them. For he was a spare man, had a soft and white skin, was dis-tempered in the head and subject to an

epilepsy, which, it is said, first seized him at Corduba. But he did not make the weakness of his constitution a pretext for his ease, but rather used war as the best physic against his indispositions, whilst, by indefatigable journeys, coarse diet, frequent lodging in the field, and continual laborious exercise, he struggled with his diseases and fortified his body against all attacks. He slept generally in his chariots or litters, employing even his rest in pursuit of action. . . . He had been an expert rider from his childhood; for it was usual with him to sit with his hands joined together behind his back, and so to put his horse to its full speed. And in this war he disciplined himself so far as to be able to dictate letters from on horseback, and to give directions to two who took notes at the same time.

\* \* \*

*Further military glories of Cæsar are recounted, particularly a battle in Gaul, where out of sixty thousand men not five hundred survived.*

#### ***Corrupting the People.***

When the Roman senate had received news of this, they voted sacrifices and festivals to the gods, to be strictly observed for the space of fifteen days, a longer space than ever was observed for any victory before. The danger to which they had been exposed by the joint outbreak of such a number of nations was felt to have been great; and the people's fondness for Cæsar gave additional lustre to successes achieved by him. He now, after settling everything in Gaul, came back again, and spent the winter by the Po, in order to carry on the designs he had in hand at Rome. All who were candidates for offices used his assistance, and were supplied with money from him to corrupt the people and buy their votes, in return for which, when they were chosen, they did all things to advance his power.

\* \* \*

*Returning to Gaul, he was the first man to cross the Rhine with an army. Then followed his expedition into Britain.*

*Invasion of Britain.*

But his expedition into Britain was the most famous testimony of his courage. For he was the first who brought a navy into the western ocean, or who sailed into the Atlantic with an army to make war; and by invading an island, the reported extent of which had made its existence a matter of controversy among historians, many of whom questioned whether it were not a mere name and fiction, not a real place, he might be said to have carried the Roman empire beyond the limits of the known world. He passed thither twice from that part of Gaul which lies over against it, and in several battles which he fought did more hurt to the enemy than service to himself, for the islanders were so miserably poor that they had nothing worth being plundered of. When he found himself unable to put such an end to the war as he wished, he was content to take hostages from the king, and to impose a tribute, and then quitted the island.

\* \* \*

*Cæsar had long ago resolved upon the overthrow of Pompey, as had Pompey, for that matter, upon his. The times were wild and stormy. Rome was "like a ship without a pilot to steer her." Some were so bold as to declare openly that the Government was incurable but by a monarchy, and that they ought to take that remedy from the hands of the gentlest physician, meaning Pompey. Cæsar had to be reckoned with. He "began to lavish gifts upon all the public men out of the riches he had taken from the Gauls." It was proposed that Cæsar and Pompey should each lay down their arms and become private men. The object of Pompey and the Senate, after that failed, seemed to be to get Cæsar into their hands. Eventually Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, a declaration of civil war. The Rubicon, a little river, was a frontier-line to cross which was to violate the law, an act of treason. Cæsar swept onwards with vigour, engaged and defeated the armies of Pompey, who fled to Egypt. Cæsar gave a free pardon to many distinguished persons, and among the rest to Brutus, who afterwards killed him.*

*Cæsar and Cleopatra.*

Cæsar then went in pursuit of Pompey. . . . When he came to Alexandria, where Pompey was already murdered, he would not look upon Theodotus, who presented him with his head, but taking only his signet, shed tears. . . . As to the war in Egypt, some say it was at once dangerous and dishonourable, and noways necessary, but occasioned only by his passion for Cleopatra, for whom he sent privately to come from her retirement.

She took a small boat, and one only of her confidants, Apollodorus, the Sicilian, along with her, and in the dusk of the evening landed near the palace. She was at a loss how to get in undiscovered, till she thought of putting herself into the coverlet of a bed and lying at length, whilst Apollodorus tied up the bedding and carried it on his back through the gates to Cæsar's apartment. Cæsar was first captivated by this proof of Cleopatra's bold wit, and was afterwards so overcome by the charm of her society that he made a reconciliation between her and her brother, on condition that she should rule as his colleague in the kingdom.

*Cæsar spent the better part of a year in Egypt, dallying in luxury and pleasantries with the beautiful Egyptian Queen Cleopatra. He departed to Syria, leaving Cleopatra, who soon after had a son by him, who was named Cæsarion. Later she joined him in Rome where her influence was much resented.*

*Cæsar after a successful campaign in Africa returned to Rome, giving "a magnificent account of his victory."*

*The Triumphs.*

After the triumphs, he distributed rewards to his soldiers, and treated the people with feasting and shows. He entertained the whole people together at one feast, where twenty-two thousand dining couches were laid out; and he made a display of gladiators, and of battles by sea, in honour, as he said, of his daughter Julia, though she had been long since dead. When these shows were over, an



*Photo. Raschig's Collection.*

**MURDER OF CÆSAR.**



account was taken of the people who, from three hundred and twenty thousand, were now reduced to one hundred and fifty thousand. So great a waste had the civil war made in Rome alone, not to mention what the other parts of Italy and the provinces suffered.

He was now chosen a fourth time consul, and went into Spain against Pompey's sons. They were but young, yet had gathered together a very numerous army, and showed they had

his best men. When he came back from the fight, he told his friends that he had often fought for victory, but this was the first time he had ever fought for life.

*Omitting much, we pass on to the climax. Cæsar had been the darling of the common people, they now turned against him; what brought upon him the most apparent and mortal hatred was his desire of being king; plots thickened. Plutarch relates "Strange prodigies and apparitions"*



CÆSAR. "What sayest thou to me now? Speak once again."  
SOOTH-SAYER. "Beware the Ides of March."

courage and conduct to command it, so that Cæsar was in extreme danger. The great battle was near the town of Munda, in which Cæsar, seeing his men hard pressed, and making but a weak resistance, ran through the ranks among the soldiers, and crying out, asked them whether they were not ashamed to deliver him into the hands of boys? At last, with great difficulty and the best efforts he could make, he forced back the enemy, killing thirty thousand of them, though with the loss of one thousand of

that were observed, noises heard in the night, lights in the heavens, wild birds perched in the forum. He goes on :

### *Ill Omens.*

As Cæsar was sacrificing, the victim's heart was missing, a very bad omen, because no living creature can subsist without a heart. One finds it also related by many that a soothsayer bade him prepare for some great danger on the Ides of March. When this day was come, Cæsar, as he went to the senate,

met this soothsayer, and said to him by way of raillery, "The Ides of March are come," who answered him calmly, "Yes, they are come, but they are not past." The day before his assassination he supped with Marcus Lepidus; and as he was signing some letters according to his custom, as he reclined at table, there arose a question what sort of death was the best. At which he immediately, before any one could speak, said, "A sudden one."

After this, as he was in bed with his wife, all the doors and windows of the house flew open together; he was startled at the noise, and the light which broke into the room, and sat up in his bed, where by the moonshine he perceived Calpurnia fast asleep, but heard her utter in her dream some indistinct words and inarticulate groans. She fancied at that time she was weeping over Cæsar, and holding him butchered in her arms. . . . When it was day, she begged of Cæsar, if it were possible, not to stir out, but to adjourn the senate to another time; and if he slighted her dreams, that she would be pleased to consult his fate by sacrifices and other kinds of divination. Nor was he himself without some suspicion and fears; for he never before discovered any womanish superstition in Calpurnia, whom he now saw in such great alarm. Upon the report which the priests made to him, that they had killed several sacrifices, and still found them inauspicious, he resolved to send Antony to dismiss the senate.

#### *Cæsar Murdered.*

In this juncture, Decimus Brutus, surnamed Albinus, one whom Cæsar had such confidence in that he made him his second heir, who nevertheless was engaged in the conspiracy with the other Brutus and Cassius, fearing lest if Cæsar should put off the senate to another day the business might get wind, spoke scoffingly and in mockery of the diviners, and blamed Cæsar for giving the senate so fair an occasion of saying he had put a slight upon them, for that they were met upon his summons, and were ready to vote unanimously that he

should be declared king of all the provinces out of Italy, and might wear a diadem in any other place but Italy, by sea or land. If any one should be sent to tell them they might break up for the present, and meet again when Calpurnia should chance to have better dreams, what would his enemies say? . . .

But if he was possessed so far as to think this day unfortunate, yet it were more decent to go himself to the senate, and to adjourn it in his own person. Brutus, as he spoke these words, took Cæsar by the hand, and conducted him forth. . . .

The place which was destined for the scene of this murder, in which the senate met that day, was the same in which Pompey's statue stood, and was one of the edifices which Pompey had raised and dedicated with his theatre to the use of the public, plainly showing that there was something of a supernatural influence which guided the action and ordered it to that particular place. Cassius, just before the act, is said to have looked towards Pompey's statue, and silently implored his assistance. . . . As for Antony, who was firm to Cæsar, and a strong man, Brutus Albinus kept him outside the house, and delayed him with a long conversation contrived on purpose.

When Cæsar entered, the senate stood up to show their respect to him, and of Brutus's confederates, some came about his chair and stood behind it, others met him, pretending to add their petitions to those of Tullius Cimber, in behalf of his brother, who was in exile; and they followed him with their joint applications till he came to his seat. When he was sat down, he refused to comply with their requests, and upon their urging him further began to reproach them severely for their importunities; when Tullius, laying hold of his robe with both his hands, pulled it down from his neck, which was the signal for the assault. Casca gave him the first cut in the neck, which was not mortal nor dangerous, as coming from one who at the beginning of such a bold action was probably very much disturbed; Cæsar immediately turned about, and



*Photo: Ritchie's Collection.*

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF CAESAR.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears."

From the painting by Benjamin West.

laid his hand upon the dagger and kept hold of it. And both of them at the same time cried out, he that received the blow, in Latin, "Vile Casca, what does this mean?" and he that gave it, in Greek, to his brother, "Brother, help!" Upon this first onset, those who were not privy to the design were astonished, and their horror and amazement at what they saw were so great that they durst not fly nor assist Cæsar, nor so much as speak a word.

But those who came prepared for the business enclosed him on every side, with their naked daggers in their hands. Which way soever he turned he met with blows, and saw their swords levelled at his face and eyes, and was encompassed, like a wild beast in the toils, on every side. For it had been agreed they should each of them make a thrust at him, and flesh themselves with his blood, for which reason Brutus also gave him one stab in the groin. Some say that he fought and resisted all the rest, shifting his body to avoid the blows, and calling out for help, but that when he saw Brutus's sword drawn, he covered his face with his robe and submitted, letting himself fall, whether it were by chance, or that he was pushed in that direction by his murderers, at the foot of the pedestal on which Pompey's statue stood, and which was thus wetted with his blood. So that Pompey himself seemed to have presided, as it were, over the revenge done upon his adversary, who lay here at his feet, and breathed out his soul through his multitude of wounds, for they say he received three-and-twenty. And the conspirators themselves were many of them wounded by each other, whilst they all levelled their blows at the same person.

#### *And After.*

When Cæsar was despatched, Brutus stood forth to give a reason for what they had done, but the senate would not hear him, but flew out of doors in all haste, and filled the people with so much alarm and distraction, that some shut up their houses, others left their counters and shops. All ran one way or the other, some to the place to see the sad spectacle,

others back again after they had seen it. . . . Brutus and his followers, being yet hot from the deed, marched in a body from the senate-house to the capitol with their drawn swords, not like persons who thought of escaping, but with an air of confidence and assurance, and as they went along, called to the people to resume their liberty, and invited the company of any more distinguished people whom they met. The day after, Brutus with the rest came down from the capitol and made a speech to the people, who listened without expressing either any pleasure or resentment, but showed by their silence that they pitied Cæsar and respected Brutus. The senate passed acts of oblivion for what was past, and took measures to reconcile all parties. They ordered that Cæsar should be worshipped as a divinity, and nothing, even of the slightest consequence, should be revoked which he had enacted during his government. At the same time they gave Brutus and his followers the command of provinces, and other considerable posts. So that all the people now thought things were well settled, and brought to the happiest adjustment.

But when Cæsar's will was opened, and it was found that he had left a considerable legacy to each one of the Roman citizens, and when his body was seen carried through the market-place all mangled with wounds, the multitude could no longer contain themselves within the bounds of tranquility and order, but heaped together a pile of benches, bars, and tables, which they placed the corpse on, and setting fire to it, burnt it on them. Then they took brands from the pile and ran some to fire the houses of the conspirators, others up and down the city, to find out the men and tear them to pieces, but met, however, with none of them, they having taken effectual care to secure themselves.

One Cinna, a friend of Cæsar's, chanced the night before to have an odd dream. He fancied that Cæsar invited him to supper, and that upon his refusal to go with him, Cæsar took him by the hand and forced him, though he hung

back. Upon hearing the report that Cæsar's body was burning in the market-place, he got up and went thither, out of respect to his memory, though his dream gave him some ill apprehensions, and though he was suffering from a fever. One of the crowd who saw him there asked another who that was, and having learned his name, told it to his next neighbour. It presently passed for a certainty that he was one of Cæsar's murderers, as, indeed, there was another Cinna, a conspirator, and they, taking this to be the man, immediately seized him and tore him limb from limb upon the spot.

Brutus and Cassius, frightened at this, within a few days retired out of the city. . . . Cæsar died in his fifty-sixth year, not having survived Pompey above four years. That empire and power which he had pursued through the whole course of his life with so much hazard, he did at last with much difficulty compass, but reaped no other fruits from it than the empty name and invidious glory. But the great genius which attended him through his lifetime even after his death remained as the avenger of his murder, pursuing through every sea and land all those who were concerned in it, and suffering none to escape, but reaching all who in any sort or kind were either actually engaged in the fact, or by their counsels any way promoted it.

#### *The Gods Displeased.*

The most remarkable of mere human coincidences was that which befell Cassius, who, when he was defeated at Philippi, killed himself with the same dagger which he had made use of against Cæsar. The most signal preternatural appearances were the great comet, which shone very bright for seven nights after Cæsar's death, and then disappeared, and the dimness of the sun, whose orb continued pale and dull for the whole of that year, never showing its ordinary radiance at its rising, and giving but a weak and feeble heat. The air conse-

quently was damp and gross for want of stronger rays to open and rarify it. The fruits, for that reason, never properly ripened, and began to wither and fall off for want of heat before they were fully formed. But above all, the phantom which appeared to Brutus showed the murder was not pleasing to the gods. The story of it is this.

Brutus, being ready to pass over his army from Abydos to the continent on the other side, laid himself down one night, as he used to do, in his tent, and was not asleep, but thinking of his affairs, and what events he might expect. For he is related to have been the least inclined to sleep of all men who have commanded armies, and to have had the greatest natural capacity for continuing awake, and employing himself without need of rest. He thought he heard a noise at the door of his tent, and looking that way, by the light of his lamp, which was almost out, saw a terrible figure, like that of a man, but of unusual stature and severe countenance. He was somewhat frightened at first, but seeing it neither did nor spoke anything to him, only stood silently by his bedside, he asked who it was. The spectre answered him, "Thy evil genius, Brutus, thou shalt see me at Philippi." Brutus answered courageously, "Well, I shall see you," and immediately the appearance vanished. When the time was come, he drew up his army near Philippi against Antony and Cæsar, and in the first battle won the day, routed the enemy, and plundered Cæsar's camp. The night before the second battle, the same phantom appeared to him again, but spoke not a word. He presently understood his destiny was at hand, and exposed himself to all the danger of the battle. Yet he did not die in the fight, but seeing his men defeated, got up to the top of a rock, and there presenting his sword to his naked breast, and assisted, as they say, by a friend, who helped him to give the thrust, met his death.

# KING ROBERT OF SICILY

FROM TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

LONGFELLOW

This well-known story of the proud Robert of Sicily and his merciless humiliation is one of the most popular of Longfellow's shorter poems

ROBERT OF SICILY, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne,  
Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.  
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes  
De sede, et exaltavit humiles*";  
And slowly lifting up his kingly head  
He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
"What mean these words?" The clerk  
made answer meet,  
"He hath put down the mighty from their  
seat,  
And hath exalted them of low degree."  
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
"'Tis well that such seditious words are  
sung  
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;  
For unto priests and people be it known,  
There is no power can push me from my  
throne!"  
And leaning back, he yawned and fell  
asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;  
The church was empty, and there was no  
light,  
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few  
and faint,  
Lighted a little space before some saint.  
He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no  
sound.  
He groped towards the door, but it was  
locked;  
He cried aloud, and listened, and then  
knocked,  
And uttered awful threatenings and com-  
plaints,  
And imprecations upon men and saints.  
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and  
walls  
As if dead priests were laughing in their  
stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without  
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
And thinking thieves were in the house of  
prayer,  
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is  
there?"

Halt-choked with rage, King Robert  
fiercely said,  
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou  
afraid?"  
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a  
curse,  
"This is some drunken vagabond, or  
worse!"  
Turned the great key and flung the portal  
wide;  
A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or  
cloak,  
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor  
spoke,  
But leaped into the blackness of the  
night,  
And vanished like a spectre from his  
sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne,  
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with  
mire,  
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
Strode on and thundered at the palace  
gate;  
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting-  
in his rage  
To right and left each seneschal and  
page,  
And hurried up the broad and sounding  
stair,  
His white face ghastly in the torches'  
glare.

From hall to hall he passed with breathless  
speed;  
Voices and cries he heard, but did not  
heed,  
Until at last he reached the banquet-  
room,  
Blazing with light, and breathing with  
perfume.  
There on the dais sat another king,  
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet  
ring,  
King Robert's self in features, form, and  
height,  
But all transfigured with angelic light!  
It was an Angel: and his presence there  
With divine effulgence filled the air,  
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden Angel recognise.

